Liberty

MAY 15, 1943 10c

BOOK: I SERVED ON BATAAN
by Lieutenant
Juanita Redmond

LIBERTY

The Truth About Willow Run
by
Earl Godwin

LIBERTY

WHEN FATHERS GO TO WAR
by
Leo M. Cherne

LIBERTY

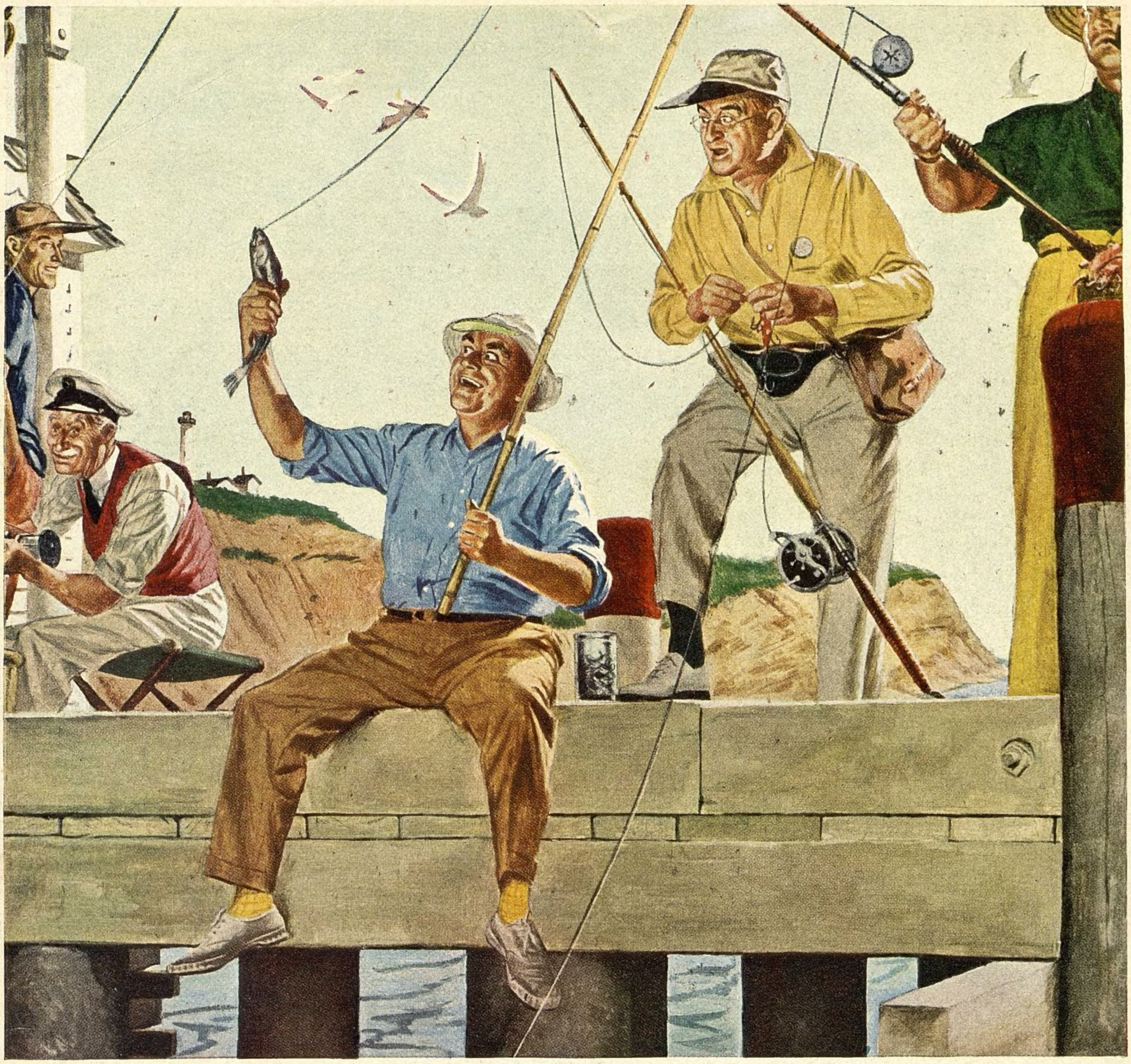
STERILITY CAN BE OVERCOME

LIBERTY

SHORT STORIES
by John D. Weaver
John Wells
Dan Senseney

LIBERTY

In this issue: A Full-Color Portrait of Admiral Nimitz, U. S. N.



Pot Luck, 1943

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A good catch is a sure way to make the best of food rationing. To make the best of the scarcity of fine whiskey, use your Schenley Royal Reserve sparingly. None is being produced today...Schenley Distilleries are doing war work exclusively.

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Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

First the Seed
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True to small Tasks Today,
Training for the larger duties of Tomorrow.

And we see her then, Strong and Sympathetic and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

BE CONFIDENT, American child! For your future as for your garden you may well harbor high hopes and happy expectations. Yes, you and your generation can look to the days to come with confidence and courage.

For your teachers and parents are giving you every advantage of health and education to prepare you to face the future—strong, resolute and *smiling*.

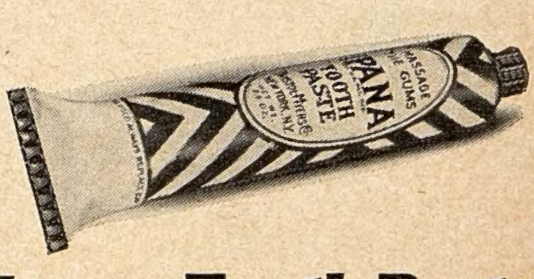
Yes, *smiling*. For even the smiles of America's children have the best care these days. Right in the classroom, thousands of boys and girls are being taught a lesson that many parents have yet to learn—and that lesson is the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender...often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush ... *see your dentist right away*. He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

drawn by the sun...
out of the earth...
out of the vine...
out of the grape...
bursting with liquid sunshine...
comes America's finest...

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BLANCA
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COVER: STAR STUDIO FROM PAUL GUILLUMETTE

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Liberty
In this issue: Full-Color Portrait of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman

NEXT WEEK

CAN YOU DESCRIBE A BLITZ?

With your vocabulary of wartime expressions constantly increasing, the test is not so much on pronunciation as it is on true definition. For example, what is a blitz? In your mind, does a blitz work like a quarterback sneak in football, or a hit-and-run in baseball? Does it work on a battlefield as it does in a game of gin rummy? Sergei Kournakoff says the blitzkrieg, or lightning war, was not invented by the Germans. He says it came into being before calendar days, in the Neanderthal era. Bring yourself up to date by reading one of the most fascinating articles on Nazi and Russian warfare it's been Liberty's pleasure to print. In it you may find the answers to your questions on the blitz.

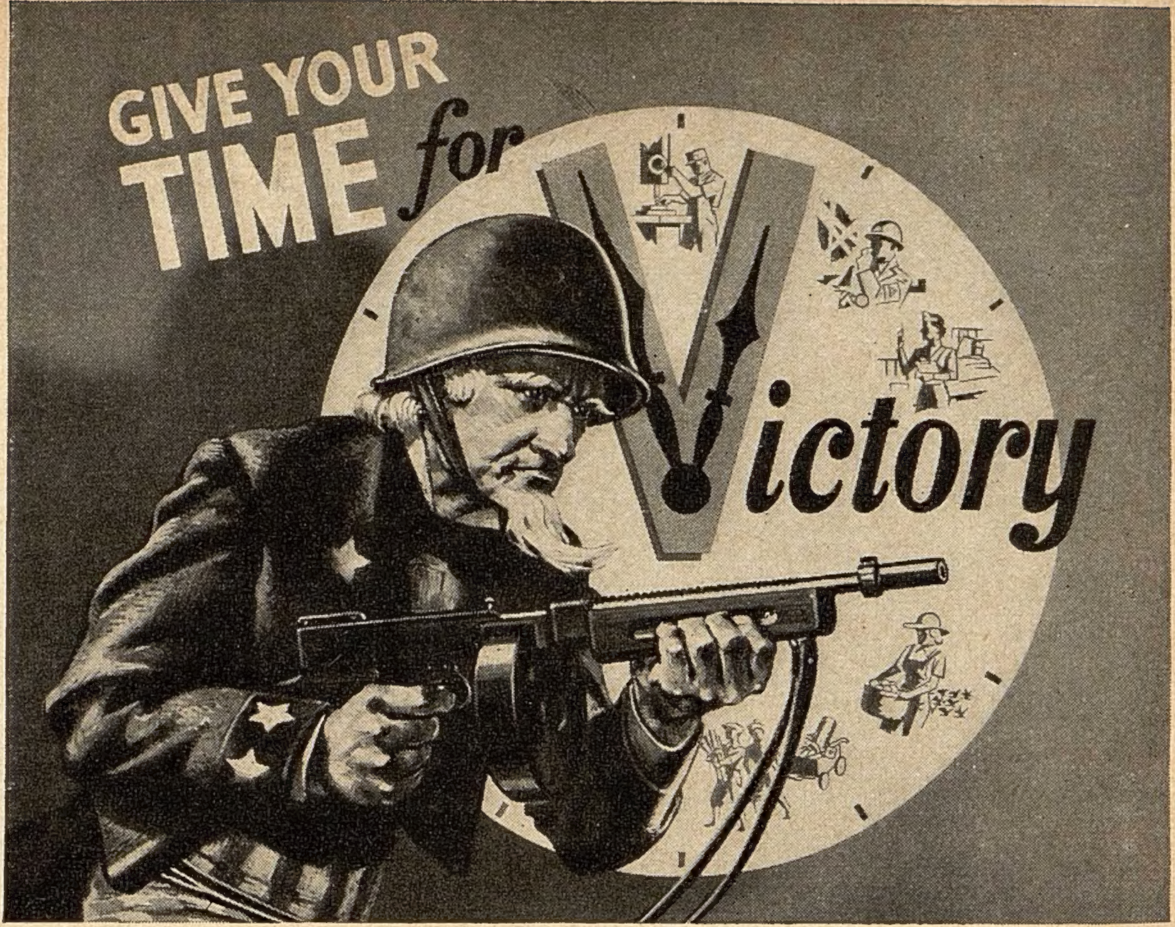
DID YOU EVER WRITE A BEST SELLER?

Louise Dickinson Rich, who hit the literary jack pot last year with We Took to the Woods, is typical of the strugglers who try to crash the big time and succeed. It was an interesting story and it caught the imagination of cliff dwellers who never get away from it all to live in that imaginary Maine woods shack. But more interesting, to us, is her account of what her sudden fame meant to her in dollars and sense. Liberty wanted the story behind the story, and will present it next week for the benefit of the millions who always have intended to sit down some day and write that great American novel.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LIFE ABOARD A SUBMARINE?

Liberty peeps over the shoulder of a sub officer as he writes a personal letter to another officer. The story of his patrol in Pacific waters is as authentic as only some one on the spot could get. Written in a humorous vein bred by constant living with sudden death, you get the inside story of an appendix operation without a doctor . . . dodging the depth bombs of a Jap destroyer . . . a submariner's idea of a perfect shore leave . . . and other exciting details of the underseas service.

NEXT WEEK'S BOOK CONDENSATION is one for the mystery addicts: The Case of the Smoking Chimney, by Erle Stanley Gardner. Get it for your collection at the very special Liberty price.


GIVE YOUR TIME for Victory

WIN $2,500 IN U. S. WAR BONDS

or one of 101 Distinguished HELBROS Watches in HELBROS "Time for Victory" CONTEST

NEVER BEFORE has Time meant so much. A single hour may decide the fate of our nation . . . the life or death of thousands of our fighting men. So guard each minute carefully. Don't waste even one watch-tick! Uncle Sam is counting on you to "Give Your Time for Victory" Produce more. Avoid time-out and lateness . . . particularly if your job is in a war plant or on a farm. Join in Civilian Defense, scrap drives, and other vital home-front activities.

And above all, buy War Savings Stamps! For every War Savings Stamp you buy today gives us war-winning implements that much quicker . . . brings Victory that much closer.

WHEN WILL THIS WAR END?

Your War efforts may decide the answer! The Helbros Watch Co. will present $2,500 in U. S. War Bonds to the person who best answers this question (giving a 25-word reason) stating his or her estimate of the day, hour and minute on which the "cease-fire" order will come, signifying our victory over Germany. To each of the 101 persons submitting the next-best answers, will be given a handsome Helbros Watch . . . as illustrated below.

TO ENTER THE CONTEST: Go to your jeweler for free entry blank and complete contest rules. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided you buy a U. S. War Savings Stamp with each. *You* keep the stamps! Should Germany surrender — we hope! — before this advertisement is published, the contest will be considered closed as of the official time of the "cease-fire" order.

Nothing to buy but a U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMP Any Denomination

WIN THESE HELBROS PRIZE WATCHES

"Victory Master" for men. Handsome ultra-thin model. HELBROS 17 J. guaranteed movement in yellow gold-filled case; modern expansion bracelet to match **$57.50**

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Contributed to the war effort by HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

OLD GLORY

Los Angeles, Calif.—In the issue of March 13 Liberty, on page 23, mention of the "American" flag is made.

May I call your attention to the fact that the proper and correct name for the flag of this country is *United States flag?* Also, our citizens, army, navy, ambassadors, etc., are United States, not "American."—*P. P. Lewis.*

THE FIRST AIR MAIL

San Diego, Calif.—For your information, the first air mail (see April 10 Vox Pop) was inaugurated during the war between France and Germany in the '70s, when mail was sent out of Paris via balloon and into the city by same method.

I have a cover from this flight in my stamp collection.—*A Reader.*

FRIENDLY? AND HOW!

Los Angeles, Calif.—The greatest thing about this defense work is the way we are all in it. Since entering this big airplane plant I've been amazed at the spirit of co-operation.

It wasn't like that in the business world I had been accustomed to. There it had been every one for himself, with "office politics" to contend with and the constant feeling some one else had his or her eye on your job—just the same as, in self-protection, you had your eye on some one else's job.

But here it's one for all and all for Uncle Sam and the boys "over there." It's the friendliest kind of a feeling!—*Eloise Bergin.*

TAKE A BOW, CLARE

Cincinnati, Ohio—It's about time some of the oldster stay-at-homes realize that what this country needs is a great many more people as realistic as Clare Boothe Luce. (April 3 Vox Pop.) How else can we counteract the past ten years of "idealistic" government by Wallace and his clique?

And after ten years of reckless, wasteful spending (remember all the projects built and abandoned?) it's about time our Congress turns from all H. Wallace stands for!—*Dorothea C. Foley.*

SO WRITE OFTEN

Detroit, Mich.—Your article Mail Means Morale (April 3 Liberty) is the best I have read on the subject. It is clear-cut, informative, and entertaining at the same time. An outstanding contribution to good mail service that should be read by every post-office patron and every post-office clerk.—*Stephen W. Ankenbrandt, Detroit Federation of Post Office Clerks.*

THE U. S. M. S. FOREVER

Norfolk, Va.—Thank you for the short story No Credit to Breezy (April 3 Liberty). I was sixteen years old last 30th of July. I went down on the 30th to join the Merchant Service, but I didn't get my papers till the 31st. I tried to get in the U. S. N., U. S. A., U. S. M. C., and the U. S. C. G., but I was too young.

I am writing you this because you were one of the first magazines to take notice of us. I've had people ask me what the merchant marine does, and I have had some tell me I wasn't a merchant marine because I didn't have the colors on. I wish you would publish a story telling people just what a merchant marine is and what he does. My last trip was to South America, but I hope the next one will be to Japan.—*Herbert M. Watson.*

WASTED STEEL

Birmingham, Ala.—With all the shortage of steel, what has become of the razor-blade-sharpening business? I can remember when there would be machines in cigar-store windows and a man (or sometimes a girl) sharpening blades for 10 cents a dozen.

There must be a great loss of high-grade steel in all the blades that are thrown away.—*Walter Trumball.*

AN OSCAR TO US

Camp Gruber, Okla.—While attached to this camp hospital for an appendectomy I've had plenty of time to read.

I came across the article written by Bert Schwartz, They Double in War Work (April 17 Liberty). This story of wartime civilian effort is fine and most informative. And the article about the Black Markets was interesting. That's something we don't get in the army. Let's have more stories like them.—*Pvt. George Gates.*

HELPING HAND FOR HITLER

Somewhere in Africa—From Berlin come daily English-speaking short-wave broadcasts and doubtlessly many more in other languages about the terrible havoc they are imposing on our shipping. To back up these statements, they are quoting verbatim statements of our leading columnists and public officials to the effect that the U-boat menace is our gravest problem.

While this may be true, it can hardly offer a cheering note to the conquered peoples of Europe, or even to us, the A. E. F., for whom many of those sunken ships were destined. Wouldn't it be wisest to not furnish Berlin with such ready-made tools of propaganda by playing down the U-boat menace?—*Sgt. John L. Drogas.*

THE LONG AND THE SHORT

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Can you tell me why it is that, while WAACs and WAVES seem to go about in groups of about the same height, soldiers always seem to be paired off, one about six feet tall, and his pal about five feet two inches?—*Richard Dix.*

TED SHANE REPLIES

Houston, Tex.—If it is agreeable and convenient, I would be pleased to have you inform me where Ted Shane got the word "nepronsic" (March 27 Liberty), and what it means. I understand, of course, that a knowledge of the meaning of the word is not essential in working the puzzle, but I'd just like to know.

Needless to say that I am a Cockeyed Puzzle fan, and I take this opportunity to express to you my thanks for the pleasure they afford me.—*Henry E. Elrod.*

From Webster's Left-Handed Dictionary, under DOUBLETALK: "Nepronsic, *a.* (Lat. *Nepronsius*, a grigilator):—pertaining to the lusidation of santrimonious gratings, or a form of glurgicality." In other words, gliffy.—*Ted Shane.*

THAT BODY AGAIN

YSLETA, TEX.—Upon reading Mother Finds a Body, by Gypsy Rose Lee (February 13 Liberty), imagine my consternation to discover she finds three bodies in *our* town, numerous bars, and a dope ring thrown in just for good measure.

"Any other industries in Ysleta?" she asks. *Well!*

We of Ysleta resent Miss Lee's bodies, dope ring, and night clubs. For years we have prided ourselves on raising the finest cows and horses and having the most productive farms.

The growth and development of the Rio Grande Valley is a delight and joy to us all.

We request Miss Lee to find her corpse and dope ring elsewhere hereafter.—*Virginia Strom.*

MORE ABOUT SEX HYGIENE

AUSTIN, TEX.—Your discussion on Sex Hygiene (March 13 Liberty) shows the fallacy of waiting until a child reaches high-school age to receive this much needed training. By the time a child reaches that age he has acquired a false knowledge of sex which could and should be eliminated.

Why not establish a correct knowledge of sex in grade school instead of waiting until false ideas will have to be broken down and correct ones developed?

In the name of the youth of America, we prescribe proper sex education for the child of today—the parent of tomorrow!—*Russell Purifoy, Jr., William B. Estes.*

CORRECTIONVILLE, IA.—I am writing to defend the teaching of sex hygiene in our schools. I am a biology and science teacher.

I would not limit the discussion to venereal diseases. I would segregate the sexes during the study of the subject to minimize inhibitions in discussion. We do not have need for specially trained instructors.

Any biology teacher could include a semester of sex hygiene, given a good, simply written textbook. Any high-school student is capable of understanding, and is in desperate need of, the information that it would give.—*Earl Spicer.*

SHOULD LABOR BE DRAFTED?

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—You cannot blame labor for wanting its share of the huge profits in war contracts. In this great crisis neither labor nor capital should be pampered by the administration. If necessary, the government should first put all business essential to the war effort under strict supervision, and then, if necessary, draft labor.

Labor should remember that men are drafted, fed, clothed, given fifty-one dollars a month, and sent to the front to face death. Capital should remember that they have more to lose than any one else if we are defeated.—*Lt. D. L. Sauls.*

This whole question of drafting labor is ripe for discussion, pro and con. We'd like to hear from some more of you Vox Poppers on the subject.

4th YEAR—marching on!

OSCAR SERLIN *presents* Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

Made into a play by HOWARD LINDSAY *and* RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust *Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney*

EMPIRE THEATRE, New York

Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
LIFE WITH FATHER *with* PERCY **WARAM** • JUNE **WALKER**

Presenting—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST RADIO SHOWS!
"FAMOUS FATHERS"
Inspired by the Broadway Hit "LIFE WITH FATHER"
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AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Plus A Huge Array Of The Country's Most Famous Fathers!

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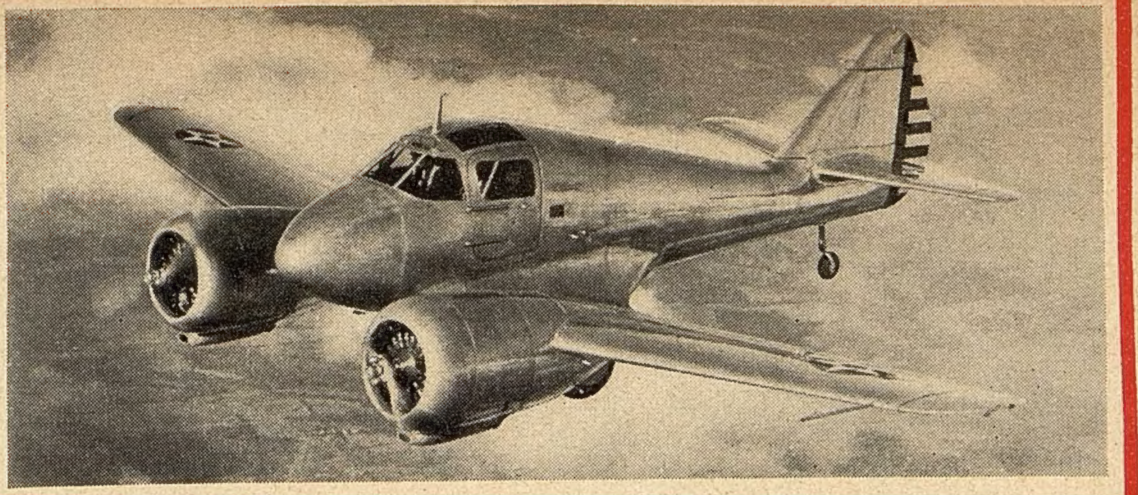


Designed for the training of pilots for fast twin-engined fighters and bombers of the Army Air Forces, the Curtiss AT-9 is an all-metal low-wing monoplane equipped with retractable landing gear. It includes characteristics of large and multi-engined aircraft.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Turning Turrets—and Tables

One of the great developments of the war, and one which took the Nazis by surprise, is the power turret—a power-operated gun mount (either hydraulic or electric) located on the top and bottom of medium and heavy bombers and on the tail of some heavy bombers. Up to the present war, turrets were hand operated, but with plane speeds now up to 380 miles an hour a gunner cannot obtain accurate and steady marksmanship by hand operation. The force of the plane's slip stream (air stream driven back by the propellers) against the protruding gun is too much for a human being to struggle with and achieve accurate results.

First use of power turrets in this war was at Dunkirk when twelve British Boulton-Paul Defiants of the R. A. F. shot down thirty-eight Nazi planes without a single loss to themselves. From then on the Nazis became highly respectful of the fire power from power turrets. Today these turrets are on many U. S. and British planes as standard equipment.

The use of power turrets has revolutionized one phase of aerial warfare. It used to be that bombers were the "hunted" and were fair prey for all fighters. Now that bombers are equipped with these deadly effective turrets, the bombers are in the class with the "hunters" and have taken a heavy toll of Nazi fighters.

Not Good Enough

The British say Germany's latest and best single-engined fighter, the Focke-Wulf 190, is a worthy opponent in combat but is really not a match for the best Allied types. Their sentiments can be summed up as: "It's good, but not quite good enough." In actions during the past few months the Spitfire IX and the Typhoon, both new British fighters, came out much the best against the Focke-Wulf 190A3, most recent of the series.

Chief praiseworthy feature of the Focke-Wulf is its small size, which in turn makes for high maneuverability. Its rate of climb is over 3,000 feet a minute, considered excellent for a fighter of this type. The British also praise the engine installation, but from there on the Nazi ship falls down by comparison.

Its speed ranges from 326 mph at low altitudes to 375 mph at 17,500 feet, which isn't good enough for 1943 aerial warfare. Its equipment is cramped in very small space. Armament is heavy, consisting of four cannon and two machine guns, all fixed position and firing forward. The machine guns are of the M. G. 17 (7.92 mm.) type, and the cannon comprise two Mauser M. G. 151 guns (20 mm.) and two Oerlikon (20 mm.), all in the wings. The wing span, incidentally, is only 34 feet 6 inches.

Nutty Planes

Just offhand you wouldn't think nut factories had anything to do with airplanes, but it seems that an airplane is made up of hundreds of thousands of little items. And one of the most important of these countless little items is nuts—not the ordinary kind of nut that screws on a bolt, but special self-locking nuts that can't be jarred loose by vibration.

A single large four-engined bomber, for example, requires 50,000 of these nuts, which gives you some idea of the job of maintaining a stockroom in an aircraft plant. In New Jersey and Nebraska the Elastic Stop Nut Corporation is turning out millions of these self-locking items, and according to last count had more than 3,000,000,000 in service on airplanes, tanks, ships, and destroyers.

50,000 Feet "Up"

How would you like to climb to 50,000 feet altitude in four minutes without leaving the ground? It's quite simple if you know the ropes. Boeing Aircraft Company at Seattle, Washington, has built a low-pressure chamber known as the Stratotrainer for psychological research and the training of high-altitude plane crews. Never before have such high altitudes been capable of simulation on the ground. So big is the chamber that an entire crew of six to ten men can be trained at one time.

Here's how it works: Garbed in high-altitude flying suits, the men don oxygen masks and exercise for thirty to forty minutes prior to entering the chamber. After the crew enters, the door is sealed and the motors begin pumping the air out of the huge metal cylinder. In two and one half minutes the "altitude" is 35,000 feet. Each man inhales pure dry oxygen through masks.

As part of the training examination, each man, in rotation, simulates a faint when the desired altitude is reached, and another man must remove the oxygen mask and fit the inert individual with an emergency mask. At the 35,000-foot altitude there is a 30-second margin of safety in which this has to be accomplished, otherwise the man without his mask would go into a coma and die, much in the manner of a fish taken out of water, for lack of something to breathe. These high-altitude tests greatly increase safety in actual flight. Not only human beings must be put through the stratosphere conditions, however. Motors, guns, oil, equipment must also be subjected to thin air to test performance.

Odds and Ends

According to army doctors, paratroopers are by far the best conditioned group entering service. In stamina and muscular development they're tops. The doctors are beginning to raise a fuss about our flabby youth.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

YOU NEED NO introduction to Earl Godwin if you've listened to his folksy, cracker-barrel style of broadcasting which he does daily over the Blue Network in his Watch the World Go By news. He made his air debut in 1935 after a lifetime of newspaper work, in which he followed in the footsteps of his father. Earl was born in the nation's capital somewhere on the site now occupied by the magnificent Supreme Court building. Given the title of "Sage of the Potomac," he is rounding out his third decade of Capitol Hill coverage. Henry Ford gave him every opportunity to visit and observe the hundreds of departments at Willow Run for the material in his article in this issue.

WE GIVE YOU the fourth in McClelland Barclay's series of American war leaders' portraits — Admiral Nimitz. The artist, who had been to Hawaii, met the admiral shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor. They were discussing the event when Barclay gave Nimitz an Hawaiian word, *Hoomanaunui,* which means "Bide your time —time brings all things." The admiral liked the word and requested the artist to write it down for him. Barclay thinks that Admiral Nimitz has since proven the truth of *Hoomanaunui* to himself and the world in his Pacific battles.

MOTHER'S DAY could have no better illustration of today's mother, we think, than that on our cover—the vital, smiling, self-sacrificing young woman in her war-worker's uniform, with her baby held tight to her brave heart.

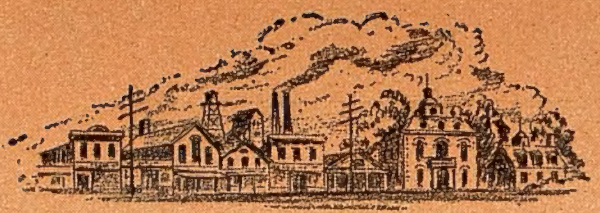
THE EDITORS.

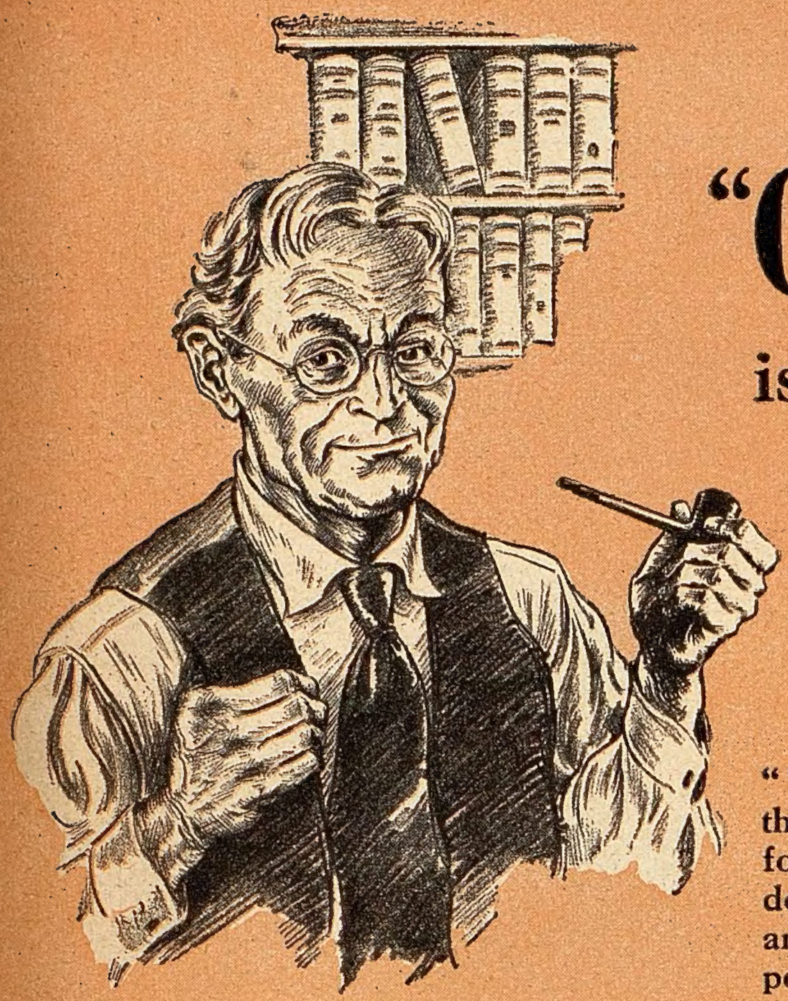
MATTINGLY
&
MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
INCORPORATED · LOUISVILLE KY. BALTIMORE MD.

MANY MEN WHO OWNED BIG
MANSIONS USED TO SPEND TOO
MUCH MONEY FOR WHISKEY. BUT,
MISTER, TIMES ARE DIFFERENT!
MANY OF THESE MEN TODAY
MAKE NO SUCH
MISTAKE. THEY BUY
MATTINGLY &
MOORE BECAUSE THEY KNOW
M & M IS MELLOWER AND
MILDER THAN MANY WHISKIES
MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE.

The best of 'em is
M&M
(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.





"OUR TOWN is in the war zone . . . *and fights that way!*"

"NO, sir, the name of our town isn't Stalingrad, and it isn't London or Chungking or Medjez-el-Bab. Our town is Middletowne, U. S. A.—which could be any town in America.

"On the map we're a good many thousands of miles away from the nearest Axis airfield. But the fact is, we consider we're *in the war zone.* Yes, sir, just as surely as if we were right up front where the bullets fly and the Stukas dive or the murderous little ape-men lurk in the jungle.

"The men of draft age have gone—most of them. Yes, sir, they've said good-bye to their jobs in banks and filling stations, drug stores and law offices; good-bye to home and loved ones—to the 'sweet land of liberty' they sang about when they were kids—and never dreamed they'd have to leave our town to defend.

" 'We've got a job to do over there,' they said before leaving, 'and you folks back home have got a job to do here. Let's both get to work and win this war as quickly as possible!'

"That's why we *are* doing our job here in Middletowne—just as if we were right up front there with our boys . . . helping them in their fight for a decent world to live in . . . for a way of life which our forefathers bequeathed to us as a heritage to be defended—with 'our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor'."

Men and women in Middletownes all over America are anxious to do everything they can to help win the war. The check list of home front activities listed in the column on the right will help you determine how well *you* are doing your war job today.

◆ ◆ ◆

National Distillers, like the rest of the distilling industry, is making no whiskey today. We are doing our war job by devoting 100% of our production facilities to the manufacture of alcohol for war purposes. In modern warfare, alcohol is a vital weapon. It is used for munitions, synthetic rubber, medicines and many other war needs.

Check this list and ask yourself:

"AM I FIGHTING THE WAR AS IF I WERE IN THE WAR ZONE?"

- I regularly buy War Stamps and Bonds—at least 10% of my income.
- I avoid unnecessary expenditures in order to help prevent inflation.
- I cheerfully observe all rationing regulations and do not hoard.
- I budget my ration points carefully and don't waste food.
- I work where I can do the most good for the war effort.
- I get to work on time and am never avoidably absent.
- I do my best to stay healthy.
- I do my best to avoid accidents, especially if I work in a war plant.
- I watch what I say and spread no rumors.
- I conserve tires and gasoline.
- I share my car with others.
- I travel only when absolutely necessary.
- I carry my own bundles when shopping to save manpower, gas and tires.
- I contribute to the Red Cross and all War Relief funds.
- I save and turn in scrap metal, used cooking fats and other needed materials.
- I do Civilian Defense work.
- I work with the Red Cross or other volunteer groups.
- I am a regular blood donor.
- I volunteer for Nurse's Aide work.
- I pay my taxes on time and in full.
- I do community social service work.
- I am prepared to quietly cooperate with the F.B.I. in apprehending suspicious persons.
- I am planting a Victory garden.
- I contribute books to the men in the service.
- I write to friends and relatives in the service.
- I observe dimout and blackout regulations to the letter.

This list, of course, is not complete. Every man, woman and child will find many other ways to help. Check this list with your neighbors and find out what they are doing. But get going! Do all you can! And do it now! Consult your local Civilian Defense Council for further information.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

These famous bottled-in-bond 100 proof whiskies are offered from stocks distilled years before Pearl Harbor

OLD GRAND-DAD · **OLD TAYLOR** · **OLD CROW** · **MOUNT VERNON** · **OLD OVERHOLT**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY RYE OR BOURBON
BRAND MARYLAND STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
PENNSYLVANIA STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE
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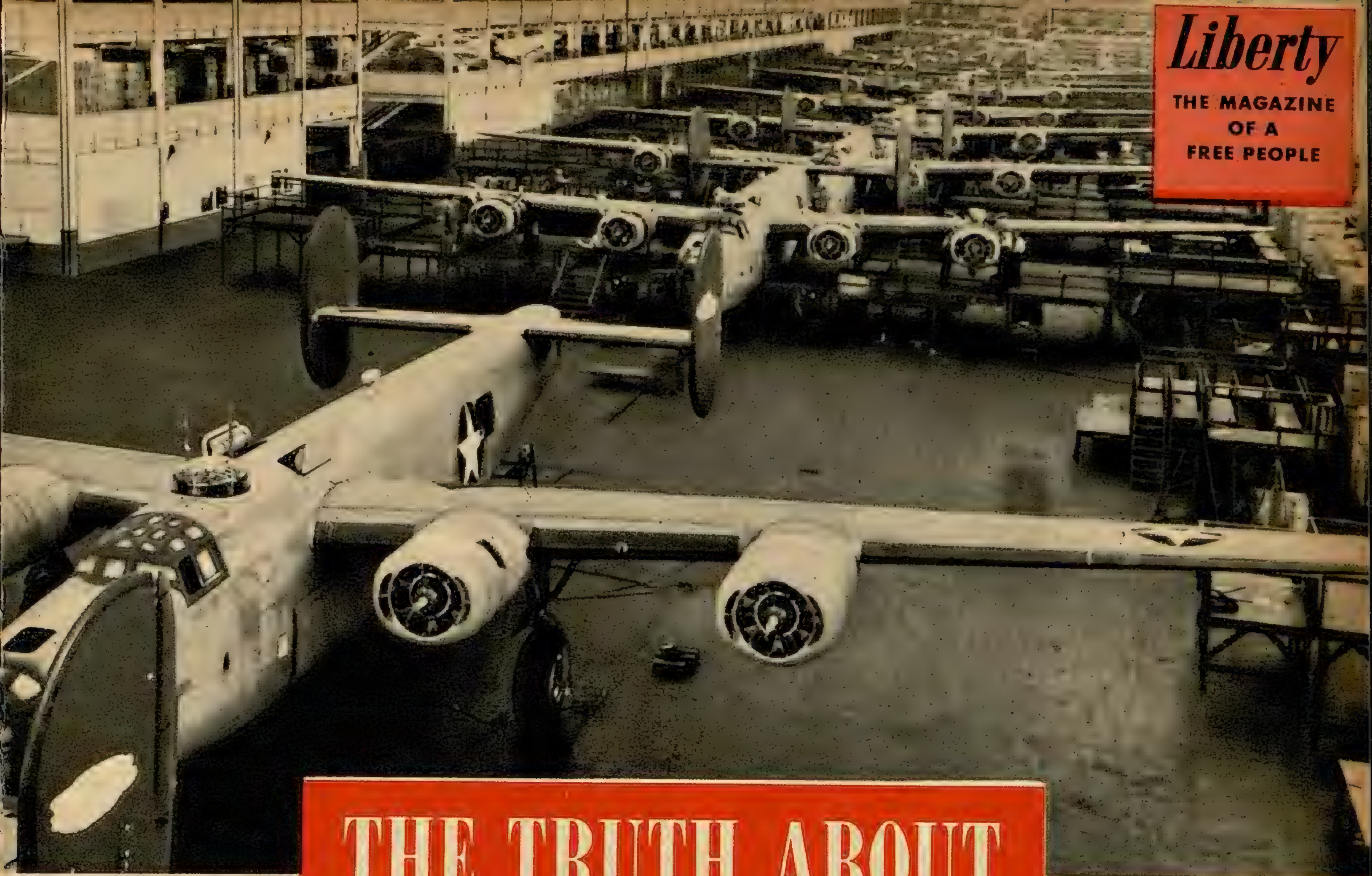
FREE PEOPLE



Is that Willow Run plant turning out B-24s? Take a look at these on its production line!

PHOTOS WIDE WORLD,
PRESS ASSOCIATION,
FORD NEWS BUREAU

THE TRUTH ABOUT WILLOW RUN

Is Ford's monster bomber plant a success? Its supercharged B-24s will write the answer in skies over Germany—an answer that will make Americans proud

BY EARL GODWIN

IS Willow Run turning out bombers on schedule or isn't it? You can get an argument on that from Detroit to Dallas and back again.

Having visited the huge bomber factory a number of times, talked with production officials and workers of the Ford Motor Company, and seen its production with my own eyes, I can tell you Willow Run is building bombers entirely within its own doors and on schedule—and flying them into service from its own airport.

Perhaps it's best to explain that, in a sense, there are three Willow Runs. The first is the plant originally planned by Ford—conceived as a factory to build subassemblies which would be sent to other factories for final assembly. This was to be part of a plan to spread war industry so that an enemy bombing in one section could not bring production of any weapon to a standstill.

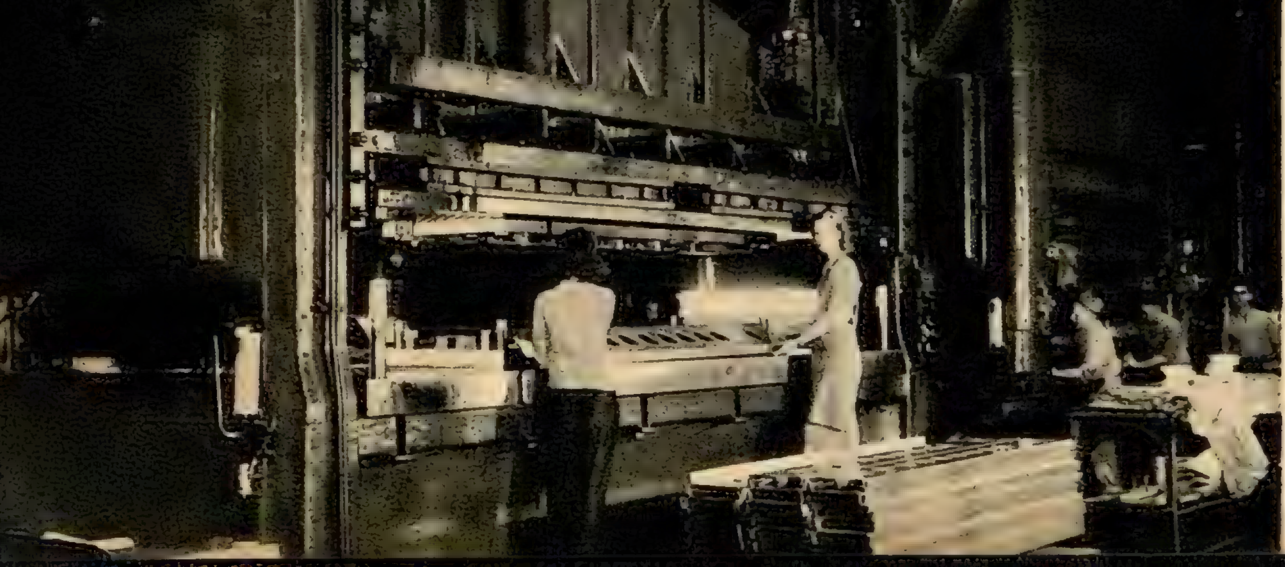
The second Willow Run never existed even on blueprints. This was the distorted and exaggerated vision of a fabulous factory right out of the Arabian Nights. Rumor alternately presented this imagined Willow Run as a creation beyond conception and as a fraud, a sham, a mere shell of a building that never produced a plane.

The third Willow Run is the one actually built, a monument to the miracle of mass production, a plant that is turning out ready-to-fly B-24 Liberator bombers on a schedule jointly set up by the War Department and the company a year ago. Production figures are of course a military secret; but I can say that, while they do not reach the fantastic estimates that were carried on the wings of rumor throughout the world, bombers *are* being completed in numbers that would satisfy all but the most doubting of the willing doubting Thomases.

Upon being asked by the government to manufacture the complete bomber, the company began plans for a greatly enlarged plant. That was in May of 1941—seven months before Pearl Harbor. In March, workmen had begun to clear the woodlands for the airfield which was to adjoin the factory. And on May 15, 1942, the first "educational model" B-24 was turned over to the plant's flight-test department. That model was constructed of some parts made by Ford and some made by Consolidated Aircraft Corporation. It was built outside Willow Run, flown there, and disassembled. It was then reassembled in the plant by Ford engineers and workmen—the better to familiarize themselves with the plane they were going to build. It was never intended to be a Willow Run product, nor

The B-24s here shown on the assembly line were being used by the British within 1942.

At Willow Run, girls rivet on the "canopy" connecting the halves of a B-24's fuselage. Below: This press, with girls at work, is widest—208 feet—in the Willow Run plant.



was it ever claimed as such. But it was seized upon by rumormongers to spread "inside dope" stories to the effect that Willow Run had already failed and that Ford could not build an airplane.

I wish you could see that plant today. The airfield would do a good-sized city proud with its concrete runways, several of them 160 feet wide and about a mile long. Fifty miles of electrical conduit were laid to provide a complete lighting system. An eight-section hangar houses twenty of the big B-24s. Its eight big doors, weighing 42 tons and measuring 150 feet wide by 40 feet high, slide up and down at the touch of a button. An all-purpose airport fire truck, equipped with carbon dioxide, foam, and water, can put out any kind of fire ranging from one in a trash barrel to those caused by burning oil or gasoline.

The plant itself is something you have to see to believe. It looms out of the flat countryside like some giant red mirage—eighty-seven acres under one roof. The system of highways leading to the plant rivals New York's famous Westchester parkway system.

NOW let me tell you something of the task involved in mass-producing the B-24, or Liberator, as it is popularly known. This is a four-engined ship with four Pratt & Whitney 1,250-horsepower motors. It has a speed in excess of 320 miles an hour and a flying range of 3,000 miles. It has been adapted to lift bomb loads up to ten tons for short distances.

The Liberator has 1,250,000 parts, including 700,000 rivets. It used to require nearly 200,000 man hours to manufacture each ship. That time has been reduced. For instance, the rear gun turrets on the B-24 move on a track to enable them to direct fire to the right, left, or forward within a 120-degree radius. Formerly it took about half an hour to machine each circular track. Ford engineers, in co-operation with machine-tool men, designed a milling machine that performs this operation in from three to four minutes.

But the Ford engineers are not the only ones who save time. The wings of the B-24 are built in sections. A crew working on the center wing panel clipped twenty-three and a half hours off the production time required to make that vital part. Another team of workers, building the outer wing panel, reduced by twelve hours and eighteen minutes the time required for this part.

The wing sections are joined by splice plates. Formerly it took twenty minutes to mill each plate. Now a milling machine, with fixtures that conform to the contours of the wing, does the job in two minutes.

The bombardier's enclosure on the front end of the plane is made of a plastic substance known as Plexi glass. Flyers call the enclosures "aerial greenhouses." Originally the Plexi glass was hand-formed by three girls who took from twenty to twenty-five minutes for the operation. But at Willow Run they have developed a method of shaping the glass on a plastic production form, and now it is done by one girl in six minutes.

The bomber plant is divided into manufacturing and assembly sections. Most of us are naturally most interested in the assembly lines on which the bomber takes shape. The final assembly line is actually two lines, each 1,500 feet long and 350 feet wide, down which long lines of the big bombers move until completed. At one end you see nothing but parts; at the other you see a completed bomber.

At each station on the assembly line installations are made. In one operation forward and aft fuselage sections are joined to the center wing. In another, the four engines descend from an overhead balcony to their proper places. The assembly line is supplied by conveyors from the manufacturing section. There's a constant flow of unit assemblies consisting of preformed parts such as bulkheads, hat stringers, belt frames, floors, bomb and hatch doors, skin and stringer assemblies, fuselage panels, center wing flaps, ailerons, leading and trailing edges, and tail surfaces.

IN the plant's manufacturing section the preliminaries to assembling the planes are performed. It's the backbone of the factory and the automobile industry's key to mass production. All the hundred and one materials that go into the make-up of the plane are sent there from the receiving department. Before they get there they are tested and retested. Castings and forgings are X-rayed carefully to disclose any defect—the first of hundreds of checks and inspections leading up to the final flight test.

In that section Ford engineers have again stepped in. By substituting plastics wherever possible, they have made valuable savings in critical materials without affecting the strength or performance of the plane.

After their first inspection the materials go to the planning and shearing department, where they are laid out so that each piece of material

(*Continued on page* 73)

Willow Run workers changing shifts. Those climbing the stairs are on their way home.

This is the Willow Run plant's cafeteria, rival of any restaurant—and with low prices. Below, you see just one B-24 in flight. They're a block-busting headache for the Axis!

SQUARE IT, SAILOR!

Regulations troubled Red. But they didn't hamper his fighting—or his loving

BY JOHN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOODWIN

RED McRAE came up the ladder from the engine room, and the air on deck was fine and clear and cold. The day was being born of far-flung clouds splashed against a field of mounting light. The 1020 rolled along through a gentle swell at one third speed, 130 feet of seaworthiness and slightly comic dignity, new-built for the Gloucester fishing. But she was navy now, and Red leaned in the engine-room hatch and looked her over, and decided that was the only reason for his growing but restrained affection for the broad-beamed lady. He could hear the Diesel pulse, feel it under his feet. She was running smoothly.

Shorty Blake came and stood at the galley door, and Red called, "Hiya, Shorty. What's for chow?" It was always an interesting subject.

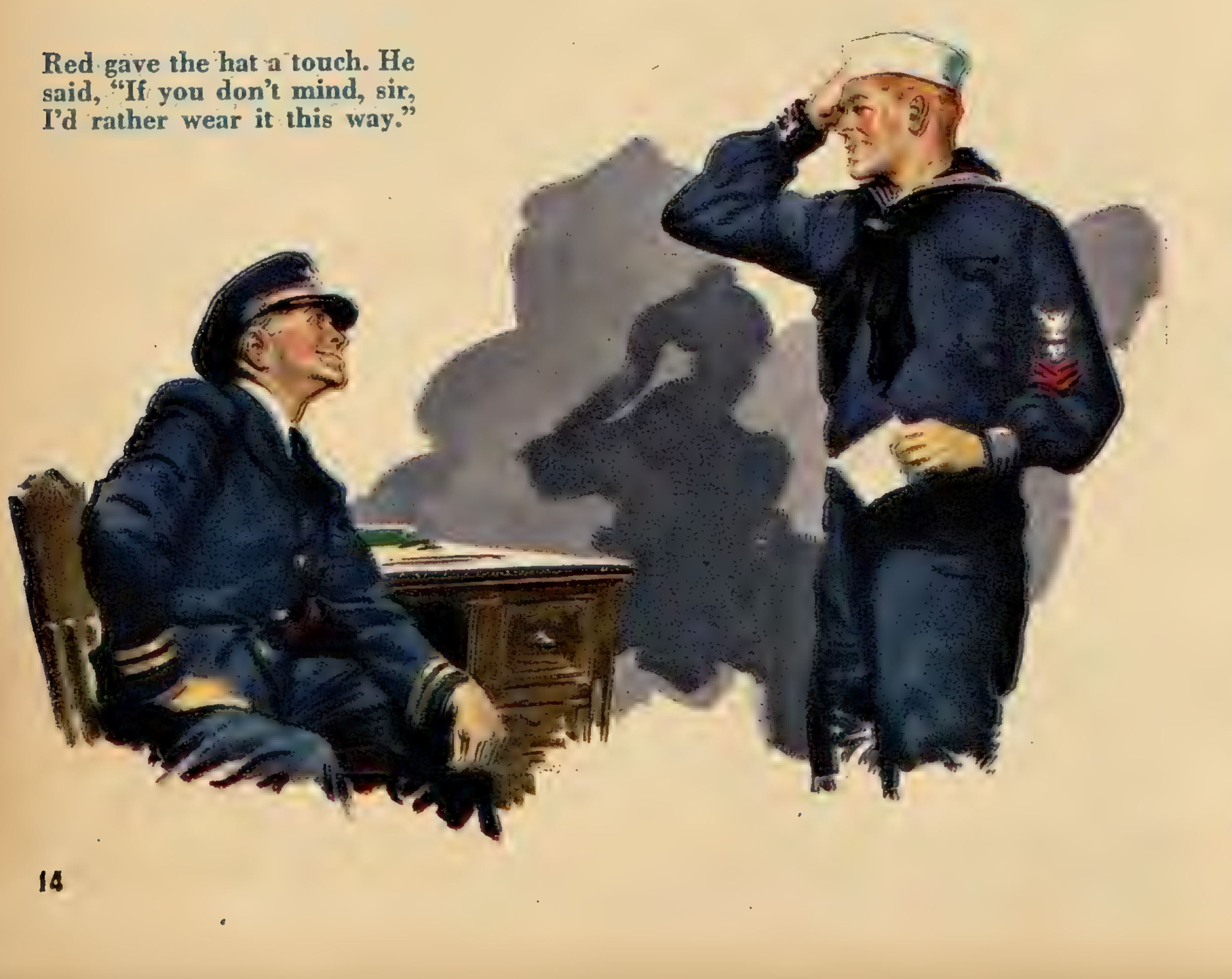
"Wheat cakes," Shorty told him. "Collision mats and bacon."

Shorty was a good cook. He was a good cook and the ship was a good feeder. Red marked those items down on the credit side of the ledger. He was very fair about things. The 1020 was heavily in the red, as far as McRae, machinist mate, first class, was concerned, but every now and then he grudgingly marked down one of her virtues. He got a bell on the enunciator in the engine room and went down the ladder fast. He stopped the Diesel, checked the pumps and starboard generator, then stuck his head into the air again. The day was fully alive, and Red knew it would be nice.

He heard Shorty Blake, in the crew's quarters in the forecastle, getting them out. He heard the shrill voice calling, "Get up, you pelicans. Come on, you scoffers. Hit the deck!" He heard the profane answers and the sound of men dressing.

Shorty came back along the deck and said, "They sleep like they was dead. You think they was doing me a personal favor, getting up. I been out of the sack an hour, cooking for them slobs, and you think I just killed all their mothers."

He shook his head in patient dismay, and Red grinned at him.



Red gave the hat a touch. He said, "If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather wear it this way."

Red could grin today. Tomorrow they'd be going in. They stayed out four days and went in for one. Tomorrow morning they'd go in, and by noontime they'd be tied up at the pier. His section had the liberty, and five hours after they hit the dock he'd be in Philadelphia.

Ten days ago his section had had the liberty—everybody excepting Red McRae. He'd been restricted by the Man. Shorty mentioned that now. He said, "You get ashore tomorrow too, eh, Red? There was only one restriction?"

"Just one," Red answered. "The train from Philly is fifteen minutes late, and so am I, and the Man takes a liberty away from me because a train is late." It was a heavy point. It went down in red on the ledger against the Man. There were a great many red entries in Red's ledger against Lieutenant Fletcher.

BY DAN SENSENEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

, "you want to get the gas from me station that knows you and n't check up on the license num- r. Mustn't get into trouble—ex- pt I must say," and she laughed rrily, "from what I hear there's ghty little checking up any of ese stations do."

"As long as they get the coupons, guess they don't care," Goddard marked unhappily.

"Or even if they don't!" Mrs. nch exclaimed in a kind of tri- nph. "Why, Mr. Goddard, the ings that're going on it's hard to lieve. There's a woman I know er on Edgemere Avenue, she's got y pounds of coffee in her cellar she's got an ounce. And another mily, when we had to make out plications for fuel oil, they had a g coal stove sittin' in the front om, and do you think they de- ared it? They did *not*!"

Nella put the last dish in the drain ck and turned, wiping her hands a towel and looking thoughtful.

"So I always say," Mrs. Finch con- ued, "everybody else does it, why ouldn't folks like you and me?"

"Yeah," Goddard said wearily. eah, I guess that's right."

"Well, I've got to run along. The ds are alone," Mrs. Finch said, and, t at once but eventually, departed.

There was a silence in the kitchen ter she had gone. Nella looked at oddard. Then she set her small inted chin and nodded firmly, once.

"I'd rather walk tomorrow than e that coupon!" she said.

Goddard stared.

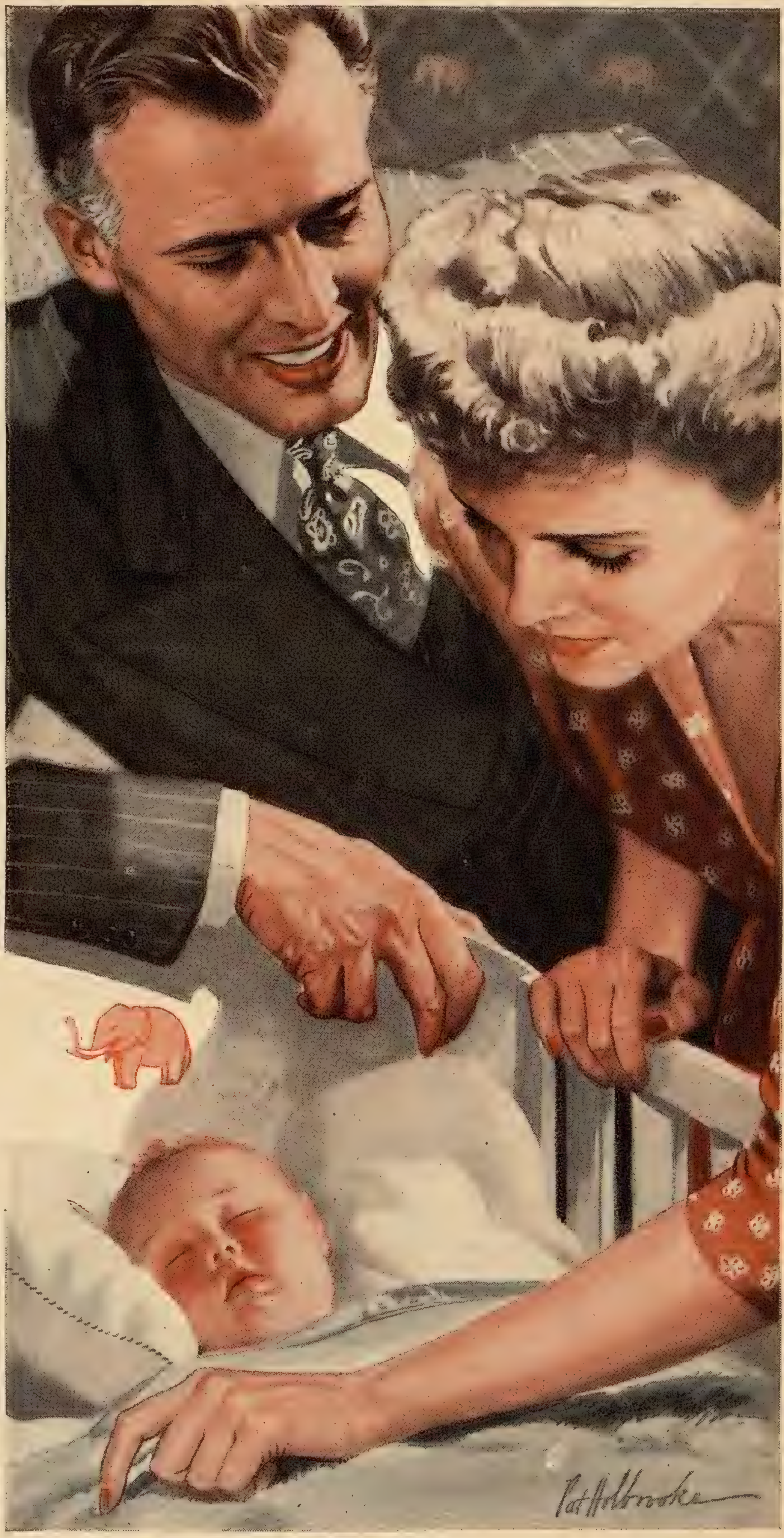
"She's got three shelves full of nned goods in her own basement," ella continued sternly. "I've seen em. Including coffee! The only rea- n she wants us to take the coupon just so we'll be another excuse."

"Excuse?" Goddard asked.

"Yes—so we'll be two more hor- ble examples of people doing some- ing just as bad or worse. Well," d Nella nodded once more, "we on't! We'll take the train, and I'll turn her book before we leave."

Goddard was suddenly very happy. e told himself, not for the first me, that he'd married a wonderful oman.

THE END



"There's no reason we can't take Robby in on the train," Nella said.

WHEN FATHERS GO TO WAR

BY LEO M. CHERNE

Executive Secretary, The Research Institute of America, Inc.

Here are answers to questions all America is asking—the inside story of what the government will and will not do for families of drafted men

FATHERS are going to be drafted in 1943. There is no longer any doubt about it. Our government is determined to have 11,000,000 men in the armed forces by the end of this year. Excluding essential farm and factory workers, only about 6,000,000 physically fit men between eighteen and thirty-eight remain available. Most of them have dependents. If the 11,000,000-man goal is to be met, five out of every six of them must be called this year. Even wholesale reclassification of men over thirty-eight will change this prospect but little.

What happens to the wives and children of men who are called? When a man who has been earning, say, $30 to $50 a week is yanked from his civilian job and put into uniform, on what will his family subsist?

Chiefly they will live on allowances from the government and allotments from his pay. It is essential, therefore, that families know what their men will be paid, what allotments and allowances they may expect, and what legal rights and obligations they possess.

Under the Pay Adjustment Act of 1942, monthly pay of enlisted men during their first year of service is as follows: Private, $50; private first class, $54; corporal, $66; sergeant, $78; staff sergeant, $96; first sergeant, $114; master sergeant, $138. (Pay is the same for the equivalent rank in the Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard.) The average selectee is, of course, inducted into the army as a private. When and if he is sent overseas, his pay is boosted by 20 per cent.

For families of men under the rank of staff sergeant, a schedule of allotments and allowances is provided under the Servicemen's Dependents' Allowance Act of 1942—payable whether the serviceman's wife works, has other means, or not. A childless wife receives a total of $50 a month—$28 from the government and $22 from her husband's pay; $12 a month is paid by the government for the first child and $10 a month for each additional child. Thus a wife and three children get $82 a month. These payments are not withheld if the marriage or births took place after the man entered the service or—as is erroneously supposed by many persons—after Pearl Harbor.

Moreover, free maternity care for wives of servicemen of the rank of sergeant or less (or comparable ranks in other services) and medical care for their newly born children will be available shortly to those who apply to their state health departments. Over a million dollars has been appropriated by Congress to meet the cost of such care until July. Some states were granted funds for this purpose a few months ago—but the money was quickly spent. Meanwhile the need for this help has grown enormously.

Can a serviceman's family get along on the dependency allowances and allotments? Many families will find the grants substantially lower than the income to which they are accustomed. Indeed, the allowances and allotments are below the minimum subsistence-level income as determined by the United States Department of Labor. Which means that many families will have to find some other source of income in order to get along—particularly in view of the rising cost of living.

Yet in England families of servicemen get dependency allowances only half as large as our government provides. For instance, a wife without children in England gets only $24.06. Canada, on the other hand, provides larger allowances than ours. There, a wife without a child receives $59.40 a month. If she has one child, she gets $72.60; in this country she would get $62.

Many weeks may elapse between the time a soldier files an application for a dependency allowance and allotment and the day the first check comes by mail to his family. If the family have no other means of support, this may mean real difficulty. Fortunately, there are three large agencies to help tide over servicemen's families with loans of money—the American Red Cross, Army Emergency Relief, and the Navy Relief Society.

Any soldier may apply for assistance for himself or his family at the Army Emergency Relief section on his post. Or his dependents may apply to Army Emergency Relief at the nearest army post or direct to the War Department in Washington. Of course, all these organizations investigate before they will pay out money—but the investigation is kept to a minimum and is courteous and friendly. There is only the slightest delay before granting of relief.

Any serviceman or serviceman's wife, children, or other dependents can go to these three organizations for help in finding a job or in adjusting claims—for medical or legal assistance—as well as for just plain financial aid.

IN civilian life, the man about to don a uniform may have signed a lease, or he may owe money to a bank or on an installment purchase. What must he do about these obligations?

Here is the general rule. The law measures protection for you and your dependents by one yardstick—ability to pay. If being in the armed forces cuts down a man's financial ability to meet his civilian obligations, the Soldier's and Sailor's Civil Relief Act puts up a fence between him and those obligations. But they are *not* canceled. Payment is merely deferred until after the war.

Take the case of Mr. A. He might be the head of any family hit by the draft. In the same pocket where he put his induction notice he had another piece of paper—a promissory note. To help pay his wife's hospital bills he had had to borrow some money. The note he signed is coming due in a few months. He knows he will never be able to meet it on his army pay. He is wondering if his wife, who is not yet well, will have to scrape and strain to dig up the money or will be involved in a lawsuit.

You can imagine how relieved Mr. A is when he learns he won't have to pay this debt until after he comes back from the army. If any legal action should be brought, the courts will protect him and his wife.

The same holds true of mortgages. If a man can't meet mortgage payments because his financial ability is impaired by military service, he won't lose his home. The courts will stop any proceedings that may be brought to foreclose—or they will make a settlement that seems fair to everybody concerned. Taxes on real estate may likewise be suspended until after the war—if the proper affidavits showing inability to pay are filed with the tax collector. Payment of state and federal income taxes may be postponed if properly certified forms are submitted to tax authorities.

MR. B and his wife furnished their home on the installment plan. The law says that if the installment contract was made before induction, the seller has to have a court order to take the articles back—and you can be pretty sure courts aren't issuing such orders freely. But if the seller does get one the court may require him to return all or part of the payments Mr. B made. Mr. B and his wife don't get stuck. Their payments may be put off until after the war, or adjusted to their ability to pay.

However, if you've paid *for an automobile* less than 50 per cent of the total price, the seller can take the car back if you don't keep up the payments—regardless of the fact that you're in the armed forces.

Mr. C, like so many other men, has been building up life insurance. He's afraid he won't be able to meet his premiums. Well, he doesn't have to worry. The law is behind him. His policies up to $10,000 worth won't be allowed to lapse (provided they were taken out thirty days or more before induction). The Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Veterans Administration will guarantee payment of most insurance premiums during a man's service.

That doesn't mean, of course, that Mr. C gets a free ride. He'll have to pay the premiums within two years after his return to civilian life.

Remember, this insurance relief is not automatic. Men in military service have to file an application—both to the insurance company and to the U. S. Veterans Administration. Get Insurance Service Form No. 380 as soon after your induction as possible. You can get it through your military unit or by writing to the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C. Incidentally, it is wise *first* to search your insurance policies for clauses which would nullify payment in the event that you die in military service—or in an airplane crash.

There is a special kind of life insurance established by law for our men in uniform. You can apply for between $1,000 and $10,000 worth of this insurance, at very low rates, as soon as you become a member of the armed forces. *You must, however, make application for it within 120 days of the date of your induction.*

MANY a family is hit by the question of what to do about *rent* when the man of the family is inducted. Do his wife and children wind up on the sidewalk because they can no longer pay the rent? The answer, of course, is no. One of the first concerns of the government is to prevent that kind of hardship.

The law provides that if the rent is not more than $80 a month, the serviceman's wife or children or other dependents may not be evicted except by special provision of a proper court. You can rest easy in the knowledge that courts are not granting permission to evict very readily —unless, of course, the family has enough other money to be able to pay the rent without hardship.

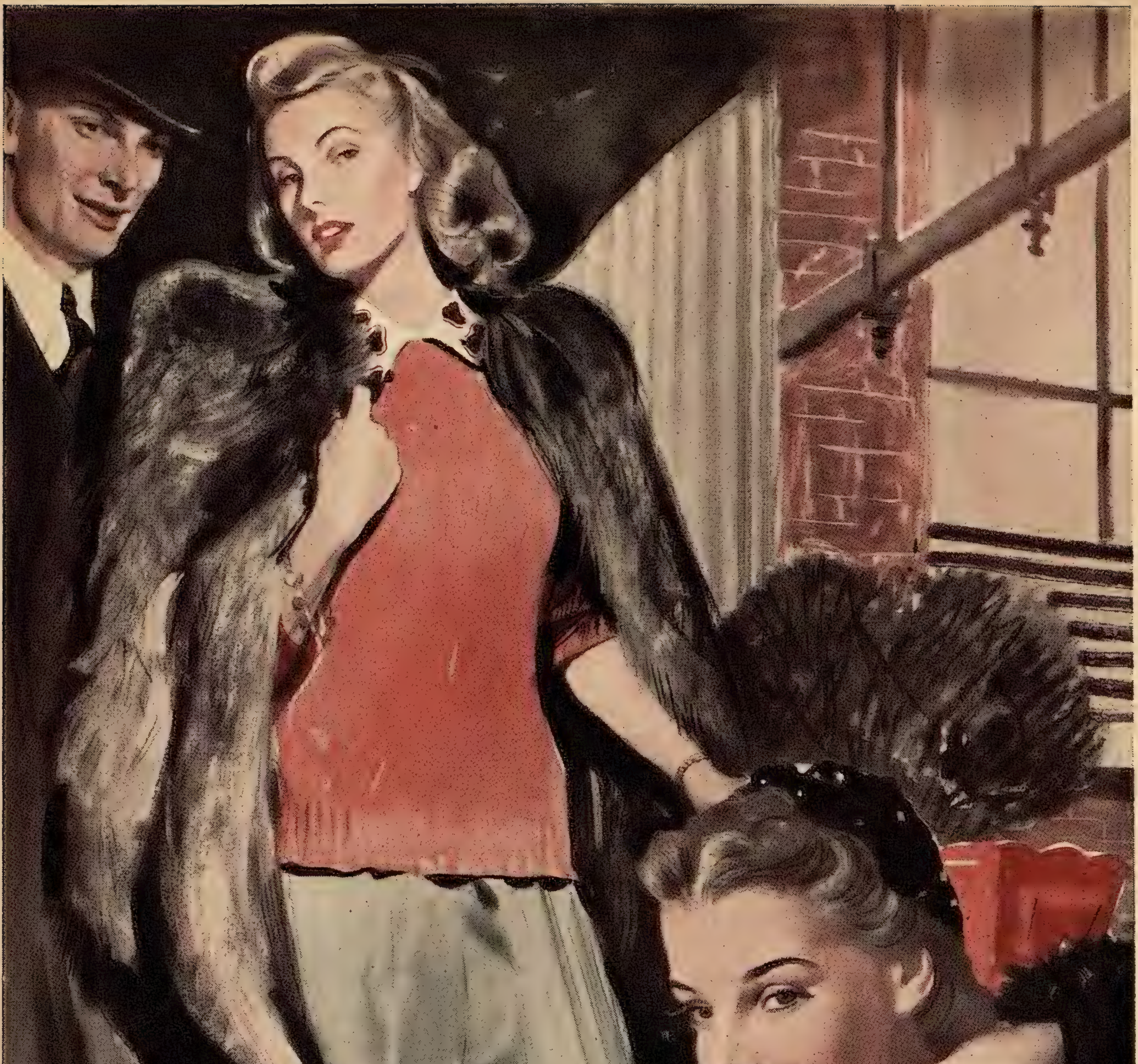
A court has the discretion to stop a landlord's dispossess proceeding for several months. Or it may make any other fair solution of the case, depending upon the particular facts. Here again the slate isn't wiped clean. The rent has to be paid on completion of the tenant's military service.

Mr. D has been reclassified from 3A to 1A and is expecting his induction notice any day. But only a few months ago he and his wife signed a lease for a year. Does he have to keep on paying rent under the lease? The law says no. It says you can cancel your lease any time after you go into military service by giving written notice to your landlord. This applies to business and professional leases, too.

If you've been paying your rent by the month, then your lease won't end until thirty days after your next payment is due—and you will have to pay up to that time. In any other case, the lease ends on the last day of the month following the month in which the written notice is sent—and you have to pay any rent that is due for that period.

How about our women in uniform? The WAACS, WAVES, and SPARS

(*Continued on page 71*)



Neither of them noticed the tall slender blonde girl who came out of the cocktail bar as they went in.

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

Three men tell Tessa things she is afraid to hear—but Johnny's words cut deepest

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Johnny Barnes eagerly accepted a commission in the army as an aerial photographer, Tessa, his wife, couldn't understand why he was so anxious to leave her and their two children and their home in Linton Heights. She was quite content with the life they were living, but Johnny wasn't. Things, somehow, had gone stale for him. He wondered whether the disturbing feeling he had for Catherine Lockhart, wife of wealthy Carlson Lockhart, had anything to do with it. Catherine, a writer, and a woman accustomed to getting what she wanted, had plainly shown him she was interested in him. And he found her very exciting.

Tessa was lonely when Johnny went to Washington. She occasionally saw George Worth, an old beau of hers, now home on leave from the Navy Air Forces. But she missed Johnny terribly. So, when Johnny's sister's husband offered her his Washington apartment, she was delighted. But Johnny, when she telephoned him, was not. "I don't know how long I'll be here, Tessa," he told her. "It'd be a crazy stunt."

Tessa went down to argue him into it, and Catherine Lockhart went too. She invited both of them to dinner in her suite and Tessa spent the evening feeling hurt and sorry for herself and left out as Catherine and Johnny talked of the war and world problems when she, Tessa, was interested only in her own.

The War Department settled one problem for her. Johnny was ordered to leave for the front. Tessa, not knowing that Catherine intended to get a writing assignment in Africa and follow him, if possible, went home, determined to get a job and earn enough to enable her to stay in her own house—anything to avoid going to live with Johnny's mother, as he wanted her to do. Then, one morning, all her plans were ruined. She realized that she was going to have a baby.

THE small house was emptied now of people and furnishings alike. With its shades drawn it seemed shuttered, annihilated, and even the memories it had held—of children happy and noisy in play, and people laughing, and Johnny's deep pleasant voice calling up the stairs of an evening, "Hi! Anybody home? Fuller brush man!"—even those memories seemed, like the personality of the house itself, to have been annihilated, so that now it became difficult for Tessa to recall them at all. She walked through the empty rooms on a last tour of inspection before paying off the storage-warehouse men, clamping down hard on the little knot of nerves and hysteria that threatened to break up into weary sobs and tears that would do nobody any good and make everything a great deal worse. Stop feeling sorry for yourself! she admonished. You're just one of thousands who are going through this. She thought, Think of Johnny. And then she thought, No, better not think of Johnny. Better think of something else. Something good and steadying, like the fact that today is Patty's birthday and you mustn't go to her looking as though you've been crying, because it frightens her.

She walked on through the big sunny bedroom that had once been hers and Johnny's and that now looked as though it had never belonged to any one. One of the moving men trailed companionably along behind her, helping her to check closets for forgotten articles.

"Husband in the service?"

"Yes. He's in Africa now. He's been there almost a month. He's making movies for the Signal Corps."

"Oh," the man said. He didn't say any more after that. People didn't. When they discovered you had a husband in Africa or a son in the Solomons, they didn't talk about the war any more. People were kind. Ever since Johnny had gone abroad every one had tried to be very kind indeed.

Even Mrs. Barnes, after her first shocked outburst of, "I should think you might have tried to be a little more careful!" had been kind. "Well," she had said, "we'll have to make the best of it. There's nothing left but women, and if we don't hang together, the good Lord only knows what will become of us in the next year or two!"

Mrs. Barnes, sitting before Tessa's fire that afternoon, had looked old, all her brisk competence and directive energies quieted. Her personality, like that of every one else here at home, was submerged, covered by the weariness and quiet determination which were becoming a sort of national anonymity.

Bill, Johnny's younger brother, was in the midst of the fighting in Europe now. But before sailing, he had brought home a war bride, the girl named Nicky whom he had been writing home about. A strange, lovely girl of many moods, who was a stranger to them and, Tessa guessed, to Bill. Glimpsing them together on that twenty-four-hour leave that Bill had managed before leaving for whatever front he was bound for, Tessa had thought, It should have been an affair, not a marriage! A marriage needs more than love and passion to make it endure.

BUT that brought her mind circling back to herself. Look at all that she and Johnny had had in common, her logic refuted her own argument. Well, but she and Johnny were all right. It was just the war. Johnny was lost to her in the quickening excitement, the dangers, the changes of war. When it was over, he would come back. It would be the way it used to be. No matter what people said, it would be the way it used to be, and not new and disturbing.

She spoke to the hovering moving man: "I guess that's everything." She handed him a check.

"Well, lots of luck," he said, and he tipped his cap, and for some reason he went softly, tiptoeing down the stairs.

Long after he had gone, long after the heavy truck had grumbled off, Tessa continued to stand there in the middle of the empty room, dreading the moment of going downstairs and closing the door after her and turning the key in the lock. Well, that was silly. The best thing was to get it over with. Patty and her party and a hundred details were waiting for her at Mrs. Barnes'. She must get used to saying, in her mind, "at home" instead of always, "at Mrs. Barnes'." She must get used to many things. To doing without and to making things do. To putting a reasonably cheerful face on things for the sake of the children. To living with her mother-in-law, and with Janice, and now with Nicky, who trailed negligees and cigarette ashes and popular tunes through the old house in careless profusion. And, most of all, she must accustom herself to the fact that she was going to have a baby; that the doctor had said there was no mistake about it.

The worst of it was that she wouldn't be able to get a job, that she was sick and trapped and helpless, that she had spent money of Johnny's which she should not have spent and now there was no way of repaying it. The rest of it—all the unpleasantness that probably lay ahead for her—held, as yet, no reality. But that house with four women and the two children and Janice's nervous headaches—and she had to go there. Whether she wanted to or not, she had to go there.

She walked slowly on out of the room and down the stairs, each step taking her out of the past and into the future. She wished that Johnny could know about the baby. It would help—to know that he knew. But Mrs. Barnes had asked her not to tell him.

"It can't help, Tessa, and it would make Johnny frantic with worry at a time when he has enough on his mind already."

IT would have helped, though, and she had started to tell Mrs. Barnes that, but she hadn't, after all. Johnny's mother was probably right. The War Department asked wives and relatives not to write anything that might worry a soldier. And though she did write, long and often, those letters she never mailed. She sealed and addressed them and put them into a drawer and left them there. The letters she sent were casual, pleasant, full of stories about the children, the town, mutual friends. Very little about herself, lest something spill over; lest, knowing her so well, he read between the lines.

She couldn't know, of course, that Johnny, sitting in a hastily dug-out fox hole in Africa, reading those letters with the whine of airplanes overhead and the rat-a-tat of anti-aircraft guns going off beside his camera, was to think, She doesn't seem to miss me. I guess it's sort of fizzed out for her, too. I guess we're pretty well washed up. And with death and destruction all about him, it didn't seem strange that his personal life, too, should be blown up. He thought, What the hell! and he tore the letters up and the bits of them mingled with sandstorms and rainstorms and were beaten into the earth and lost.

Going lightly down the stairs now, Tessa remembered that she must write Johnny tonight about the house. He would be relieved to know it had been rented to some very nice people. She gave a final tug at windows to be sure they were locked, secured the French doors with the extra night catch, and was putting a polo coat on over slacks and sweater when she heard the car rush up the driveway, flinging loose bluestone pebbles against the stone wall beside it.

"Now, who in the world—?" she wondered aloud. And then she saw that it was Carlson Lockhart. Carlson Lockhart, coming here, at three o'clock in the afternoon? As she opened the door for him her face must have reflected her puzzlement, because Carlson said instantly, "I'm not breaking in on anything, am I, Tessa? Not disturbing you?"

"Why, no, Carlson, come in. I—I'm afraid I can't ask you to sit down," she told him humorously; "but, as you can see, we haven't any chairs to sit in! I've put the furniture in storage," she replied to his quick silent question, "and I'm renting the house for the duration. We can't carry it on Johnny's new salary."

"Now, see here, Tessa, we're old friends. If you need any money—"

"No. No, thank you, Carlson. We're all right, thank you." And then she waited, and as she waited it occurred to her that Carlson wasn't looking very well. He looked as though he might have been drinking heavily, which was odd, because Carlson was almost as fastidious as a woman about his appearance, always careful neither to overeat nor overdrink, knowing how quickly those things were reflected in a man's appearance when he was no longer very young.

He stood before her, white-haired, handsome, his face looking ravaged, though, and old, as she had never seen it.

Murder? It seemed impossible, yet there *was* a dead man in the shack and many people had good reasons for wishing him out of the way.

THE CASE OF THE SMOKING CHIMNEY

By Erle Stanley Gardner

has a highly original plot and a salty amateur sleuth, Old Gramps Wiggins, who has as keen an eye for a pretty girl as he has for a murder clue. You'll meet him

Next Week

when you read this swiftly paced mystery yarn in a Liberty abridgement to one evening's reading time.

"Tessa," he said abruptly, "where *is* Johnny?"

"Why," she said, "in Africa. Why?"

"I thought so," he said. And then he said, "I knew it, of course." He said, "Catherine's there too. She followed him there." He said, "She's been in love with him for a long time, and she's the sort of woman who takes what she wants out of life, without giving much of a damn whom it belongs to."

PEOPLE were forever saying that pain was like a knife, but, as usual, people were wrong. Pain was emptiness and everything inside of you being set loose to whirl around giddily so that you couldn't speak or think; you just stood there looking a little stupid and saying the same things over and over again, a needle caught in a broken record. It couldn't be. Why, Catherine is my best friend. There was never anything between her and Johnny. You must be wrong, Carlson. You must be wrong!

And Carlson's voice coming back to her. Carlson saying he was sorry; that he was certain she'd had some idea. Hadn't she noticed, he said, in Washington, how Catherine reacted to news of Johnny's going? She was collapsed, brokenhearted.

"No. No, I hadn't noticed." She could see it now. She could look back and remember what a gay time Johnny and Catherine had together. She could remember Catherine's white stricken face when Tessa and Johnny had left her that night. Tessa had assumed she was sorry for Tessa, her best friend. Friend! Was there such a thing in the world of women?

"She wangled passports. She's a pretty well known writer. She could do things like that."

Oh, yes. Catherine was the sort of person who could do anything, go through life like a kleptomaniac, taking what she wanted. It wasn't fair that some women should have everything while others were trapped at home with babies and houses and pregnancies, unable to do anything about the fact that their husbands were off somewhere, betraying them. But she didn't know that. Maybe Johnny wouldn't. That hope was dim and remote, though. She and Johnny had been drifting so far apart lately. So horribly far apart! And there had been only two letters. Two brief letters that had told her nothing of his real thoughts.

"I only came because I knew you'd find out eventually—people always do—and I thought it might be easier, this way. It isn't though, is it? I

(*Continued on page 38*)

I SERVED ON BATAAN

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

By LIEUTENANT JUANITA REDMOND, A.N.C.

Men who fought in the gallant battles of Bataan and Corregidor have given us several stirring accounts of them.

Here is a woman's story of that grim fight. An army nurse who served in Manila, on Bataan, and in the deep tunnels of Corregidor while it was being blasted day and night, tells what she saw . . . of the men who carried on bravely against crushing odds . . . of the nurses and doctors who tended them . . . of the enemy who bombed them savagely and relentlessly.

IN September, 1940, when I reached Manila, where I was to serve as an army nurse, I floated down the gangplank in chiffon dress and enormous picture hat, all ready for the welcoming committee that greets every army transport and for the customary entertainment at the Army and Navy Club. I found at once that American women in Manila dress very simply. My elaborate costume was no more suitable than it would have been in a Maine fishing village. Manila is—or was—a modern and sophisticated city, but there are good reasons why chiffon dresses and sheer stockings don't belong—such as tropical heat and voracious ants. Against the background of tropical foliage and time-grayed seventeenth-century Spanish churches the big bright government buildings of the city, that day, and modern homes struck a brave, incongruous note. In and out of the up-to-the-minute automobile traffic wove gaily painted, horse-drawn, two-wheeled *calesa* carts. To the north rose the purple peaks of the Mariveles Mountains, ruggedly beautiful; and right at my feet lay the great landlocked harbor with ships and little fishing boats coming and going.

I did not stay in Manila but went right on to Fort Stotsenburg, where I had been assigned. After an initial shock at finding the hospital a group of low, neat wooden buildings looking rather like a frail summer resort, I settled down happily. Soon enough I learned to love the Philippines, both the country and the people, as I had thought I would when I made application to be sent there after serving three years in the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Working with tropical diseases was intensely interesting. About 90 per cent of the Filipinos are afflicted with ascaris, the medical term for worms. Dysentery is common also; and tuberculosis, the humid climate of the islands encouraging the rapid progress of that disease. Whenever an enlisted American soldier showed the first symptoms, he was sent home immediately. Once we had a leper case, a Filipino. Before long he was transferred to a leper colony, but we never forgot him,

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nor the instinctive horror that mingled with our pity.

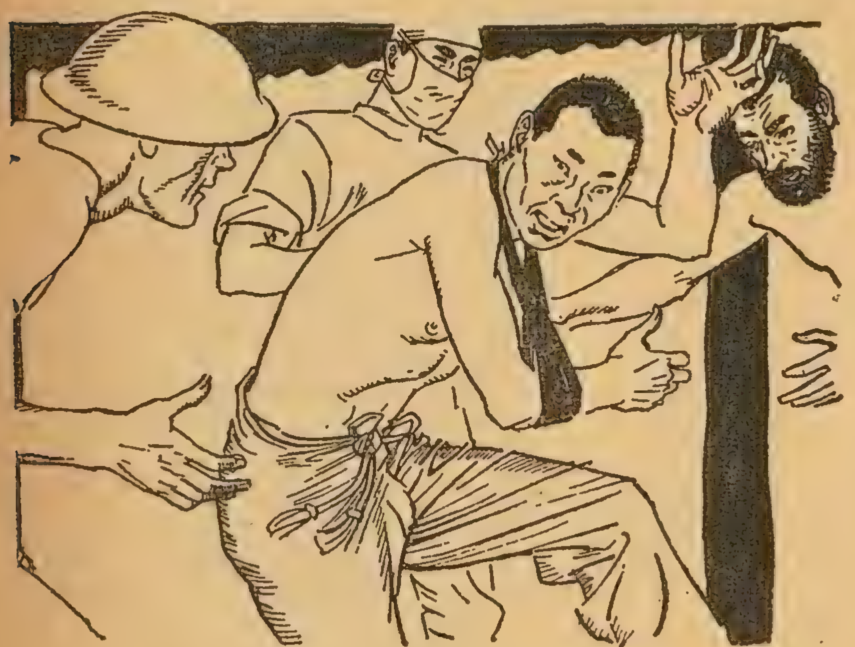
At the end of a year I was transferred to Sternberg General Hospital, larger and more modern than Stotsenburg, and with the added attraction of being in Manila.

At six o'clock in the morning on December 8 (which was the afternoon of the day before at home), everything in my wards at Sternberg was going like a satisfactory piece of clockwork. The soldiers with malaria, dengue fever, dysentery, colds were receiving the usual early-morning attentions which, also as usual, some of them sleepily resented. In an hour my charts would be finished and I would be off duty. I was planning to get in perhaps eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon. I was yawning when the telephone bell rang. Rosemary Hogan's voice informed me that Pearl Harbor had been attacked.

"Thanks for trying to keep me awake," I laughed, "but that isn't very funny."

"I'm not being funny. It's true," Hogan said. And something in her voice made me believe her.

They had the news in the receiving ward; the newspapers confirmed it in huge headline streamers: PEARL HARBOR BOMBED.



When I got back to the ward I found some one had turned on the radio and the patients were listening. They weren't sleepy any more. It would only be a matter of hours before we would get it too.

After I was relieved from duty I decided to go to the bank to cable home my savings—just in case the Japanese *should* take Manila. There were so many other sensible people that a regular bank run was going on when I got there. In all the streets crowds were mulling—Chinese, Filipinos in American clothes, Filipinos with their shirt-tails out, Spaniards, Americans—I didn't see any Japanese.

Back at the hospital I met Captain Mauppin.

"Baguio has been bombed," he said. "The Japs are reported flying down toward Stotsenburg."

"Baguio . . ." I repeated blankly. That lovely resort, cool and remote in the mountains; and Fort Stotsenburg, only about forty miles away from Manila.

"We're in for it, aren't we?" I said.

"Yes," he agreed gently, "I guess we are."

But at nurses' quarters, Rosemary Hogan and Eunice Hatchitt and I, who had made up a "nurses' trio" for almost two years, found ourselves still incredulous, agreed that it would turn out to be "just an incident." But we silently dug out our helmets and gas masks.

In the afternoon, during a lecture on gas detection and treatment, while planes (of whose identity we couldn't be sure) droned overhead, the news came that Clark Field had been bombed, with heavy losses both of planes and men.

Doctors and nurses were hurriedly selected, and left for front-line service. To those of us who remained, Colonel Carroll said quietly, "Well, girls, we're at war. Each of us has a job to do. I'm sure you'll do yours well."

But none of us had the faintest realization of what the job would be. How could we?

It was a relief to go on duty that night. The men in the wards behaved well. The blackout heightened the sense of tension and once in a while a lighted cigarette would flare up briefly. There was a good deal of talking: they all wanted to get back to duty.

"There'll be boys needing these beds more than we do," one soldier said somberly.

Early in the evening we were notified that several hundred casualties were on their way from Stotsenburg and Clark Field. I ordered my corpsmen (enlisted men in the medical units whose duty is to assist doctors and nurses in caring for patients) to get the ward ready. At one o'clock we were still waiting. Ordinarily it takes only an hour and a half from Stotsenburg to Manila.

Hogan and I walked out to the entrance of the hospital, thinking up good sound reasons why the ambulances were taking so long. Then we heard planes. Somehow we knew they weren't ours. Two flares went up not far away, near Nichols Field. Those were fifth-columnist signals, giving the boundaries of the field, but we didn't know that then.

Right away exploding bombs and antiaircraft guns and flames licked up against the night sky.

I said, "Come on. We'll be needed."

Inside the hospital everybody was hurrying to assigned stations. We carried the patients too weak to help themselves out into the open where they would be safer if the hospital got a direct hit. Not only Nichols Field was being bombed but the docks and port area, all the military objectives; and as we worked feverishly in the darkness the bombs came closer. We were naïve then; we didn't think of their *trying* to hit the hospital; still, it might happen by accident.

At about two o'clock the ambulances from Stotsenburg drove up, and the first casualties from Nichols Field began pouring in. All the nurses who could be spared were ordered to report to surgery, I among them. The wounded came on anything that had wheels. They were brought in on blood-crusted litters; many of them still bleeding, some with arms dangling or legs partially severed. And many were dead.

Nurses and corpsmen stepped carefully among the litters that packed the surgery and the hall outside, giving shock treatment, removing blood-soaked clothing, making records, giving hypodermics. The operating tables were empty hardly a moment. The boys were so quiet. They clenched their teeth and fought the pain. Often and often one would insist, "Take my buddy—he's hurt worse than me."

I'LL never forget my first war amputation. We had got the soldier on the table and he tried to raise his head to look down at his leg.

"It's practically off, ain't it, doc?"

"Yes, son."

"I guess it'll have to come all the way off?"

"I'm afraid so, son."

"Well, do a good job on it, doc." And he grinned. They were all like that.

After eight and a half hours of this we were too tired to sleep. And the raids continued. Cavite, our naval base in Manila Bay, was bombed almost continuously that day. We couldn't stop watching the planes that seemed to blacken the sky, knowing that most of them were Japanese, knowing we had only a handful of our own to combat them. But our planes brought down three of theirs that afternoon.

We watched the dogfight, about 10,000 feet in altitude, from which one Jap plunged straight into the bay. The pilots of the other enemy planes shot down were brought, dead, to the hospital. One was a German.

All the hospitals in Manila were overflowing, and we were setting up new army hospitals throughout the city, with the magnificent co-operation of Filipino doctors and nurses, many of whom went out with American doctors to help staff the first-aid stations attached to each unit in the field, while others remained to staff the new hospitals. Pharmacies and drug companies donated their supplies, and equipment was rushed from the U. S. Army Quartermaster.

We could see Cavite burning across the bay. Dark columns of smoke rose from oil tankers struck in the harbor. There were stories of native villages completely destroyed. The roads to the hills were packed with refugees. In Manila, those who stayed behind dug fox holes —any kind of ditch dug for shelter was called a fox hole. On people's faces was not fear but a taut, unyielding anger.

Our trio was separated. Hogan and Hatch remained at Sternberg, while I was transferred to the new hospital in the jai-alai palace, where we used the huge courts for our wards. It was not the easiest time to be deprived of old and tried friends.

The radio informed us that eighty Japanese transports were entering Lingayen Gulf. A battle was taking place with several transports successfully bombed, but nevertheless a landing was made in force.

We hadn't enough planes. Japanese troops were marching on Manila; the American and Filipino soldiers, fighting superbly, were forced to withdraw; the cavalry had been cut off; General MacArthur had given the order to retreat to Bataan.

Rumor and fact—it was hard to tell where one began and the other left off. But we could all count the days until a convoy might be due; we could speculate when help would come.

IT didn't occur to us then to say, "*If* help will come." On the twenty-third of December a number of doctors, nurses, and corpsmen were ordered to Bataan. Rosemary Hogan and another old friend, Inez MacDonald, and I were among them. At five thirty in the morning we lined up, most of us with a few white uniforms, a couple of pairs of white duty shoes, slacks, cotton stockings, underclothing, cosmetics, and a very few precious possessions, like photographs, as our entire personal equipment. The buses—twelve of them, with two long seats running the length of the chassis, a railing down the middle to hang on by, and open sides—left at ten-minute intervals. The drivers had orders to keep widely spaced along the road; no use advertising that we were a convoy or giving the Japs a chance to do a wholesale job of destruction on us.

Outside of Manila we made fairly good time, sometimes slowed by a sorry little procession of natives. The luckier had carts piled with household goods and a baby or two on top. They were all, men and women and children and ponies alike, tired and pitiful, yet often they shouted good wishes, lifted fingers in the V-for-Victory sign.

At a barrio, miraculously intact, where we stopped to buy some bananas, one of our boys broke the food taboo by eating native-cooked wild rice.

A nurse said, "You're crazy. That stuff's contaminated or worm-infested or both."

"Listen, sister," said the soldier, chewing calmly. "You'll be eating worse than this before the party's over, and be damn glad to get it."

But we laughed. We felt very lighthearted. After the long strain of the past weeks, this trip was like going on a picnic. Even the planes that came over and sent us ducking into ditches along the road couldn't keep our spirits down very long. And soon after sundown, we thought, we would reach the hospital and find comfortable beds to roll into.

The "hospital" at Limay turned out to be a series of depressed-looking wooden barracks, recently evacuated by the Twelfth Medical Regiment, who had kindly left behind some of their personnel to show us the ropes. Nurses' quarters consisted of a one-story wooden structure with a screened porch and six beds. There were fifty nurses in our group.

Some one said in a small tired voice, "Do we sleep on the floor?"

No. It seemed that in the storehouse, "over there," we would find beds and bedding. All we had to do was assemble them and carry them to quarters!

Our supplies had not arrived. We spent the next day scrubbing and scouring, hunting kitchen equipment, planning for wards and operating room. The Twelfth Regiment continued to be our host for dinner, though one of our enterprising doctors proudly returned with a pig from a very small barrio near by. And about that time some one remembered—or felt it safe to mention—that this was Christmas Day.

It was one of the times when home seemed very far away.

Next day Colonel Duckworth, the commanding officer of Limay, gave me the job of setting up the operating room. I opened the doors of the designated quarters—and found a barroom, heavy with a smell of stale beer and littered with empty cans. But somehow we cleaned it, and then we found we had been provided with adequate, though not very modern, instruments, which had been kept in good condition by a heavy coating of resin.

Planes had been flying overhead all day, bombing nearby targets, and that evening we heard that General MacArthur had declared Manila an open city; that it was being stripped of antiaircraft guns and other defenses. Supplies and equipment were being sent out of the city, and the troops moved to Bataan and Corregidor. Doctors and nurses were moving the patients from all hospitals. We were routed out of bed that night to receive 300 patients who had come in by boat. Many of the nurses with them were our friends.

Nearly all the new arrivals were ordered to establish and staff Hospital No. 2 as soon as they found a suitable location. After some intensive exploration, they decided on a site about five and a half miles from us and set up a large hospital there. They had to start from scratch without even the forlorn barracks we had.

Meanwhile I was appointed dietitian of our hospital. I took over a barracks for my kitchen, and that afternoon we had to feed some 500 patients plus the entire enlisted personnel.

The storehouse rapidly filled with the cases of supplies that trucks, carts, and cars were still bringing out from Manila. Fruit and vegetable juices, canned fruits and vegetables, tinned milk, rice and beans and flour, coffee and tea and cocoa. What luxury!

A little while after this, when supplies were beginning to run a bit short, Inez MacDonald had a birthday. She was pretty, good-natured, and blonde, and a general favorite.

"How old is she?" Pop, my chief cook, asked me.

"She might not like me to tell."

"Well, if we had candles, which we don't, how many would y' say to put on her cake, if she had one?"

"Oh, about sixteen," I said.

Later that day one of Pop's assistants brought Mac a huge delicately browned corn fritter. Stuck in it were sixteen burning matches.

VOLUNTEERS among the convalescents came to the mess hall every day to help make dressings and prepare supplies. Each one was given four cigarettes out of our scanty stock as a reward. When that news got around, we had more volunteers than we could handle. The men talked freely as they worked. When would there be a convoy? We don't need a convoy; we can do it ourselves. What about the blockade? Well, just suppose our fleet don't get through, what'll happen? Nuts, there'll be a convoy, all right. They cursed the Japs for bombing defenseless Manila; but mostly they liked to show each other photographs and talk about home and home folks and good meals they had eaten and what they would like to eat right now. . . .

One youngster from Texas whose arm had been amputated worried a great deal about his girl. If he ever got home—that was the familiar phrase—they were going to be married. At least, that was what they had planned. But maybe he shouldn't with only one arm now. Maybe she wouldn't want him. At that point we would always hurry to tell him how proud the girl would be of him and of course they would get married, it would be plain foolishness not to. Only the other boys who had had amputations remained silent.

Rumors that we were to be moved back from the ever approaching ground fighting began to run around the camp. At night, from our screened porch at nurses' quarters, we could see flashes of gunfire and hear the tanks grinding by. Too frequently shells fell close to our flimsy wooden barracks with their thatched roofs, keeping us nervously strained with worry about the helpless men who were our responsibility.

There was one very bad night, and in the morning Colonel Duckworth ordered us to prepare for evacuation. It took us two days and two nights to move the patients. We used the buses that had brought us to Limay and we did what we could to make the boys comfortable and safe. The seats were removed for the litters in which the badly wounded were carried; ambulatory splints replaced traction; the men in serious condition were given morphine. We worried about them as each load started out on the murderously rough jungle trail leading to Hospital No. 2. This hospital was taking them all, with most of our nurses as a supplementary staff. We heard later that we had hardly gotten away before the empty Limay hospital was bombed; incendiaries had started fires, and all the barracks were leveled to the ground.

WE called the new location Little Baguio, because the climate was rather like that at the Baguio where we used to go from Manila to get away from the heat. The general set-up was much like Limay, except that in addition to barracks and garages there were carabao stalls as well.

I was still in charge of the mess, and found, somewhat to my dismay, that the old one had been merely a rough small clearing in the jungle. Kitchen supplies and utensils had been dumped in the middle, all mixed up with sacks of rice and cartons of canned goods. The stove was the crudest sort of affair, placed over a hole where the wood was supposed to burn.

I decided to use a small garage shed for my kitchen, with a sort of outdoor picnic arrangement for mess hall, with tables outside. It sounded very attractive, but there were difficulties. Little Baguio was cool for the Philippines, but the sun was as tropical there as anywhere else in the islands, and sometimes it would be too much for the convalescent patients who came to the tables. Then there was dust. It would blow up in the wind and settle on the food and in the boys' mouths and nostrils. But there wasn't any better arrangement we could make. No roofed sheds remained unused, and there was too little building material on hand to do any good.

We weren't long without new patients. So many began coming in as the fighting on the peninsula grew steadily more intense, that I was called to duty in the wards, turning over the mess to one of the girls whom I had trained.

On night duty we worked without lights, though we had electricity of a sort. There was a long cord with a bulb at the end in each of the sheds which could be extended to any part of the ward. Most of the patients were brought in at night, for the Japs seemed to be making special efforts to bomb trucks, cars, and ambulances off the road in the daytime.

The litter bearers would come in a procession from surgery, and I would turn on my flashlight to guide them to the unoccupied beds. Then a record was made from the field tag attached to the patient's clothing at the first-aid station. The tag gave his name, serial number, rank, organization, and possibly the diagnosis; after that the corpsmen got the patient undressed and I made him as comfortable as I could. They were very quiet, grateful for the comfort of a bed. They didn't complain about their wounds, but they wanted food.

"Please, mum, couldn't I have something to eat?"

"Can't you wait till breakfast? It won't be long."

"I'm so hungry. I haven't had anything to eat for days."

"For days? Wasn't there any food in your unit?"

"We were cut off. They couldn't get food to us."

It was a dialogue that grew more distressing with repetition, and especially after our own food supply dwindled to nearly nothing.

Many of the men who arrived very far gone were saved by blood transfusions. We used blood plasma until our supply gave out; then we were all typed, and the doctors and corpsmen gave blood donations when it was necessary, but the nurses, at least in our corps, were never called upon.

We had a Japanese prison ward, too.

One day I was assisting at surgery when a Japanese soldier was brought in with a broken arm which had been badly set and was now causing complications. The doctors had decided to break and reset it. The instant the anesthetist started to put him to sleep, he jumped off the table and raced all around the room before someone collared him. The Philippine-born interpreter said, with a touch of scorn, that he was shrieking:

"Don't kill me! Please don't kill me!"

We tried to make him understand that we weren't doing anything of the kind, only trying to spare him pain, but he kept on crying until the anesthetic took effect. When he returned to consciousness no interpreter was needed. He was the most surprised Jap I ever saw. He seized our hands and hissed and jabbered his gratitude and amazement; it was pitiful, and somehow embarrassing.

We questioned him through an interpreter, and he said all Japanese soldiers had been told that the Americans gave no quarter, took no prisoners, but would destroy them all, so it was better to die fighting.

"Why are you fighting?" we asked.

He looked astonished. "Because we are told to," he said.

The enlisted men took charge of the prison ward, but the nurses helped out whenever they could, though I am afraid curiosity had more to do with it than any spirit of sweet charity. Most of the prisoners were very young boys, and like our own boys they talked about going home after the war. When they were well enough they were sent to a concentration camp. A story circulated that one day the count of prisoners was sixteen, and though none were officially admitted during that day, next morning the count came to twenty. A few deserters had wriggled their way in. When planes flew overhead they always hoped out loud that they were American. Most of us felt that this was less an attempt to curry favor than a perfectly natural dislike of being peppered with shrapnel, even Japanese shrapnel.

ONE day a Filipino was brought in with bullet wounds in a leg and an arm. Sometimes pain creates a sort of false stimulation, but in Segundo's case his excitement was born of jubilation.

"I killed fourteen Japs this morning," he announced proudly. "I am very happy."

"Swell," I said. "A few more like you and the war will be over in no time."

"And one of them," he continued impressively, "is woman—Jap woman."

"A woman!" I exclaimed. "What was she doing?"

"She was behind machine gun. She was fighting. I slipped behind gun. She threw up her hands and say please do not kill me, I am woman." He waved his good hand. "She had pretty face, long hair. I hated to kill her. But she kill me if she can. She kill our people."

We had heard no reports of any women landing with the Japanese; possibly Segundo's victim had lived in the islands and joined her countrymen when they invaded.

There were other reports about women, however: there were the dead Filipinas left in fox holes by the Japanese.

The Filipino soldiers, and especially the Scouts, were splendid fighters, very brave and very angry. Once I thought we were going to be unable to get an injured Scout into the hospital. He pushed us off, insisting that he had to keep on fighting; his friend had been shot and knifed and then hung to a tree after he was dead; he couldn't stop for his wounds to heal.

"We'll fix you up," one of the doctors told him grimly, "so that you can really do a job."

We had no trouble with him after that.

Another of our Filipinos told how he shot the gun out of the hand of a sniper who had tied himself into a tree. The Jap would not surrender, and the Filipino watched for eight days until his prisoner fell exhausted to the ground. It was hard to know how many, or how much to believe, of innumerable stories like this; frequently the very ones we said loudly we really couldn't swallow turned out to be true!

In this hospital there were no kind friends and affectionate relatives to bring patients books and games and amusement. They had to make their own entertainment. We saved cardboard for them, which they cut up into playing cards or jigsaw puzzles. Somehow our chaplains, Protestant and Catholic, had managed to save some magazines, and these were very thoroughly read and passed along from one bed to another.

There was a volley-ball field where the men of the hospital personnel played energetic games, often with teams from nearby camps, and a badminton court. They had rigged up an ingenious mechanical shower bath at the swimming pool and took showers with their helmets on. The helmets were some slight protection against enemy planes. When they could find nothing else to amuse them, they spent hours concocting ribald songs deriding the Japs, or putting up signs as "Free shaves for Japs—not responsible for mistakes," or playing jokes on each other which, I suppose, were not nearly so funny as we found them at the time.

We were constantly adding new wards to the hospital. Originally set up to accommodate 500, at one time we had 1,600 patients to care for. Filipino workmen were brought in from the surrounding countryside to build bamboo beds, and both these and the regulation white-iron beds were double- and even triple-decked, except in the orthopedic section. We were forced to spread out onto the strip of ground between the two tin-roofed sheds, and eventually cleared a patch of ground under some tall trees. There were no more bed frames; and mattresses were spread on the ground. Not that there were enough mattresses; blankets laid over the springs served in many cases. Some beds didn't have springs; others lacked pillows or pillowcases or sheets.

We were so short of linen we could hardly wait for one lot to dry before using it again, and often when we took the sheets from the clotheslines, run through the jungle, it was difficult to tell that they had actually been scrubbed.

Then, dust blew through the sheds in clouds; we had to make rounds continually to brush the grime from the beds. Burlap draped from post to post helped a little. The latrine was another constant source of annoyance, unhappily one we could never forget, for we had no lime and it was very offensive. Because of our dysentery patients who had to make as many as fifty visits to the latrine in a day, it could not be placed very far from the wards.

YET with all our difficulties, we had a smoothly running big hospital in operation. There was the orthopedic ward, near my own general medical and surgery ward at the bottom of the slope; I could look up the hill and identify the patients by their "hung" extremities. For instance, the two arms protruding in the air marked the bed of José; and elsewhere an arm, a leg, both arms, both legs, sometimes both legs and both arms, hung suspended in traction. I could watch Lieutenant Nelson peering through the little window of a plaster cast. The orthopedic ward contained our X-ray equipment, in charge of Major Edward J. Kallus. And beyond the ward sheds, in what had been a garage, were the laboratory and pharmacy, where the personnel worked all night and all day under the supervision of Lieutenant Perlman.

In the surgery ward, just across from orthopedic, I might see Hogan clambering up a crude ladder to reach a patient on top of a three-decker, and in the slope beyond I could watch Colonel Schock and Lieutenant Chamberlain in the head ward (eyes, ears, nose, and throat) examining a boy for whom they had molded a new chin. To the left, in abdominal, Mac gave a patient an injection of glucose solution, and the ward surgeon, Captain Charles Keltz, bent over a patient who had had an abdomen full of shrapnel while the wounded man moaned softly, beating his hand against the bed.

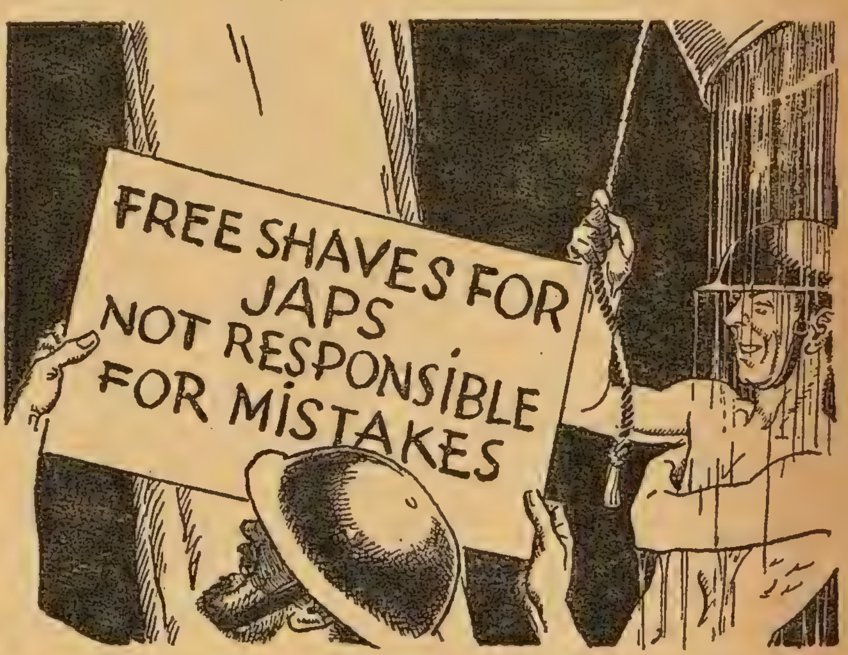
At one time or another all the doctors did surgery; the operating room was always functioning, even on those days when few new patients arrived. In the workroom that was part of surgery, the nurses did such jobs as repairing rubber gloves and sterilizing the dressings that were prepared every day as part of the hospital routine. The dental clinic, near by, was almost equally active.

There were two wards devoted to general medical and surgery cases, and Lieutenant August Laudicina, a surgeon, would come in there cheerfully rolling up his sleeves and joking with the patients. As we went from bed to bed, he sniffed carefully, on the alert for gas-gangrene cases, most easily detectable by their odor. He found a case of it on this morning I am recalling. The boy's leg had not only begun to give off the repugnant stench but was considerably puffed up.

"Chart," Lieutenant Laudicina said unhappily.

The soldier's record showed that he had been left on the field some time before he could be brought to the hospital.

When the litter bearers came to carry the patient out to the open-air gas-gangrene ward, there was a stir of concern all through the wards, and the boy lifted frightened eyes to the doctor.



"It gets worse all the time," he said.

"Colonel Adamo's treatment will fix you up," the doctor assured him, and, as I remember it, it did.

Colonel Adamo's method was something we were all very proud of. Bataan's earth is heavily infected by anaerobic bacteria, the germ responsible for gangrene in wounds, and in the early days of the war the prevalence of gangrene complications was very serious. The supply of the serum, which had been developed after the World War and took the place of Dakin's solution, ran out and for a while experiments were made with the sulfa drugs, fairly successfully, until our supply of those was almost exhausted.

Colonel Adamo's treatment was developed, like so many medical advances, under the stress of emergency, and has the great merit of simplicity and directness. The wound is cut open, perhaps the entire leg laid open to the bone if it is that far gone, and the infected tissue removed. Then, after being swabbed with peroxide, the morbid area is left uncovered except for mosquito netting, while the exposure to sun rays and oxygen destroy the bacteria.

The gangrene ward, on a low hill away from the hospital sheds, was certainly not the pleasantest place in the hospital. The putrid odor, the ugly exposed wounds, the monstrous limbs where the infection had not yet been cut out, the agonized moans of "Take it off. Please take it off," made it a place to avoid when one could.

Yet it is connected in my mind with an amusing incident. One night, when a storm was blowing up, I thought of the gangrene patients on the hill with no shelter over them. I had one end of the shed cleared out far enough away from the other patients not to contaminate them, and then we rounded up as many corpsmen as we could and began carrying the patients down from the hill. It had begun to rain in solid sheets, and we had to work in darkness; I followed the litter bearers with a flashlight pointed to the ground to keep them from stumbling over rocks and roots of trees. We were doing pretty well, carrying the beds themselves rather than transferring the sick men to stretchers, when suddenly a man in one of the beds sat bolt upright.

"What in hell's going on here?" he shouted. The next instant he jumped out and started to run.

"Don't run, don't run!" I called in an agony of anxiety. "Wait! We'll take you in."

I turned my flashlight on him, and recognized one of the corpsmen.

"*Well*," I said furiously, "what were you doing in that bed, Caston?"

Trying feebly to pull his shirt farther down his bare legs, the corpsman explained sheepishly that he had been so tired when he went off duty he didn't know quite where he was, and finding an empty bed he simply flopped on it and fell sound asleep.

"You get your trousers and help us move the other patients," I said in the sternest voice I could manage. Which he did, apparently so glad to have his trousers on safely that he didn't mind working while off duty.

Our patients suffered not only from bullet and shrapnel wounds but from the malaria that was spreading throughout the peninsula. Few deaths result from the ordinary type of malaria; the patient is left, after his cure, in a weakened condition, but quinine dosages, rest, and proper nourishment insure recovery.

And now we were having cases of a cerebral type of malaria that proved invariably to be fatal. Fortunately it was rare. The Filipinos were the only victims, so far as we saw them, and they were usually admitted to the hospital in a convulsed, unconscious state. We could not give them medicine by mouth; quinine had to be given intravenously. Experimental treatments were tried, but nothing seemed to help.

The doctors were very much concerned about it, and took some sheets to screen off a section of the woods where they could perform autopsies and perhaps learn more about the disease. One of my Filipino patients, endowed with an outsize bump of curiosity, headed in the direction of these sheets, though he had been ordered to stay away. I saw him going, but it was too late to reach him. He thrust his head into the improvised morgue, and immediately bounced back, howling like a madman. I had to send a corpsman out to bring him back from the woods, and he was a very sick boy for the rest of the day.

DYSENTERY, beriberi, and other disorders due to malnutrition and impure water were on the increase. A typical case was a young American soldier suffering from a severe attack of diarrhea, who said that for several days he had had nothing to eat but a few bananas and those only because he had stumbled accidentally into a grove of banana trees.

"But I think it's really because of the water," he told us. "We were cut off from our base; our canteens were empty and we were dying of thirst. We saw this carabao stream. It was awfully dirty, but we just had to drink. You get so thirsty you don't care what you gulp down your throat so long as it's wet."

There were stories of eating lizards and snakes, and of living for days on an exclusive diet of horse meat. In one unit where the men had been without food for days the captain dismounted and shot his horse. They butchered it and used as much of the animal as they could, cooking it out in the open; but they were severely ill when they returned to camp.

We kept a watchful, and fearful, eye on our own food supplies. We had been down to a two-meal-a-day schedule since the Bataan siege began, no new replacements were being made, and none of us had illusions about the probable shrinkage of those meals if help didn't reach us soon. Many of us had begun to draw in our belts and every one was hungry betweentimes. Captain Fraley, the quartermaster, looked perpetually worried. He was always going off somewhere to find food, usually by the barter method, though we had little left to barter. Fortunately for us, as many carabao as could be rounded up had been driven to the peninsula as soon as it was known that evacuation to Bataan was imperative, and often our two meals a day would consist of carabao stew.

One morning Blackie, one of Pop's assistant cooks, came to me while I was gloomily eating what passed for breakfast.

"We're goin' to have a bang-up meal this afternoon," he confided. "Steaks!"

"No!" I exclaimed. "But that's a miracle. There isn't . . . there isn't a convoy in, Blackie? Or did Corregidor send something over?"

He shook his head mysteriously. "You'll see," he told me.

But when we sat down at the table in the afternoon and there actually *were* steaks, I suddenly wanted a better explanation.

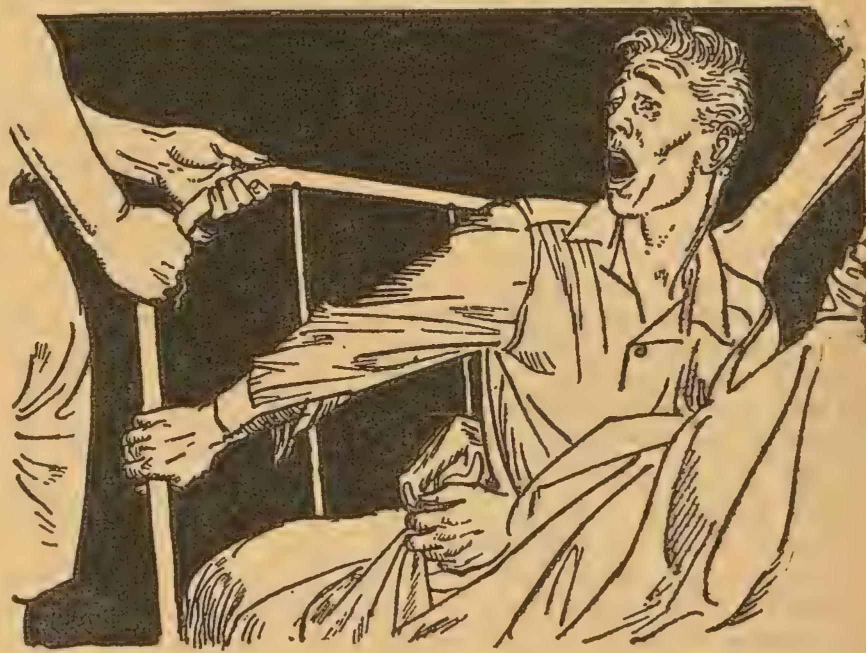
"Blackie," I said sternly, "just what are these?"

He leaned over my shoulder. "Remember that light horse you rode in Manila you're always talking about? Well, that might be part of him."

I pushed away my plate. But the others ate it and seemed to enjoy it. I thought of all the horses I had ever ridden, of polo ponies thundering across green turf, of good patient dray horses, of hard working pack horses and temperamental mules. Then I thought of the army units who had had nothing but horse meat for days.

Then I stopped thinking, and ate. I didn't like it, but I was too hungry not to eat.

But poor Blackie was soon punished for his teasing. He went around the camp asking every one anxiously:



"Anybody see my Tojo?"

Tojo was his pet monkey. We had several monkeys around the camp, all of them named Tojo, after Japan's prime minister, and most of them first-class nuisances. Blackie made a thorough search of the camp, calling, "Tojo, Tojo! Here, Tojo," coaxingly. Dark suspicions lodged themselves in his mind; you could almost see them gathering. Glowering, he investigated farther in the jungle. His hunch was right. Several of the boys were enjoying monkey stew.

Some one said that pythons were very good eating, but unless Blackie had a change of heart and decided what I didn't know wouldn't hurt me, I don't think we ever ate python meat.

I think our feeling about help coming from home had gotten to be a constant, nagging, but almost unconscious thought in the back of our minds. Of course we talked about it; we talked about it a great deal. Every day the doctors, nurses, corpsmen, and patients made bets with each other as to how many hours, days, weeks—we didn't dare make it any longer than that—it would be before our boats reached us. The bets were often in the form of a case of beer or a case of whisky, to be paid on our return to Manila. And the men, and nurses too, would climb to the top branches of a tall tree in the hospital grounds, from which we could look out over the bay. If there were ships coming to our rescue we could see them from there. But I believe most of us were afraid to think about it alone with our own minds; and we were very busy; we were working harder than we ever had; we couldn't spare the strength to face the possibility that help might never come.

A problem peculiar to the feminine personnel was keeping up appearances—*our* appearance. It's an axiom that a woman's morale goes up or down according to the way she looks, or thinks she looks. At Limay we had been lucky enough to have a Filipino civilian do our laundry, which he did very nicely, taking the greatest pains with our white uniforms. However, later on our clothes were left unpressed, and attached to each girl's bundle was a note: "Dear mum, I am sorry to return your clothes no finish press but we cannot get charcoal. As we are at war, I know you will understand and will not mind wearing your clothes unpress from top to bottom. I am your faithful servant until the Japs come get me."

At Little Baguio we put aside such frivolities. We worked in coveralls, which were ugly and much too big for us but very practical; our white shoes were white by courtesy only; what was left of our cosmetics was hoarded like a miser's gold, to be used only on the rare occasions when we "went to a party."

For there were party occasions of a sort, even then. There was the evening when Major Montgomery and Lieutenant Wheeler drove us down to Mariveles in a jeep. Mariveles was a tiny port at the tip of the peninsula and it had been thoroughly bombed. Under the bright moon the wreckage was sharply defined. The little homes, the shops, turned dead gaping mouths to the sky. In the center of the square stood a statue, the only thing left unscathed, commemorating the rebellion of the Filipinos against Spanish rule in 1896, and over one of the outstretched arms some one had tossed a wreath.

THE same officers were responsible for a vastly more successful party, however. Eunice Hatchitt from Hospital No. 2 and I were invited to dinner at the motor transport battalion camp, where we had baked ham and fried ham, stuffed wild chicken, custard, and coffee, complete with a menu, printed on a cardboard tacked to the trunk of the tree under which the table was set, and headed in large letters, WELCOME TO VICTORY HOTEL. Obviously Motor Pool No. 1 had been carrying on some fancy bartering with the natives, for they were no more immune from the food shortage than any other camp.

There was a good deal of friendly trading of foodstuffs between units, and extras (usually in the shape of pigs or chickens) were shared whenever it was possible. But our most generous source was the gunboat Canopus, heir to supplies removed from Cavite before the village was bombed. The nurses had a standing invitation to dinner on board, and occasionally some of us managed to take advantage of it. Inez MacDonald and I went one day and were almost overcome by nostalgia at the sight of the silver and table linen. They gave us wonderful food and lots of cigarettes, and after dinner we played bridge with Captain Pohlman and Lieutenant Erickson. It was fun and relaxing. When the chaplain said good night he handed us each a lollipop; we could hardly believe our eyes. The very word "candy" belonged to a dead language.

The cigarettes from the Canopus' supply were most precious of all. The hospital store was almost exhausted. Some of the Filipino soldiers would offer a peso (equivalent in the Philippines to about fifty cents) for one cigarette, and I have heard American soldiers say they would pay twenty U. S. dollars for a pack or $120 for a carton. But as long as we had them they were generally shared on a purely friendly basis. Except for the barter system, of course, which was friendly enough. When we still had canned peaches the doctors would exchange their share for the nurses' cigarettes. The nurses were luckier than any one else in the matter of cigarettes, for visitors from better situated bases frequently brought them to us, and the Pigeon, another navy ship, often sent us a supply.

Lieutenant Laudicina used to come into the yard and say, "Well, Red, how many cigarettes have you this morning?"

"Oh, I have a few."

"Just a few?"

"Well, Tom brought me some."

He would throw up his hands. "I know. There are two kinds of people in this world, the Haves and the Have-nots." That was my signal to hand him a pack.

It was hardest on the men in the combat forces. When the boys in the jungles couldn't get cigarettes they rolled up leaves and smoked them, and frequently were very sick. That didn't stop them, though they would be more careful afterward of the leaves they chose. At daybreak you could see the civilian Filipino laborers going around the grounds with a tin can, collecting the very tiny butts, from which they painstakingly manufactured cigarettes for themselves.

THERE was always a great deal of coming and going on the grounds between the sheds housing the wards, the nurses' quarters, the kitchens, the laboratory, the dental clinic, surgery, and receiving. Nearly everything was open to view, and we could have few secrets from each other. We could watch our commanding officer, Colonel Duckworth, measuring out, with his adjutant, Captain Lamire, the space he knew by heart, trying all over again to find some way to expand the hospital. Edith Schacklett would be hurrying into one of the wards with some special delicacy concocted for a seriously sick boy, and then run back again to our little nurses' home which she kept comfortable for us in spite of unimaginable obstacles. And often from the wards we could see the two chaplains sitting calmly at the desks that also served as pulpits, reading their Bibles.

However, most of the time the chaplains were kept busy. They visited among the boys, planned entertainments for them, gathered together soldiers from outside units to put on shows, read to the boys with eye injuries, distributed cigarettes when we had them, and of course conducted services. Several of the soldiers had built an altar, complete with a crucifix, for Father Cummins; and just across the way was Captain Frank T. Tiffany's Protestant chapel, encircled by a wire fence with native cane laced through the wires by some of the Filipinos. Each chapel had seats made of boards laid across wooden sawhorses and could seat about fifty people. The Filipinos fashioned Communion cups out of bamboo, and vases for flowers. The vases were always filled for services; the boys saw to that.

And when we had little Bataana with us, every head turned and every foot that was able scurried in her direction as a nurse carried her, like a queen, from surgery down to abdominal ward. For we had a maternity case at Little Baguio.

The mother, a Chinese mestiza, or half-caste, had come to the jungle to be with her husband, an American soldier who had been in the army for some time. He had received a foot injury and was in the hospital himself at the same time the baby was born. We fixed a place for the mother in the abdominal ward, screening her bed with a number of sheets, and until the birth was over we seemed to have a whole ward of expectant fathers on our hands. Everything went well, the baby was pretty and blue-eyed and by far the most popular person at the base. We kept her in surgery and brought her down to her mother at feeding time, and all the doctors as well as the nurses clamored for the job of carrying her. The patients who could sat up to gaze at her, and those who couldn't move demanded to see her, while wistful eyes and soft clucking noises followed her as she passed by.

She was promptly named Bataana, but it was not so easy to find a layette for her. Some of the nurses had twine bags which could be unraveled and made into sweaters and bootees. Captain Fraley had one of the Filipino boys weave a pretty bassinet of rattan, and we even enlisted the aid of Corregidor in the matter of supplies for our baby.

When the mother took Bataana away to her quarters farther in the jungle, the whole camp felt lonely and let down. There is something very normal and reassuring about a baby; small Bataana's presence was like a pledge that some day life would be sane and sweet again.

The reports that came in from the outside world gave us no such assurance. The news we got over the radio from headquarters in Corregidor and the mimeographed news dispatches gathered from short-wave broadcasts, written up at headquarters and sent out by the inter-island boats which operated until the fall of Bataan—nearly all of it was bad.

Once our spirits soared sky-high. Convoys were on their way to Australia. Surely, surely they would break through to us. . . . We hugged to ourselves each optimistic report: about the Russians, and the rising production at home; and the fighting anger of the English and their relief from the incessant bombing of the year before. We were avid for news from China, for China was fighting the enemy facing *us;* had been fighting him for many years; and our sense of kinship with that brave ally was very strong. When the report came that on February 23 the Japanese had shelled Santa Barbara in California, some one cracked, "So MacArthur wired U. S. officials that if they can hold out for thirty days we'll send 'em help."

I SUPPOSE the leaflets dropped by Japanese planes come under the heading of "outside news." They were very fond of bombarding our lines with leaflets, most of which attempted to undermine the Filipinos' loyalty to America. One was especially obnoxious. In one corner there was a hideous caricature of President Roosevelt sneering at a dead Filipino who lay on bloodied ground near barbed wire. A pitiful Filipina knelt beside him, weeping and holding an infant in her arms, while near by stood an older girl, also weeping. Beneath was printed:

> *Roosevelt, the World Enemy No. 1*
>
> We the Japanese forces, pay its deepest homage to those who died or wounded on the battlefields. We pledge ourselves to make reprisal on our common enemy, America.

They were all about as subtle as that. A booklet carried a picture of a beautiful, practically nude Filipina on the cover; the caption assured you that she was waiting at home for her Filipino soldier who was risking his life in a war that wasn't his. On an inside page ballroom dancing and a spread feast was portrayed—the foods easily distinguishable and calculated to make a hungry soldier's mouth water. "Behind the lines," the caption said, "the Filipinos are enjoying all the luxuries. Why not throw down your arms and join them?"

In other leaflets the Filipinos were urged to throw down their arms and surrender; they were promised safe conduct through the Japanese lines; they would be permitted to return safely to their homes; all courtesies would be accorded them.

On March 14 we heard that General MacArthur had left for Australia.

President Quezon went, too. General Wainwright was promoted and ordered to Corregidor. The changes increased the general feeling of tension, and there was a certain sense of confusion, mingled with satisfaction that General Wainwright, whom we all knew and loved and who had been a familiar figure on Bataan, was at headquarters.

On the 18th, the radio from Corregidor announced that the General's party had reached Australia, and at about the same time the Japs bombed us with cans. Literally, cans; decorated with the Japanese colors of red and white, and about the size of a tin of tomatoes. We thought at first they were some new kind of trick shell containing an explosive, but on investigation there seemed to be something inside that sounded like paper.

It turned out to be a letter, addressed to General Wainwright, and it began by praising the valiant stand of our army. However, it continued, we were outnumbered and overwhelmed, and if the general did not surrender by March 22, we would be bombed fifteen days and nights consecutively and no mercy would be shown.

That "letter" from the Japanese was one of the very few letters to get through to us. When any did come in, by some means or other, they weren't regarded as purely personal property but as belonging to all of us, and were passed around for every one to read.

So when, also during March, Edith Schacklett received a Christmas package, we all stood around while she opened it, quite as excited as she was. The box had been sent from home before December 8.

When the last fold of tissue paper had been lifted, there was a chorus of loud incredulous sighs. Then some one laughed, and we all broke down into something perilously close to hysteria.

It was a hat. A pretty little frivolous black hat with a dainty veil.

Dressed in her none too clean and very much too large coveralls, with government-issued men's shoes, that were too big also, on her feet, Shack twirled the hat tenderly.

"It's awfully cute," she said wistfully.

She put it on, adjusting it with great care, and at the sight she made we collapsed again. But I think tears weren't too far under our laughter.

That hat! It symbolized home, and theaters, and dinner in soft-lighted restaurants, and city streets. People came from other camps just to look at it. You could see in their faces that they were wondering if they'd ever get back to a place where things like that weren't bitter incongruities.

The shortage of medical supplies was getting to be a serious problem. Our one P-40 plane would fly to the southern islands after nightfall and bring back supplies some hours later, but it could only carry small quantities of essentials.

There were many days when we were out of quinine. We were running short of dressings and had to use them sparingly. Some we removed carefully from the patients, washed them in boiling water, sterilized them, and applied them again.

At the beginning of the war an order came through requiring every person on Bataan—soldiers, doctors, nurses—to take ten grains of quinine a day, five grains in the morning and five at night. But when the real fighting began, units were cut off from their bases, supplies couldn't be renewed.

At the hospital we tried using plasmoschin and atabrine, except on the very sick patients.

Our P-40 kept us just short of disaster, and we were proud of it, but not only for that reason. In the earlier days on Bataan an improvised bomb rack was built on the P-40, which went off to bomb a Japanese ship in the Gulf.

That night the Japanese broadcast over their regular propaganda program that the Americans had sent forty-six planes to bomb their ships and the open city of Manila as well.

Our boys remarked grimly that if we'd really had forty-six planes there wouldn't have been a Japanese ship or plane left in the islands.

WE had the first raid in which we were the definite objective on March 30.

I went on duty at seven in the morning, and aside from the fact that it was rumored more Japanese transports had arrived, the day seemed like any other—until I heard the sharp whizzing of a bomb. It sounded closer than any I had heard before. The next one was even nearer, and threw me to the floor, several of the patients with me.

It seemed to me the explosions went on forever, though actually it wasn't long. When the bombing stopped, I got up from my cringing position on the floor and saw flames shooting in every direction.

The wards had been missed, but several of the other buildings and cars and trucks were burning.

I didn't go outside, for there was plenty to do in my own ward, but I could see every one working wildly, throwing buckets of dirt on the fires, and the litter bearers hurrying off into the jungle after casualties.

Settling the patients and taking care of the new wounded kept me busy for a long time. When I could leave the ward, I didn't know whether I wanted to or not. There were sheeted figures on the ground, most of

(Continued on page 45)

THEY FIGHT BY SHARING

SORRY
NO
POTATOES

In London, two years ago, potatoes vanished. Later they were rationed.

If you think our rationing is tough, look at Britain, where you can bribe a duchess with a few bobby pins

BY DONALD WILHELM

ALL the girls working on my London hotel floor came to my room to see an orange. Walk along Piccadilly or the Strand these days with an orange in your hand, and you'd get as much attention as if you were leading a duck or a panda. Bananas are only a memory. As for lemons, people would gather round and pay just to see one. No more imported fresh fruit, says Lord Woolton, until the war is over. I've seen wealthy women paying a dollar for an early hothouse peach, four dollars for a pound of grapes, five dollars for a cantaloupe no larger than a grapefruit.

Let it be known that you have a supply of chocolate bars or other candy, and the line forms on the left. All the candy one may have at the moment is four ounces a week. Let it get about that you brought a lot of bobby pins, ordinary hairpins, make-up boxes, mascara, and such, and a new line forms on the right. At a tea a friend of mine, with a bow from the hips and a grin made in the U. S. A., slipped Lady So-and-So a half paper of bobby pins I gave him, and she and his Lordship invited us to dinner.

Good face creams, rouge, lipsticks, and the stuff that puts a color scheme on fingernails—likewise its remover—and all setting and other lotions, cleansing pads, and other dressing-table gear are scarce. So is good face powder. An ounce of good perfume would forever cement almost any Anglo-American alliance.

Tissues of all kinds have long since vanished. Indeed, all paper is scarce. Newspapers are down to four or six pages, carry virtually no advertising. To have one delivered, you must wait until some one ahead of you dies or moves away. Magazines are miniatures. Official agencies, banks, and plenty of other institutions use envelopes over and over by pasting address labels one on top of another. More than a year ago stores were forbidden to wrap any purchase, large or small. Customers go out clutching to their bosoms a piece of crockery or a frying pan!

You must bring your own paper bag for your weekly three ounces of soap flakes. You can't wash your stockings and undies every night, and you won't have a hot bath every day, either. Every possible ounce of coal has to be saved for British war industries. You can't find a laundry that will take new customers, and it usually takes two weeks for old customers to get their laundry back.

The plot thickened when it came to buying your winter wardrobe. You have only 20 points to go on in each three months. A woolen dress counts 11, shoes 5, pajamas 8, nightie 6, a combination 6. If you need a warm coat, 18—but you may have a pair of gloves to go with it, or a pair of stockings.

Stockings *are* a problem! Silk stockings long since vanished. Nylon never reached England. Part-rayon stockings appear and disappear in small lots quickly snatched up. They are preferred to the "utility" stockings now appearing. You use up your precious points to buy a pair. You put them on, and find that they are shapeless; they wrinkle—and oh, how they run! The other evening a girl dancing at the Dorchester let out a shriek, then wept, at discovery of a run in her stocking. She'd been a heroine during the blitz.

The Waafs must make their cotton stockings last six weeks; shirts, a year.

Millions of British women are "going natural" fast. A tall and willowy blonde—Phyllis—rises to testify. First she went back to her own original complexion, and behold, it made a soldier "Sammy" look at her twice, dance with her thrice. Next, to reveal her crowning glory, she abandoned hats. Needing other things more, she gave up stockings. But she wanted a girdle, until she discovered that Britain's two-way stretch wouldn't go round. So she abandoned girdles as well. And then, realizing that in the case of an air raid it was much more sensible to have beside one's bed a blouse or jersey and a pair of slacks than a translucent negligee or pajamas, these too she gave up!

Not that Phyllis likes all this. "It's awful," she says, "except as a help in beating Hitler!"

Selfridge's, the big London department store established by an American, is growing tomatoes, squash, and lettuce on its roof. Its advertising department is now only a man or two. Hundreds of salesmen used to come to see the buyers. Now the buyers go to the salesmen or factories, hoping for a few hundred pairs of stockings in return for coupons. They used to order, months ahead, the entire output of factories. The store's total space in use has been reduced almost a third. Its working force includes few men and no women between twenty and thirty. Its mark-up—profit—is controlled. "Model" departments with finer things are doing as much as five times the business of departments with "inexpensive" things, because the trek all along the line is toward better, simpler, more durable things. Signs all over the store request you not to charge any item costing less than about two dol-

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JUNIOR BLITZ

A boy can cause trouble far beyond his size. The hilarious story of small fry in a blackout.

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHAN RONAY

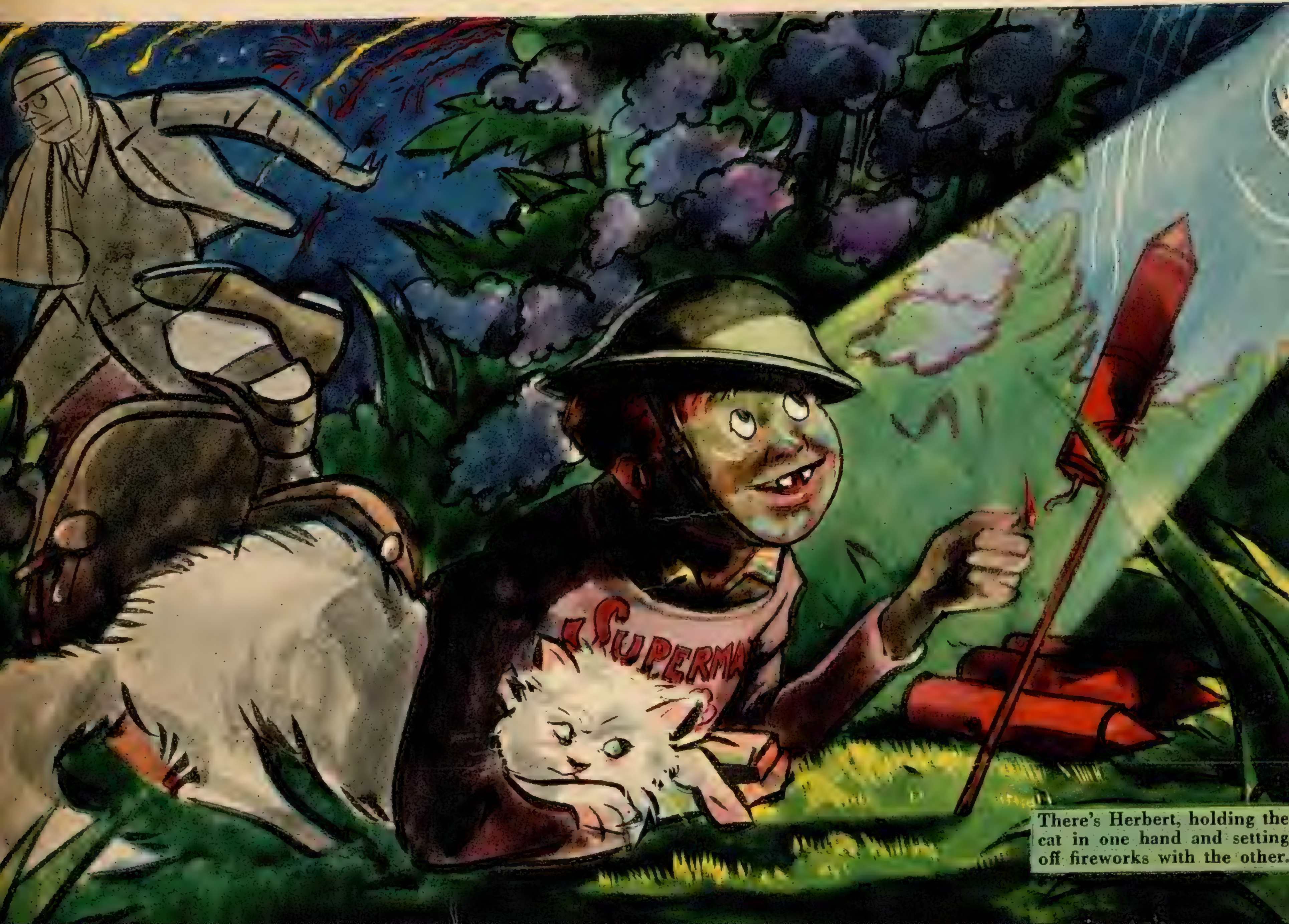
I GET a terrific ribbing when I check in the press room at the City Hall.

"Hello, hero," says Marsden of the Star-Telegraph.

I ignore Marsden's lower-case humor. I pick up my phone and give the glad tidings to the city desk—Rocky Ford's on duty.

"Say, Rocky," cracks the desk, "is it true they're casting you in bronze for Victory Park?"

As I hang up the phone, I hear O'Brien, the Trib's morning man at the Hall, whisper to Marsden, "I understand they're sticking Rocky in the cornerstone of the new Federal Building, so future generations can



There's Herbert, holding the cat in one hand and setting off fireworks with the other.

study the flowering of our civilization."

I draw my chair around facing the boys. I rest my feet on the window ledge. "A bum rap, fellows."

They don't say a word. Marsden is shuffling a deck of cards, O'Brien is reading a panty-girdle ad, and a snooker-faced character who hangs out at the Hall is cleaning his fingernails with a pocket knife. I can see they're all waiting for a statement, so I give it to them—straight as a column rule. Scout honor.

It all goes back to last Tuesday night when I drag myself home after a rough going-over from the desk. I'm worn out, running on the rim. I stumble across the threshold and head for the sofa. Just as I start to flop, something shoots out from behind the door and pokes a gun in my slats.

The mayor gets the first stream from the hose—smack in the abdomen.

I yelp, and my wife runs in from the kitchen. She's laughing.

"Now, Herbert," Kate says, "you mustn't bother Uncle Rocky."

When I turn around I find myself looking down at a freckled small fry in a Superman sweat shirt, cowboy pants, and an imitation tin helmet. He's twirling a cap pistol.

"What's this?" I ask Kate.

"Herbert."

Herbert is a little bundle of joy we'd been expecting from southern California. Kate's got a brother out there, a widower in the used-car business, and he wanted to join the navy, but he had a kid on his hands, so we wired him to send the kid to us for the duration.

"What's your racket, Rocky?" the gap-toothed blister asks me, and I tell him, "Reporter."

"Reporters stink," says Herbert.

"Somebody's trying to slip us a phony," I tell Kate. "This half-pint Pegler ain't Herb's kid."

"Of course he is," says Kate, "and he's a darling."

"Lay off the syrup, Kate," says Herbert. "I don't like dames drooling over me."

WHILE I'm helping Kate put the dinner on, Herbert snoops around the kitchen, and he sets up a howl when he sees we aren't using the Lone Ranger's bread, and then he asks me where we keep the Masked Menace's Bran Crunchies, another essential item in his diet. We discover that Herbert and the Masked Menace are in almost daily communication, and the kid is also a member in good standing of the Dusty Dalton Prairie Patrol, the call of which is a long blast on a whistle designed to cause instant deafness at fifty paces.

"Kate," says the kid, when we all sit down at the table, "you got any green paint around?"

"I think so," says Kate. "Rocky was going to paint the shutters."

"I'll do it Saturday," I tell her.

"What do you want the green paint for, Herbert?" Kate asks.

"Disguise my face and hands," the kid says. "Commando trick. Never know when I might get called out on a raid."

After the knee-pants Commando tidies up the gravyish corners of his plate, he looks at my wrist watch and dives at the radio. He turns on Dusty Dalton full force, and the house shakes with prairie gunfire.

"No wonder your brother went in the navy," I holler across the table to Kate. "He wanted the peace and quiet of a seaplane tender."

I help Kate polish off the dishes, and we finish up just as the sheriff's posse gallops around the mesa with all six-shooters blazing.

"I'm going to the church and roll bandages for the Red Cross," Kate says. "You look after Herbert."

"I can't," I tell her. "I've got work."

I'm the air-raid warden for our block on Butternut Street, and I explain I have to check all my houses to see if they're ready for the big practice raid we've got scheduled for Friday night.

"Don't keep him out after ten," Kate says.

I protest. I plead. I argue. I threaten. I take the kid.

"Herbert," I tell him, "dames stink."

"What's the deal, Rocky?" says the kid. "What gives?"

I explain about my preparedness survey, how every house is supposed to have a pail of dry sand, a rake or a hoe, a long-handled shovel, a ladder, and a length of hose.

"Aw," Herbert says, "kid stuff."

THE first house we hit happens to be old Mrs. Phister's, a strictly dill personality who lives by herself at the end of the block. She keeps her blinds shut tight all the time, and never comes out on her porch except to chase the kids away if they play ball anywhere near her dahlias. Nobody in Meadow Park has ever been inside her house.

"Young man," says Mrs. Phister when Herbert and I ring her bell, "I don't want to buy anything."

"I just want to check your house."

She stands in the doorway, holding a big Persian cat, which takes one look at us and starts whining.

"Do you have a pail of sand?" I ask her.

"Certainly not," she says, and slams the door in our faces.

"I'll blast the old mud hen outta there," Herbert says, and he cuts loose with his cap pistol.

Mrs. Phister flings open the door and roars, "Get that hoodlum away from here! He's frightening baby!"

The cat meows a couple times, and I try to explain: "This is for your own protection, Mrs. Phister. In case of an air raid."

"If there's an air raid, young man, I'll protect myself."

Herbert and I retreat down Butternut Gulch, Herbert firing at a couple of hound-looking coyotes that lope across our trail.

"I should've let the old dame have it," Herbert says.

Next door to Mrs. Phister is a woman who tells us she has plenty of sand, but the baby likes to play in it and does it have to be dry? At 8607 Butternut is a woman whose

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THE HIGH COST OF MARIA MONTEZ

Presenting an itemized account of what it costs to become a movie star —even when you start with a fancy figure and a terrific temperament

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THERE is a famous actress living in Hollywood who does superbly malevolent imitations of women she doesn't like. The other day at a party she added Maria Montez to her repertoire. When, shortly thereafter, a mutual friend tattled to Maria about this, the incredible Montez laughed triumphantly.

"I am in good company, no?" she said. "I have arrived."

In the process of arriving, Miss Montez has favored Hollywood with an unexampled spectacle of shrewd business dealing, persistence, and sheer brass. An unknown artist's model as late as December, 1940, she has bullied all Hollywood and a sizable portion of the ticket-buying public into accepting her as an established screen siren.

The total ergs of energy it has cost this young woman to achieve her present eminence probably would run a small car across the continent two or three times. But the price in hard cash is more easily computed.

Montez, who entered the picture business with the uninvolved notion that she represented her own best investment, was not exactly broke when she accepted Universal's reported $250 per week offer. She was possessed of some savings and an extraordinary collection of jewels which, should her program suffer any unforeseen delays, she could hock. Exercising initial restraint in the matter of living quarters (she took a sixty-dollar-a-month furnished apartment), she marshaled her resources and spent $15,000 in one year on clothes. She had her evening dresses copied from Goya and Velasquez portraits in order to enhance the picture she had of herself as a great Spanish beauty.

These were typical expenditures. Although in 1941 her salary was raised to $500 a week, and last year to $750—for forty weeks in 1942 she thus received about $30,000—the firm of Montez still runs in the red.

Thus, much of her initial investment went for basic equipment, perfection of the product, and advertising. Three years ago, when Maria was only twenty-two, she was neither a valuable screen property nor had she built the intangible asset of good will for herself. But she did have an excellent figure, a structurally interesting face, an imagination like a dime novel, and the self-confidence of a boa constrictor.

Miss Montez, the daughter of a Spanish consul and embassy delegate to the Dominican Republic named Ysidoro Gracia y Garcia, had five brothers and four sisters, and from this circumstance may stem her insatiable desire for attention. Had she been an only child she may well have never amounted to anything.

She recalls that her mother, taking her aside, once gave her the following advice: "You may be beautiful some day, Maria, and you may do important things, but never forget that you are first of all a woman, and that the world belongs to men. Do not try to usurp it from them. Let them give it to you—it's easier."

Maria studied in various convents—in Santa Cruz de Teverita, in Puerto Rico, Cuba, Italy, Portugal, and England—until she was sixteen. Then the family went to Belfast, where she escaped further formal education by marrying William McFeeters, an Irish banker. He was rich, thirty-five, and played bridge.

During their four years of married life, Maria explains, their primary activity was the playing of bridge, sometimes in the McFeeters' Dublin house, sometimes in the McFeeters' Belfast house. This regime was interrupted on occasion when all the McFeeters family assembled for a bit of hunting. Maria loathes all sports, and she is not fond of cards. "Anyway, sweetie," she explains, "I was only seventeen. I wanted life, and there I was in Belfast!"

Whereupon she left Belfast and went to New York. She divorced McFeeters in 1940.

Soon she had met the majority of New York's café society bachelors and had made the discovery, new to her then, that men in quantity had it all over men solo, particularly when a girl was ambitious. Free to indulge her personal vanity for the first time, she appeared in night clubs wearing spectacular gowns and attracted a good deal of attention.

McClelland Barclay chose her as perfectly representative of the cosmopolitan woman. Encouraged, Maria got herself an agent, one Louie Schurr. Time passed, too much of it, and Maria approached Mr. Schurr with an idea. Instead of the usual long-drawn-out process of meeting producers in their offices, why not give a party for Montez so the producers could come to meet *her?*

In due course this was done, with the result that RKO and Joe Pasternak of Universal made her offers. Universal got her by coming across first with the most money.

Once committed to a career in Hollywood, Maria at once planned a campaign to take the place over. Here was a business which required an all-out expression of her ego. She wanted action, fast. The publicity boys at her studio were working overtime shooting leg art, publicizing her as the "Slendang Girl" (*slendang* is the Malayan word for sarong). But Maria took a look

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Jon Hall and the tempestuous Maria —wearing her "slendang"—in White Savage, a romance of the South Seas.

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

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guess it would have been better not to come. Just to hope you didn't find out." He went over and stood at the window and his wide shoulders looked limp beneath the well cut jacket.

He loves her, Tessa thought. That's why he came. He loves her and he didn't know what to do, and he thought maybe I could help him.

She said, "What makes you so certain that they're together?"

He turned around then and he looked at her much as he had on a night long ago, when he had said to her, "Johnny's looking fine. In fact, I've never seen him look so well as he does now, since he's gone to Washington."

Carlson, too, was remembering that night and how he'd known, even then, what was happening between his wife and the husband of his wife's best friend. He shouldn't have let it go on. He should have done something about it. He had always spoiled Catherine. Loved her, worshiped her, spoiled her. It would have been better for her if he had warned Tessa then, opened her eyes to what was going on. Because what Catherine had done would, in the end, destroy her. In love for the first time in all her adult, experienced life, she had revealed herself to be as stupid and reckless about it as any high-school girl. Why, half of Washington knew already what was behind that desperate urgency of hers to get on that special plane that took publicists, writers, and radiomen to Algiers.

HIS mind came back to Tessa's question, and he considered his reply to it. He thought of how Catherine had looked—frightened yet determined—saying to him, "I can't write sitting in a hole in the suburbs with a war going on," and of how he had said, "Do you imagine that adultery will be more charming in North Africa than in Linton Heights? It won't be, you know. You'll risk your reputation, your career, everything, and if you find your Captain Barnes at all, he'll be tired and dirty and sweaty. He probably won't even want you, after you get there." Her chin had lifted then and her eyes had mocked him, and said clearly, "Oh, he'll want me, all right!" Though her voice had said only, "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm going there to get some material, to do some work."

That was the worst of women with money. They thought it gave them emotional freedom. If he and Catherine were poor, none of this could have happened.

But meanwhile here was Johnny Barnes' wife, looking tired and a little shabby and not even very pretty any more. Everything about her seemed dimmed, quieted: the color of her lovely hair, her youth, her energy. And he thought, Why do people who have been hurt go slashing about the world, trying to hurt others? Why didn't I have the courage to keep this damn thing to myself? What am I doing here, telling this tired helpless child about her husband's probable infidelity and making her more miserable? Well, he had thought perhaps she could help him, somehow. But he saw now that she couldn't. No one could. He had to get himself out of this. When Catherine came back, if she ever came back, he had to tell her to get out. He had to do that simply because all the people like Catherine who were loose in the world—all the people who thought they could take things by force from others who were weaker or more scrupulously honest—had to be made to see that they couldn't get away with it. And though it had forever been Catherine's bright promise to herself that, taking what she wanted she would, when the day came, have the good sportsmanship to take what she got, Carlson Lockhart didn't think she could when the time came.

SUCCESS STORY

He saw an occasion
And riz to it.
And that's about all
There is to it.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

He said, "Wherever they are, I guess they're together all right. Catherine usually gets what she goes after! But maybe if you could write to Johnny, or cable him—" He said, "I don't know, but if you could stop him, somehow—"

And Tessa thought, Yes, that's why you came here, isn't it? You're afraid, and you thought I could save Catherine for you by being sure of Johnny.

"Carlson," Tessa said clearly, "I trust my husband. Whether Catherine's with him or not, I trust him. When some one's thousands of miles away from you, you've got to trust him!"

But when she got home the letter was there, waiting for her, and it was all just as Carlson had said it was. Carlson's gray face, Carlson's tortured voice all came back to her as she read it. Carlson's final "I hope you're right!" And now Johnny's letter, proving she had been wrong.

THE big house was very quiet. Janice was upstairs writing letters. Sherwood, her husband, had taken his bad stomach and departed with it for England, and Janice was calmer, as she always was when Sherwood was away. Marriage was simply Janice's way of earning a living, and the less she had to pay for it the happier it made her! Patty was napping. Mrs. Barnes had taken Jackie to a concert he hadn't wanted to hear. In the kitchen, preparations for Patty's birthday party were going forward. The mail was on the silver salver in the hall beneath the big square old-fashioned mirror, and Tessa picked hers up and went on upstairs with it to shower and change. She and the two children shared the three rooms on the top floor of the house.

She sat on the edge of the bed and slit Johnny's letter open with hasty, shaking hands, while the things that Carlson had told her drummed in her ears. Catherine and Johnny. It was unthinkable! Never mind what Jill had hinted at long ago, or what other women had murmured over. They would not do such a thing to her!

"Tessa, my very dear," she read. That was not like Johnny, that studied, thoughtful salutation! Her eyes flew over the rest of it, took in its message with a sense of shocked, incredulous disbelief, and came back to read it again slowly. Very slowly, reading all that he had written and all that he had not, while her heart cried out its wild denials of the things he said. "It isn't so!" her heart protested. "And if it ever was so, I'd change, darling! I wouldn't be like that any more!"

But Johnny was not asking her to change. From a long way off, sitting in a hot dirty hotel room in a country she couldn't even imagine, he had written her to say that they no longer had anything in common, that he had decided it was unfair to ask her to wait for some one who was not coming back.

"Maybe I should have told you this before I left, but I wasn't entirely sure, then. Or maybe I should have waited until I got back, but I don't think so. It doesn't seem fair to ask you to wait a year or two or three for somebody who isn't coming back. Because, you see, Tessa, we've changed, you and I, and in changing, we seem to have lost each other."

There, at that point in the letter,

the writing and the color of the ink changed. Tessa could imagine Johnny putting down the pen, going out to smoke a cigarette or maybe have a drink while he waged a final battle with himself as to whether or not this was the right thing to do. She could imagine how his face would look, grave and troubled and miserable. Johnny was not a man to reach such a decision lightly. And once he had loved her. Deeply.

Tears were running down her cheeks, blinding her, so that she brushed at them with the back of her hand, impatient to see all that he had written, dreading to see it. No, Johnny. Oh, darling, no!

"The life I want," he had finally, desperately, gone on, "is different from anything we've had. And when you were in Washington, I could see how unhappy you were, and how unhappy you've been. The things you've had—your house and your maid and your friends and your clubs—have meant a lot to you, and you could never be happy living the life I see for myself after this war, Tessa. It will be an uncertain life at best. There won't be much security in it, and hardly any money. But I think I'll be happy."

How do you know what kind of a life I could be happy in? she cried out to him across thousands of miles of ocean. What makes you think I can ever be happy without you?

BUT many things had made him think it, she acknowledged, all these thoughts—tumultuous and confusing—crowding down on her at once, suffocating her. Many things! The way she had acted in Washington: like a spoiled, sullen, rebellious child, stubbornly refusing to face facts. Her thoughts never joining Johnny's, but sitting them out, waiting for his to come back to hers, back to a yesterday that was done with. He had been impatient, bored, sorry for her. But what of that last night of theirs together? Well, what of it? Afterward, when her lips had reached up for Johnny's, his had been cold and unresponsive, though he had tried not to let her know it.

Why are people always strangers to each other until the end, when it's too late, and then they say, "I didn't want to tell you, to hurt you—"?

"Tessa," Johnny's bold swift handwriting told her, "I never thought that I would write you a letter like this. I knew, long ago, that life had caught me in work and among friends that I didn't like. Maybe if I were with you, I wouldn't have the courage to tell you all of this. I don't know. But you've got to know, Tessa, now, before any more time is lost. Out here you begin to understand how damned little time there is in the world for any of us. You're still young, and very lovely"—Of what use was that loveliness if it could not hold Johnny?—"and I want you to have all the money I've left in bonds and things. I wish it were more. Manage it carefully and, with what I will continue to send, it will give you a comfortable living for a year or two until you've made a new life for yourself."

A new life, with some other man. The thought shocked her. "Thank God," he said, "you won't have to explain to the children, since I'm gone, anyway. When I get back, I'll see them, and you. If I get back. I probably will. It would be a helluva lot easier for all of us if I didn't." That had been flung out, hating himself for what he was doing, yet not able to help himself. "Meanwhile," he had written, "take care of yourself. Give my love to the kids. And try to understand that if we'd gone on, Tess, we'd only have ended up hating each other. As it is, it's nothing like that. I just want you to know, to have a chance, while I'm gone, to get used to having me gone, to making a new life for yourself. This seems, in the long run, to be the least painful way. I'm sorry." And then, out of long years of habit, he had signed it, "Love, Johnny"!

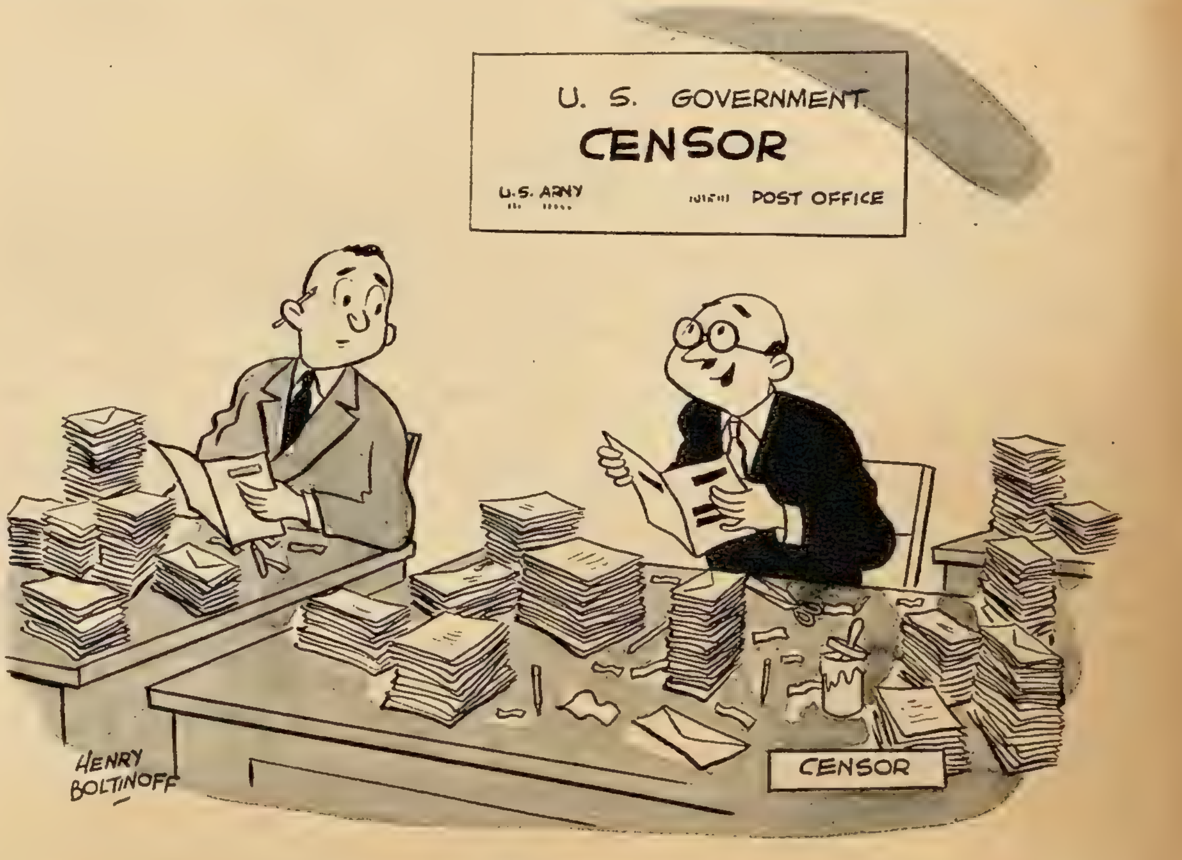
In the next room Patty woke and called to her. "Mommy! Come and dress me for my party."

"Yes, darling," Tessa called back in a voice that struggled to sound light and gay as it must sound for Patty, today of all days. "Play with your Teddy bear for a minute, and mommy will be in."

Play with your Teddy bear! Dear God, the world had come to an end, and yet it was necessary to tell Patty to play with her Teddy bear! It was necessary to greet children and mothers in less than an hour, and entertain them, never letting them guess what had happened. That's why Johnny had chosen this way of doing it. The separation could so painlessly slide into a permanent one. Oh, it wasn't fair! It wasn't fair for men to go away, and change, and not come back! There ought to be some guaranty for wives who waited at home!

WELL, she supposed there were guaranties. All the things that people built into a marriage were the solid anchors to which they could cling at a time like this. But she and Johnny hadn't built enough of them, and, away from her, he had realized he did not want to return. She had been too busy building the things she had wanted—the social pattern of her life here in the suburbs, her possessions that had meant a lot to her, and that she had been such a poor sport about surrendering—and even now, at the end, she wasn't sure what the real values were. She wasn't entirely sure what it was that Johnny wanted of her.

And sitting there with Johnny's letter still in her hand and her eyes still picking out random sentences in it, her stricken mind stumbled on, trying to make sense out of her life. What about this baby? she thought numbly. Why didn't I tell Johnny? If I had, this would never have happened. But I don't want to get him back that way. Even now, in her misery, she could not imagine stooping to such a shabby old wives' trick. If she could change his mind



"I just censored a letter from my mother-in-law asking if she could visit us."

at all, if there were any way to convince him he was wrong about her, then she could tell him. But not now. Not with things as they were.

She wondered if Catherine had impelled Johnny toward any of this. His letter made no mention of her. Catherine is not the woman for Johnny, Tessa thought with that numbness, that deadness, that was beginning to take hold of her. Catherine is cold and hard and ruthless and dishonest. But that was the trouble with people, they were forever telling other people what was best for them. *"He's not the man for you. I know you wouldn't be happy in the kind of life I'm going to live. I'm sure you'll be happier somewhere else."*

PATTY'S voice came back, more insistent: "Hurry, mommy! I'll miss my party!"

Get through the day! she admonished herself, fighting her desire to crawl into bed and bury her face against the pillow. Don't think about it! When this shock has worn off you'll be able to decide what to do. And there must be something she could do. Marriages didn't, couldn't end like this! So she told herself and kept telling herself as she flew to change—into that print dress that had been new when Johnny went away!—and later as she bathed Patty hurriedly, brushed her red-gold hair into a shining halo of short curls—hair of which Johnny once had said, "She's going to have your hair, Tess. Lucky girl! Yours is beautiful, you know"—she slipped on a dress of pale blue linen that made the child's eyes Johnny's eyes looking up at her gravely as Pat asked:

"Do I look pretty? Do I look as pretty as you?"

"Goodness, yes! Much, much prettier, darling."

"Then, when daddy sees me, will he love me as much as he loves you? Jackie said that boys and men only like pretty girls and that daddy told him once that he loved you because you were so pretty."

"Did he? That was nice of daddy. Here, turn around and let me button you." *And don't mind my fumbling fingers, because I can't even see the buttons, darling.* "Now for some blue silk socks, your white shoes—" and she thought, I'm managing better than I thought I could!

Later, when people began to arrive, she managed nicely, too. Right up until the end of the evening, in fact, she held the pieces of her self-control together. And then, through George Worth, she began to perceive the hideousness of the situation she was in.

The mothers arrived breathless after the long walk from the bus, but glad to have some place to go for the afternoon and early part of the evening. There were scarcely any of the younger married men left in the town. They had gone to war, or to serve in Washington, and a few of them had gone over to other industries in other towns when the businesses they had served began to go under for lack of raw materials and labor. The group of women alone was growing steadily, and they called each other evenings to say, "I'm just sitting, staring at these four walls. Honestly, darling, it's too grim! What do you *do* with no place to go and no one at home to talk to?"

They did different things, and now the patterns were beginning to reveal themselves. Or maybe, Tessa thought, as she sat among them in the living room while the children took over the dining room and music room, maybe it's that I'm just beginning to see them. She was trying desperately to look at everything as she imagined Johnny might look at it, and to see what was wrong with her, with women like her.

Jill, looking carefully about the room, had lowered her voice to whisper, "Where's Bill's wife, Tessa? I thought I'd get a glimpse of her today. How are you getting along with her?"

"She's just a little tramp!" Janice replied fiercely, setting down her cup of tea with a force that threatened to break the fragile lovely old china. "Some one Bill knew a couple of weeks and married, just to have some one who'd write to him, I guess! Though she doesn't. She's never home. She's like something left over from the last war—all cigarettes and cocktails and swing instead of jazz. When Bill comes home and finds out what he's married—!"

Tessa said, "Well, she's only eighteen, and very pretty, and she can't reconcile herself to the fact that she has to sit home every night, alone, like the rest of us. She wants to have some fun. I suppose it's natural, though it isn't right."

That had been the wrong thing to say, and Tessa realized it the minute the words left her lips. Because Jill had not been sitting home, waiting, either.

"This business of sitting by the fire and waiting is all very well when you can believe there's something to wait for. But after a while you begin to know that there probably isn't. I know that Curt will never come back," Jill said. "I know it. But if I sit home every night thinking about it, I'll go out of my mind. Life has to go on, I suppose. You have to get through this thing—somehow. Each in her own way."

Each in her own way, and her eyes closed over, dark and cold, and the slightly forward thrust of her small chin said to all of them, and it's none of your business, any of you. Jill had become a small scandal in Linton Heights. Men and liquor. Two things that young wives on their own were supposed to leave strictly alone. Mrs. Barnes had been outraged today to learn that Jill was to be here. In protest, she had refused to make an appearance. "She's a loose, common woman," Mrs. Barnes had said flatly, "and if she comes, she comes at your request, and is no guest of mine."

Loose and common, Tessa considered, stirring sugar into her tea in the small silence that followed that outburst of Jill's. Yet Jill had been one of the prettiest and nicest young brides ever to come to Linton Heights. All the terrible things that had happened to her had happened because she was afraid. She was afraid of losing things—her husband, the money her family had left her, all kinds of things, many of them nameless. And if you're not afraid of losing things, Tessa's thoughts groped on, trying to be Johnny's thoughts, if you don't care whether you lose them or not, then maybe you're all right. Then, maybe, nothing can happen to you.

BETH SANDERS drew a small smooth coverlet of trivialities over the unmade bed of confused emotions which their talk had stirred up. She spoke of Ed, of a trip she had made to Washington. And young Sally Anders, who had brought a niece here today, leaned forward to ask with interest:

"Whatever's happened to that nursery you were going to start, Mrs. Sanders? It sounded wonderful. A really nice nursery where mothers who had never worked before could leave their children and know that they had good care."

Beth's pleasant pale face clouded over. "I don't know, Sally. The doctors think I'd better have an operation—one of those kill-or-cure

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea;
When he cables unswerving
devotion,
My bonnie lies—obviously!

—*Mollie Hogan.*

things, I gather. That is, either I'll be all right, or I might be a little worse, but it sounds better than dragging on through life as I have been, having to spend half of every day in bed. So I guess the nursery will have to wait indefinitely, though the architect has drawn up plans for turning the whole bottom floor of that big house of mine into one big room, and we were all set to go."

"Well," Janice remarked, "it's probably just as well, Beth. I don't know how you could put up with all kinds of children running and screaming through your house and getting ill and probably treating you as though you were a servant!"

"Nonsense!" Beth replied smilingly. "I like children. Not just my own, but children *per se*. It would have given me a great deal of satisfaction to be able to do something worthwhile, something necessary."

YES, they all agreed. How they all wished they had something to occupy them. How they all wished they could do something useful. Leona Madden sighed heavily over it. "I thought I'd like to be a nurse's aide. I tried, too. But when they handed me my first bedpan—well, honestly, I just couldn't do it! I know I wouldn't have been a bit of good to them, so I just quit."

And Jill had tried canteen work, but she hadn't been very successful, trying to plan meals and market, and had given it up. "I'd like to drive an ambulance, but they tell me they have more than enough of those girls already."

And Tessa listened with that curious new objectivity which that terrible letter of Johnny's had given to her. Too late, she began to see many things, not about others but about herself, young women who gracefully balanced teacups and cakes. She saw them in the restless, pretty faces and the bored voices and in the knowledge of all the wasted youth and energy that sat about her living room that twilight evening in April, and wondered what to do with itself.

Johnny, she thought, Johnny darling, I'm learning. If only it isn't too late! If only there's some way back to you!

"Beth," she said, "I'd like to try to run that nursery for you."

"Tessa Barnes!" Janice and Jill said in one breath. "Why, you'd hate it!"

"I'm sure I would," Tessa told them. "There will probably be times when I will want cheerfully to murder every little darling there. But I'm not trained for any kind of factory work"—she did not add, but would tell Beth later, alone, the other and more important argument

Wise Rhymes for These Times

1. Now look at Cuthbert Kangaroo;
He saves on gas and rubber too!
He never speeds. He'll always share.
He rotates tires and checks the air.

CHECK CAR REGULARLY
SHARE THE RIDE

2. Kathleen, his wife, is just as wise.
She carries home the things
she buys.
She plans her trips
and finds it pays
To shop just once
for many days!

CARRY ON FOR VICTORY

3. Together they're a timely team –
A Happy Blend, a match supreme.
And so it is with CALVERT, too,
The whiskey that is matched for you.

STEP ON THE AXIS
WALK!
DON'T RIDE
VICTORY FOOD LIST
CAR SHARING CLUB

4. For CALVERT Whiskey
suits today –
A wiser blend in every way.
It's lighter, milder,
smoother, *right* –
A Happy Blend for you
tonight!

BE WISE!
Calvert

Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert RESERVE
Calvert SPECIAL

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof –65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof–60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

against factory work!—"and goodness knows, somebody ought to start taking care of all the children who are being left alone with doorkeys hung around their necks!"

Beth threw her a long, penetrating glance. "Suppose you sleep on it, Tessa! And if you feel that way tomorrow, come over, and we'll talk about it."

But nobody took Tessa seriously. Nobody thought she'd do it. "Just wait until she gets a look at the children from the Polish section of Port Chester," they prophesied later in the dressing room, over lipsticks and powder puffs.

"SOMETHING'S happened to Tess," Leona Madden thought out loud. "She's quieter, different."

"And strictly on the water wagon," Jill put in. "I wouldn't be surprised to find out she was going to have a baby."

"A baby? Why, that's ridiculous! She wouldn't be working if she were going to have a baby."

"Oh, that. She's just talking."

They trooped downstairs again at half past six, and gathered up their children and dressed them and said their good-bys. Jill said, "It was nice of you to have me, Tess, even though I had to come without chick or child. I tried to borrow one of my neighbor's for the occasion, but I don't think she trusted me." And then Jill's pale face flushed. She added, "Perhaps she's right, at that. Well, girls, I'm off to dinner and the theater in town."

"Lucky you! Where do you get the dates?"

"They're all 4-Fs, but once in a while I manage a visiting officer. And by the way, Tessa, how's the other man in your life? Your handsome naval lieutenant?"

The eyes of the other women were fixed curiously on her face. All of them wondered and speculated about one another's love life. Each of them suspected the other of doing more than she admitted to!

"Oh, he calls now and then. But, so far, I've kept the wolf from the door."

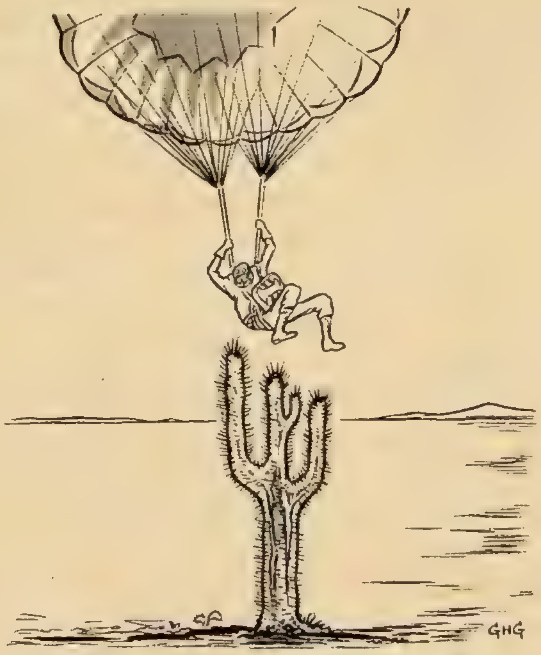
"A dreadful waste of time," Jill remarked. And then, halfway out the door, she turned back to say, "Oh, did you know that your friend Catherine was in Africa? Getting story material, Carlson tells me." And Jill's eyes said, *You see, I told you so. But you wouldn't believe me!*

"Yes," Tessa said steadily, even managing to smile slightly, "I know, Jill. That's the real reason Catherine went to Washington with me, to arrange about passports and things."

Jill looked at her, and then the slim shoulders under the smooth dark mink coat shrugged. "Well, ta-ta, children. I'm allowed to drive, because I've got the body of a man in uniform in my car, or will have in a minute."

The others dribbled out then. Children called back their thanks and good night. Dates were made for future afternoons to be spent together. Leona said, "Remember, darling, backgammon at four on Wednesday." Sally Anders, who had a young husband buried somewhere on the Solomon Islands, paused to say, "I'd like to help in any way I can, Mrs. Barnes, if you do go ahead with that nursery." And then at last the door could close on the last slim fur-jacketed figure and Tessa could relax a little, could stop trying so hard.

She could let her mind begin to come back to that letter of Johnny's and try to think what she could do about it. Patty had turned her musical birthday cake on again, and its endless little tune tinkled out, tinkled along the frayed edges of Tessa's nerves and curled them: Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you . . . "Stop it!" Tessa cried swiftly, sharply. *"Stop it!"*



But at sight of Patty's frightened face raised to hers, she thought, This won't do. This won't do at all!

She was hearing the children's prayers—and hurrying them a little, though she was ashamed to admit it, even to herself—when the phone rang and George Worth's familiar insouciant voice inquired, "I would not, by any happy chance, be speaking to the lovely young Mrs. Captain Barnes, would I?"

"This is Mrs. Captain Barnes, all right, but I can't say about the lovely." Looking lovely at the tag end of a day such as she had put in was the last and least of her hopes!

"I'm coming out to see you, Tess."

"Oh, no!" Not George. Not tonight! Not another of those duels of innuendo and approach and retreat!

"Yes," he said. "I must see you, Tessa. It's important. I'll be there in an hour or so." And while she waited for her lips to shape reasons why he could not come, he hung up.

Mrs. Barnes, passing through the hall, paused to ask, "Who was that?" No call, no letter could come for Tessa without Mrs. Barnes' direct inquiries regarding it!

"George Worth. He's coming over to say hello."

Mrs. Barnes' mouth firmed into a straight line. "I hope, Tessa, that you don't for a moment lose sight of the fact that you are Johnny's wife."

Tessa's impulse was to laugh outright at that! Johnny's wife indeed! With that letter burning in her mind and in her heart every minute of this miserable day!

She said, "I think I can be trusted to spend an evening with an old friend, Mother Barnes."

"Yes, I'm sure of it, Tessa." The older woman came in and kissed each of the children good night. Then she straightened. "It's Nicky I'm worried about. You don't know where she is?"

"No."

Mrs. Barnes' hand tightened on the headboard of Patty's big white crib. "Bill loves her so," she said. "Nothing must happen to her until he gets back. I wish you'd try to talk to her, Tessa—"

And Tessa promised, and as the other woman went out and continued on down the hall toward Janice's room, where they would play two-handed solitaire or Russian bank, Tessa wondered who was to tell Johnny's mother, eventually, that Johnny had wearied of his wife and wanted her to find another man.

THERE were the usual last-minute questions from the children—When is daddy coming home?—and Jackie had to be shown again where Africa was on the map.

The lights went off and Tessa went slowly back down the stairs to another evening, only an evening different from all other evenings. Johnny had said, "Don't wait any longer for a man who isn't coming back to you." But even now, after hours of living with that knowledge, her heart could not believe it. What did women do when they were still in love with men who no longer wanted them? Sometimes they were fat or old or dowdy, and they struggled to get back some semblance of youth. Sometimes they were weary of a struggle against endless infidelities—like Janice—and they were almost relieved to have it ended. But sometimes, Tessa thought, they must be like me, shaken, bewildered, not at all sure why it happened.

If only Johnny were here! If only she could look at him, touch him, talk to him! And the baby, she thought. I won't tell him about the baby. I can't hold him that way. There's something horrible about it —about being tied like that to some one you no longer love or want. But he couldn't not love her any more. People couldn't fall out of love with other people like that! But it wasn't like that, really, she amended. It had been a long, slow stop, full of warning signals, if she had only looked for them. Why, she and Johnny had not been lovers in—in months before he went away! And then that night in Washington, when he had tried to find his way back to her. That night when he had left her. Had he known then that this good-by might be forever?

THE doorbell rang and George Worth came in with the easy familiarity of one who knows a house well, as indeed he did. Tessa had been living here for almost three weeks, transferring things gradually from her own house, and George had stopped by often. He would bring a gift for Pat or a story for Jackie, and he would have a glass of sherry—the closest Mrs. Barnes would come to permitting liquor in the house—and talk a while, and leave. But now he put his hat, with its heavy gold braid, on the polished mahogany table with a gesture that indicated he was going to stay a while. He wore no topcoat, and he looked young and lean and hard in his worn lieutenant's uniform.

He said, finally, grinning at her, though his eyes remained sober, even solemn, "Hello there, Red."

He had not called her that since they were children together practically! "Hello, George. I was about to tell you not to come when you hung up."

"I know. That's why I hung up." He dropped down into one of the old, not too comfortable chairs and lit a cigarette. His blue eyes, that had little lines at the corners, looked over at Tessa. He looked both amused at himself and sorry for her. He said, "I ran into Carlson Lockhart over at the club this afternoon. He was looking a little the worse for wear."

Tessa said politely, "Did you?"

So she doesn't want to tell me, George decided. Well, all right. We'll play it that way then. Her pride must have taken a pretty terrific beating, and of course she does know, or she

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wouldn't be looking as she looks. Ragged and desperate and nervous, her voice sliding from one key to another and then stopping altogether. Melisande and Pelleas, he thought, and Melisande's best friend. The pattern never changes. It's just as dull and trite in 1943 as it was in 1923 or in 0003, whenever that was. He understood, better perhaps than she did, what was happening in her life. A year or so ago he had returned from the emotional voyage on which Johnny Barnes was just starting out. A search for freedom, and a feeling that he had to watch the panorama of his times unfold and see how men lived and died and met their destinies in these desperate times. He had learned many things. That when you watch one man, you watch many men, and that freedom is loneliness, and at the end of your travels, as at the end of a day, you want to come home.

But all of that Johnny would have to find out for himself, and in finding it he would probably lose a great deal that he had. George guessed that Catherine Lockhart had no idea of the probable role she would play in Johnny's life. Unless he was very wrong, she wouldn't be much more than a stopover on the journey. And for that she had risked what it had taken her years of hard work and ruthless ambition to achieve.

Meanwhile there was Tessa. And meanwhile here was the astonishing, astounding fact that he had fallen in love with her! And who more surprised than I? he had asked himself with the old self-mockery as he drove over here. Maybe he could have had her in the beginning, before she married Johnny. But he had not been ready for her then. Now, after experimentation had rubbed much of the edge off reaction, he wanted, rather desperately, to be in love, to stay in love, before the awful time when only novelty would be able to stir him. Because that would be pretty bad.

GEORGE stirred now in the deep uncomfortable chair. He wished the house offered a whisky-and-soda. How did Tessa stand it here, anyway, with all these women?

He said, "You're looking tired."

His voice sounded almost irritable, because he wanted her to help him out, and she wasn't helping at all.

"I've had quite a day. Moving, storing furniture, Patty's birthday party. She was five today." She said it politely, mechanically, making small talk.

George jumped up. "Look," he said. "Let's go somewhere. Let's get out of this morgue of unburied women. We can go downtown and have a drink and put a nickel in a juke box or something. But let's not hang around here."

"Please, George, not tonight. Any night but tonight. I'm too dead—"

"No, you're not. It's this place. It's enough to make anybody feel like that." And he was so urgent, so insistent, that she powdered her nose and drew a fresh, slightly gayer mouth, and went along with him. Though she shouldn't have. She knew that almost at once.

They drove downtown to a small restaurant and cocktail bar they both knew. Neither of them noticed the tall slender blonde girl in slacks, a fur jacket tossed over her shoulders, who came out as they went in. A girl who would have been beautiful if the light hadn't gone out behind her eyes, if she didn't look as though she believed in nothing and no one and was content to take what came as it came. But Nicky noticed them. H'mm, she thought, the gay young war widow, and smiled over it. It was funny. Now *there* was one she would have sworn by, which just went to show something or other, she didn't know quite what. Her escort urged her on. "Come on, beautiful," he said, and her feet followed his.

Tessa was amazed to hear her own voice carrying on such an orderly conversation. Afterward she remembered nothing of that evening, except the end of it. She never knew what she and George had talked about, or what they had drunk, or what piece he had asked the man at the piano to play for them, though returning to the table he had remarked, "This used to be your favorite."

She had come to escape a little while longer from thoughts that only followed along with her and kept urging her weary mind to action of some sort. She must do something before too much time went by, before Johnny thought she would accept without protest his decision about their lives.

And then George leaned across the table. He let both his hands drop over one of hers and his face was very close, and his voice was different than it had ever been before.

"You know," he said, "a long time ago, when we were both a couple of kids, I used to think I was in love with you. But then, after you married Johnny, I knew I hadn't been; because if I had I never would have let Johnny have you."

"That's a very pretty speech, darling," she told him lightly. "And now, what about going home? I'm dead, George. I'm aching for sleep."

HE didn't seem to have heard her. Rose-colored light from a wall fixture trickled down on his hair that had been bleached almost white by a variety of suns. His face was softened, its expression a curious one, almost of introspection. And then he brought the hand that he had been holding so lightly to his lips, and though the gesture had begun as a casual one, it didn't end that way. He kissed the palm of her hand hard, and when he lifted his bright head his eyes met hers steadily.

"Tess," he said, "I think it's a helluva thing to tell another man's wife that you're in love with her, but this is one time when I have a hunch it's all right. And I do love you, Tessa. That's what I had to tell you. I've never been in love before. Not like this. This is all the way. As far as you say, whenever you say."

She stared at him. After a minute she managed to say, "Thank you. I'll—I'll remember that, George. And you're sweet, terribly sweet, to tell me. And now—now I think you had better take me home, after all."

And driving out along dark roads, with George silent and rebuffed beside her, she felt the cool damp April breeze blowing back her hair and thought how beautiful it would be, how beautiful and simple, if they could blow out all the problems that this day had brought to her. If they could tell her how she was ever to go about telling George, telling Johnny, that though Johnny had set her free, though he had wearied of her, she was still tied to him by the strongest and most irrevocable tie in the world, though now she wanted that tie no more than he did.

Loneliness and despair are heavy in Tessa's heart, but she still hopes. Will Johnny turn away from Catherine? How long can Tessa conceal what he has written her from his mother and their friends?

(Continued from page 32)

them hospital personnel, men we'd been working with a long time, men we knew and liked.

But, as raids go, we had been lucky. A bomb had landed near the doctors' nipa hut, taking half the house away. Another nearly struck the surgery, shattering its few windows. The receiving ward had a near miss and shrapnel from this bomb had flown into our shed, breaking a water cooler.

There was the usual post-bombing checking on friends and comparing notes; we told one another where we were when the bombs struck, what we thought and felt, the way people do after their first raid.

Our receiving set had been among the casualties, and we couldn't get the regular Voice of Freedom program from Corregidor; but in the evening we picked up Tokyo by short wave. There were profuse apologies for the bombing. It was "accidental" and it wouldn't happen again.

We really believed it must have been a mistake; you get used to thinking the Red Cross sign marks a sanctuary, inviolable even by the vilest enemy. Nevertheless, additional red crosses were strewn over the grounds, and we rigged up a siren in a tree with a guard posted by it.

Nightmares in the wards were more prevalent than ever after this. A voice would shout, "Hit the floor! Hit the floor! Bombers overhead!" Startled half awake, some of the patients would actually roll to the floor, and even the nurses were sometimes caught off guard and would flop.

Then some one would growl, "What the hell goes on? Can't a guy sleep around here?"

"Bombers. . . . Hit the floor, boys." And the nurse, somewhat embarrassed, would try to wake him up, when often another dreamer down the ward would rip out more advice about falling into fox holes, or yell, "Watch that ——! He's coming over!"

The possibilities of a gas attack, though they never materialized, were now ever present in our minds and each of us kept gas mask and helmet close at hand. Hogan was especially worried about her mask, which she was sure did not contain the necessary amount of oxygen.

"No wonder," I told her, "the way you used it those first days in Manila."

When we had our first air-raid alarm at Sternberg, I had dashed to Hogan's room, expecting to find her there, but she was gone. Then I hurried to the porch of the nurses' quarters and saw her spread out on the ground. The fox holes had not yet been dug. Hogan was wearing her gas mask, and the tube leading into the oxygen compartment was pumping away at a great rate. I had not heard any general gas alarm, but she was playing safe.

Now, in Little Baguio, there were no extra gas masks to be distributed. Hogan decided to take the mask of one of the patients who had died.

"How do you know it's any better than yours?" I asked.

"Well," she retorted, "I'm sure he wasn't as big a damn fool as I was."

One day several doctors and nurses were sitting around trying to relax—and sitting, I might add, on the Red Cross sheets stretched on the ground, for we found ourselves remaining close to that insignia of safety on our off-duty hours—when suddenly the ground shook beneath us. We scrambled to our feet and found that we couldn't stand. Then it stopped as abruptly as it began.

One of the doctors pointed to some cracks in the ground. "Earthquake," he said laconically.

It was anticlimactic and yet rather terrifying.

The chief nurse called us in to tell us that our food supply was practically gone. With the bombers overhead constantly now, it was impossible to get anything through to us. Soon there would be only one meal a day.

"We've got to make what we have last," she said. "If necessary, we'll have one meal every two days. I know you won't complain."

We could take it, but what about the patients? They were weak; how could they live with anything less than they had?

Even our talk about convoys had stopped. What was the use? The Japanese had the islands sewed up; we could only hang on and do our jobs.

The Japs were making good their threat to General Wainwright. Near-by targets were bombed continuously. You could smell battle in the air, the heavy smoke and burnt powder; there was the constant noise in your ears, day and night. The men in the wards were different, more silent, harder, and thoughtful. The shell-shocked cases suffered from the noise of the bombings. At the sound of a close one, some of them hid under their beds and screamed. They trembled violently even at the sound of a truck motor. Sometimes the younger boys turned to us for comfort.

"What'll happen to us if help doesn't get here?" We tried to comfort them, but whatever we could say hadn't much comfort in it.

None of the men boasted of their bravery. No one said he was not frightened. You can't be under, or close to, constant bombing for days and feel no fear. There was plenty of courage but no bravado.

On Easter Sunday most of us managed, though we were very busy, to slip away to attend services at one or the other of our chapels. Easter should be a season of hope, but to us on Bataan it was not that. It was a time of waiting for a greater terror than we had yet known.

AT ten o'clock on Easter Monday the first wave of bombers struck us.

Some one yelled, "Planes overhead!" But those had become such familiar words that most of us paid them little attention. I went on pouring medications, and then the drone of the planes was lost in the shrill crescendo and roar of a crashing bomb.

It landed on the hospital entrance and blew up an ammunition truck that was passing. The concussion threw me to the floor. There was a spattering of shrapnel and pebbles and earth on the tin roof. Then silence for a few minutes.

I heard the corpsmen rushing out with litters, and I pulled myself to my feet. Precious medicines were dripping to the ground from the shattered dressing carts, and I tried to salvage as much as possible.

The first casualties came in. The boys in the ammunition truck had been killed, but the two guards at the hospital gate had jumped into their fox holes. By the time they were extricated from the debris that filled up the holes they were both shell-shock cases.

There were plenty of others.

Outside the shed a guard yelled, "They're coming back!"

They were after us, all right.

In the orthopedic ward nurses and corpsmen began to cut the traction ropes so that the patients could roll out of bed if necessary, broken bones and all. In my ward several of the men became hysterical. I would have joined them if I could. It was all I could do to go on being calm and acting as if everything was all right and I had everything under control.

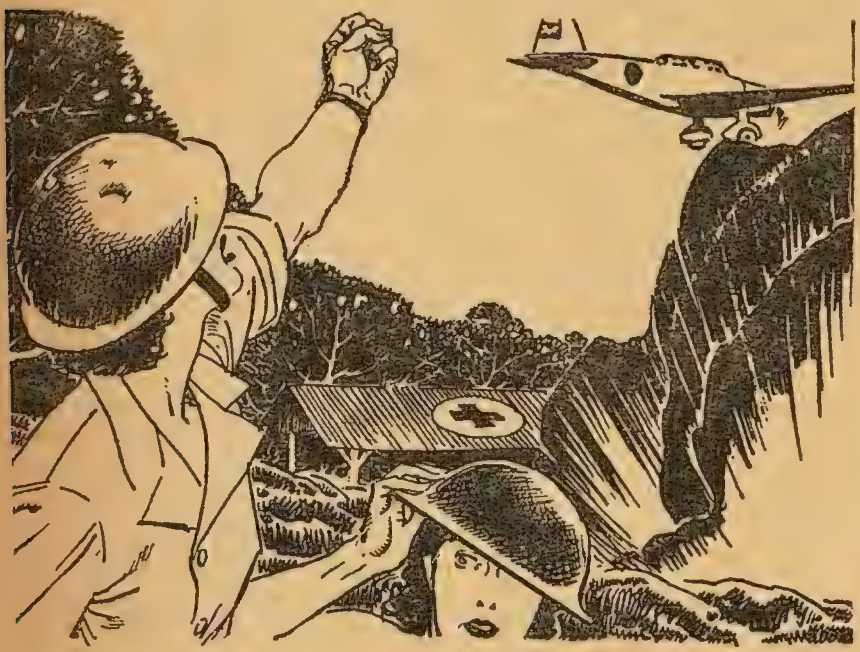
"They're very near!" came the warning from outside.

Father Cummins had come in, and standing in the middle of the shed where all the boys could see him, he asked us to repeat the Lord's Prayer with him.

Then the second wave of bombs fell.

That one hit the mess and the doctors' and nurses' quarters. When the ripping and tearing sound of crashing wood and the roar of minor explosions diminished, I could hear shrieks of pain outside, the helpless sobbing of the men in the wards, and Father Cummins' quiet voice praying.

Through the open sides of the sheds came flying debris; clouds of dust, wrenched boards with protruding nails, limbs of trees.



It wasn't over.

Even in the first few moments of quiet we heard the planes coming back.

We couldn't do anything but wait. That was the awful part—we couldn't do anything.

This time they scored a direct hit on the wards. A thousand-pound bomb pulverized the bamboo sheds, smashed the tin roofs into flying pieces; the iron beds doubled and broke jaggedly like paper matches. Sergeant May had pulled me under a desk, but the desk was blown into the air. he and I with it.

I heard myself gasping. My eyes were being gouged out of their sockets, my whole body was swollen and torn apart by the violent pressure. This is the end, I thought.

Then I fell back to the floor, the desk landing on top of me and bouncing around drunkenly. Sergeant May knocked it away from me, and gasping for breath, bruised and aching, sick from swallowing the smoke of the explosive, I dragged myself to my feet. I heard Freeman, our boy with no legs, calling out:

"Where's Miss Redmond? Is Miss Redmond alive?"

He was being carried out. Fortunately he had rolled out of bed and, though he had been covered with debris, except for a few scratches he was unhurt.

Father Cummins said calmly, "Somebody take over. I'm wounded." He had shrapnel in his shoulder.

Only one small section of my ward remained standing. Part of the roof had been blown into the jungle. There were mangled bodies under the ruins; a bloodstained hand stuck up through a pile of scrap; arms and legs had been ripped off and flung among the rubbish. Some of the mangled torsos were almost impossible to identify. One of the few corpsmen who had survived unhurt climbed a tree to bring down a body blown into the top branches. Blankets, mattresses, pajama tops hung in the shattered trees.

We worked wildly to get to the men who might be buried, still alive, under the mass of wreckage, tearing apart the smashed beds to reach the wounded and the dead. These men were our patients, our responsibility. I think we were all tortured by an instinctive, irrational feeling that we had failed them.

The bombing had stopped, but the air was rent by the awful screams of the new wounded and the dying. Trees were still crashing in the jungle, and when one near by fell on the remaining segment of tin roof it sounded like shellfire. We were shaking and sick at our stomachs, but none of us who were able to go on dared to stop even for a moment.

I saw Rosemary Hogan being helped from her ward. Blood streamed from her face and her shoulder. She looked ghastly.

"Hogan," I called—"Hogan, is it bad?"

She managed to wave her good arm at me. "Just a little nosebleed," she said cheerfully. That was Hogan, all right. "How about you?"

"I'm O. K."

The corpsmen led her off to surgery, which luckily was still standing.

Then Rita Palmer was taken from her ward. Her face and arms had been cut and her skirt and G. I. shirt had been blown off.

I asked a doctor about the other nurses.

"They're all safe," he said.

But there was no time for thankfulness. We were driven by a terrible urgency to save the twice-wounded patients who were still living; to save the medical aids that would keep them alive.

Kitchen utensils from the destroyed mess were strewn over the grounds. From the shattered receiving ward case records blew about like confetti. The pharmacy had been hit and most of the drugs were gone, but some cabinets were found to be not too badly smashed, and there was a swift desperate search for bottles and boxes that could be salvaged.

Some one yelled that the bombers were coming back, but most of us were simply too battered and too tired to react one way or another. Some people ran to the fox holes; others just didn't bother.

It was one plane and it circled over us maddeningly: Photo Joe, the Japanese flyer who took pictures of struck targets.

With the doctors, each of the nurses on ward duty made a survey and a record of the living and the dead from her ward. Several of my boys had died of shock. They hadn't been hit; they had been too weak to live through the explosion.

There had been about 1,600 beds, or makeshift beds, in our hospital. Now there were only sixty-five left standing. The near-by camps were sending us help, men and supplies, trucks and buses and other vehicles, since most of ours were destroyed, and we transferred most of the patients to Hospital No. 2, keeping only those too badly injured to move. Rosemary Hogan and Rita Palmer were taken to Corregidor.

PERHAPS I am making this sound as if it all took a long time. It didn't; it was all in the same day of the bombing. And the bombers were still strafing us, though never as they had in the morning. We placed as many patients as we dared near, or even in, the fox holes; but there were those whom it was too dangerous to move and we had to leave them in the beds we had cleaned out in the section of the shed still standing.

The corpsmen tried to make the nurses stay near the fox holes while they cleaned up the grounds and attended to the patients.

"We can run faster than you can," they said.

However, it was impossible to do much work that afternoon. We waited for darkness and then the entire staff pitched in. We gathered together as many records as we could find and sorted out the wreckage for every scrap of material and supplies that could be salvaged. There were holes to avoid and tin roofing that might collapse at any moment, and we had to work by flashlight. We still uncovered arms and legs and mutilated bodies.

That night there were many burials. We tried not to hear the scraping of the spades or the thud of earth thrown on earth, but we couldn't get away from it. We couldn't be impersonal or detached.

That night we stayed in our fox holes. I didn't sleep. We hadn't eaten since breakfast, but I wasn't hungry. We were like hunted animals, waiting for the kill, almost hoping it would happen quickly so that the torment of waiting would end. But stronger than that was anger—anger and hate and a hot desire to fight back, to avenge our dead.

What kind of human beings would deliberately bomb a hospital, defenseless, openly marked for what it was, filled with the wounded and the sick?

I don't know. The only answer I had found, when I crawled out of my hole in the morning, my head aching, a crick in my back, my legs cramped, was not an answer but a conviction. This isn't a war in which anybody—*anybody*—is let off. Each single individual of us is in it and each must give everything he has to give. An enemy that will bomb hospitals and undefended cities—sick and injured men, or women and children, helpless old people—isn't an enemy you can ever come to terms with, not in the usual meaning of the phrase. The war must end on *our* terms; without compromise.

It wasn't particularly original thinking, I know, but somehow it comforted me to have it clear and simple in my own mind. I could put the long thoughts of the people I would never see again into the background and go on about my work.

THE bombers were aiming at near-by targets all morning, and we gave medications between leaps into the fox holes. I kept running back and forth between my ward and the trench until Alice Zwicker shouted after me:

"Red, for heaven's sake, stop running around out there. They're coming over again. You get back here and put your helmet on."

It was crowded, damp, and dark in the fox hole, but I jumped in obediently as the planes circled over us. Zwick kept saying over and over, "Oh, God, send them away. Oh, God, send them away." Finally they flew off, and instantly Zwick jumped up and shook her fist at them.

"You'd better not come back!" she yelled after them, and followed that warning with an angry stream of very fancy swear words. We all shrieked with laughter, and she turned on us furiously.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded. "I don't see a damn thing that's funny."

"Do you really want to know?" I said.

"I certainly do. It seems to me you have a queer sense of humor."

I explained: "Just a few minutes ago you were praying so earnestly, and then you turn around and in the same breath give the Japs unholy what-for in some of the finest cuss words I ever heard."

She was horrified. "I did no such thing," she said.

"Oh, yes, you did."

"But I *didn't*. . . ."

"Never mind," said one of the girls soothingly. "If I go first I'll put in a good word for you."

We managed to get together some sort of meal that day, and slowly, under great handicaps, the hospital began to function again. The dressing carts were far from complete, but we made out with what we had as best we could. We concocted many substitutes, rather proud of our ingenuity, and set the Filipinos' clever hands to work making others, such as applicators, for instance, which they made out of stems stripped from the branch of a tree and then whittled and smoothed into shape.

We wouldn't have been surprised to hear that the hospital site was to be abandoned, but evidently this was not planned, for carpenters were soon busy tacking oilcloth and black paper over the blasted surgery windows, and we heard that engineers were to be sent out to help us re-establish the hospital.

But that evening of April 7, at six o'clock, heavy artillery shells burst through the jungles around our base. Still unknown to us, Bataan was falling. Fort Drum, Fort Hughes, and Corregidor were firing on Bataan beyond our retreating troops, trying to hold back the Japanese forces.

A little over an hour later, the nurses were ordered to be ready to leave in fifteen minutes. There was a bus provided for us, and Captain Nelson would drive down with us to the docks, where we would embark for Corregidor.

There was too much to be done and said in so little time. We wanted to discuss certain details about our patients; we wanted to leave careful instructions for the care of those we were particularly worried about; we wanted to know what was happening, why we were being ordered out. . . .

It hurt to say good-by. All the doctors and corpsmen were there to see us off, and some of them kept saying it wasn't good-by—in a few days we'd be back again, but nobody believed them. They said it had been good working with us. They said we'd been brave soldiers.

"We'll be seeing you," they all repeated firmly.

We had not been long out of sight of the hospital when Captain Nelson held up his hand for attention.

"Girls, there are going to be a lot of trucks, soldiers, civilians on the roads. There'll be a great deal of confusion, and I'm asking you to be just as quiet as you can." His voice changed.

"Bataan has fallen," he said gravely.

It shocked us into silence. But now that it had happened, we realized how we had been hiding from the thought, refusing to believe it could happen this way, in spite of the bombings, the strafing, the stories the soldiers brought in from the field. We couldn't honestly be surprised that it had come at last.

Only . . . what about the others? The doctors and corpsmen we had just left, the patients, the chaplains? What about the people at Hospital No. 2 and our little Bataana and her mother, off in the jungle somewhere? *Would they get out in time?*

We didn't say any of these things out loud. We didn't need to; each of us knew what the others were thinking. It was bad driving, for the road was heavy with traffic of all sorts. Streams of trucks and tanks rumbled ahead of us. Troops marched quickly along the side of the road, and civilians fleeing from their homes wove frantically between the cars, trying to hurry, unnerving the drivers. They banged on the sides of the bus, pleading with us to take them, to carry them away before the Japanese caught them. It was horrible to catch glimpses through the dark of their panic-stricken faces, to hear them crying out to us over the roar of motors and the tramp of marching feet, and to know there was nothing we could do for them.

Every now and then Captain Nelson would say quietly, "Take it easy, girls, take it easy. I'm sorry for them too, but we can't take them all, and it's that or nothing."

WE reached the docks finally, to find them crowded with incessant activity: soldiers were massing for embarkation, trucks kept rolling in, and officers ran here and there through the darkness snapping out orders. We could hear the water lapping at the piles and boats pulling away.

Colonel Carpenter, in charge of the evacuation, told us we would have to wait, there were others scheduled to go over ahead of us. He was worried about an infantry unit that had failed to arrive as planned and which should have been sent to Corregidor some time ago.

"But what about the girls at No. 2?" we insisted. "What will they do?"

"They've been ordered out also," he told us over his shoulder.

Bombers came over while we waited, unloading on targets not far away. We were told to run to the fox holes, but as we didn't know where they were, we stayed on the dock. Some of the girls were so exhausted that they fell asleep stretched out on the wooden boards. The rest of us huddled together, watching the shells landing on Corregidor and streaks of flame leaping against the black sky. The bay seemed alive with shadowy forms of boats and native rafts plying back and forth. Several were struck by artillery fire. Sick at heart, we watched them sink and listened to the cries of the drowning grow faint and finally die away.

At twelve o'clock our turn came. We scuttled into the boat that was waiting for us. It was small and open and, like all the others, unarmed.

I looked back to watch the burning shores of Bataan. The boat reverberated from the blasts as ammunition dumps were destroyed, and often a piece of wreckage blown through the air would bang on her sides. Smoke rolled up from gasoline drums that had been saved for the planes that never came.

About halfway over we found ourselves under cross fire from Corregidor and the enemy lines on Bataan.

We made port at Corregidor at half past three that morning. A trip that usually took three quarters of an hour had taken us three hours and a half.

We were rushed through the Malinta Tunnel into the heart of the huge rock. Corregidor seemed impregnable, another Gibraltar, with its vast intricate network of tunnels. It was good to be there, to be greeted by friends and given hot food and beds; to feel safe again.

Next day at noon the girls from Hospital No. 2 joined us. Their experience had been horrible. They had been ordered to leave from the Cabcaben docks, which were the nearest to their base, but on the way they learned that the docks had already been taken by the Japanese. Loaded in garbage trucks, they tried to reach Mariveles, but wrecked cars, army and civilian traffic, and a destroyed ammunition dump kept them hours on the road. As, finally, they reached the water front they saw the last inter-island boat steam away. It had been held for them a long time, and when all hope of their arrival was gone, another group had been taken across in their place. By this time Bataan had surrendered, but fortunately the Japanese had not yet reached the wharves.

The girls were frantic. In desperation, a few managed to find places on barges and rough tugs that were attempting the crossing, but the majority were stranded on the docks, until at last a boat was sent out from Corregidor, and when they reached the Tunnel they found the other girls waiting for them.

Two of the A. N. C. nurses were missing. They had been cut off at Baguio, the resort city, fairly early in the war, and we heard that they and the officers of their small hospital base had escaped to the hills and joined in guerrilla warfare; that was the last report we had of them.

WITH the surrender of Bataan, numbers of escaped soldiers made their way to Corregidor. Somehow they got to the water front, somehow they swam until a boat picked them up, or they found some small leaking forgotten raft and made their way across the water. Many tried and failed. Some were drowned, others were picked off by snipers. Captain Marvin Tanahill was brought in so exhausted that he could not tell us for several days how he had escaped. He had marched up with his men and surrendered, as ordered. His clothing and firearms had been taken away from him, and in his underwear he stood in the line of American prisoners. Suddenly he felt he couldn't stand it, he would rather die. So he turned and began to walk away, fully expecting to be shot in the back. Nothing happened. He passed the Japanese guards and still nothing happened. He went on, marveling at every step that he was alive, until he found himself at the shore. He began to swim across the bay and at last was rescued by a barge.

There was little comfort to be found in looking ahead, for though our underground fortress might be impregnable, supplying it was less than ever possible. If aid could not reach us while Bataan still held, we all knew (though the words were seldom spoken) that no relief could be hoped for now.

But there was true comfort and a quickening of pride and faith in the words that went from General Wainwright's headquarters to the people at home:

> Bataan has fallen. The Philippine American troops on this war-ravaged and bloodstained peninsula have laid down their arms—with heads bloody but unbowed they have yielded to superior force and numbers of the enemy. The world will long remember the epic struggle that Filipino and American soldiers put up in the jungle fortresses and along the rugged coast of Bataan. They have stood up uncomplaining under the constant and grueling fire of the enemy for more than three months. Besieged on land and blockaded by sea, cut off from all help in the Philippine Islands and America, these intrepid fighters have borne all that human endurance could bear.
>
> For what sustained them through all their months of incessant battle was a force that was more than merely physical. It was the force of an unconquerable faith, something in the heart and soul that physical hardships and adversity could not destroy. It was the thought of their native land and all that it holds most dear, the thought of freedom, dignity, and pride in these, most priceless of all, our human prerogatives. The adversary, in the pride of his power and triumph, will credit our troops with nothing less than the courage and fortitude that his own troops have shown in battle. Our men have fought a brave and bitterly contested struggle. All the world will testify to the almost superhuman endurance with which they stood up until the last in the face of overwhelming odds.
>
> But the decision had to come. Men fighting under a banner of unshakable faith are made of something more than flesh, but they are not made of impervious steel. The flesh must yield at last, endurance melts away, and the end of battle must come.
>
> Bataan has fallen, but the spirit that made it stand—a beacon to all the liberty-loving peoples of the world—cannot fall.

There were too many patients to allow the nurses from Bataan to rest very long, and soon we were assigned to various hospital tunnels. By that time I had learned more about the labyrinth that is the fortress of Corregidor. The Malinta Tunnel, the main one, ran east and west; stemming from it, north and south, were twenty laterals or smaller tunnels, all of which were numbered, odd on the left, even on the right. Branching from these twenty tunnels were four or five others, running in the same direction as the Malinta. Each lateral housed a special division of the fort—General Wainwright's headquarters, machine shops, refrigeration plants, nurses' quarters, doctors' quarters, mess halls, hospital, and so on.

I was in the surgical division and marveled to find it so well equipped. After the crudities of Limay and Hospital No. 2, I couldn't get over the wonder of white-enameled tables beside each bed. They seemed almost indecently luxurious.

The men were better nourished than our boys had been, though there wasn't an overabundant or very varied food supply. And there was no malaria on Corregidor, except among the boys brought over from Bataan.

We couldn't realize that we dared use electric lights, that there wasn't a blackout. "Solid rock overhead," we had to tell ourselves again and again.

We had two white sheets on each bed. We had enough food to satisfy us. More wonderful than all else was Felicidad, who officially cleaned the nurses' quarters; but having saved a supply of soap and nail polish she carried on a flourishing business on the side, specializing in giving shampoos and finger waves. She charged seventy-five centavos (about thirty-eight cents) for a manicure, and two pesos (one dollar) for a shampoo. Or she said, "You give me what you want," which meant more than her established price.

FELICIDAD carried on still another business. She bunked with us, and when most of the Bataan nurses had assembled in the nurses' lateral she pulled out a box from under her bed and conducted a rummage sale. The box was crammed with dresses and other apparel that the Corregidor nurses had given her before the war.

"All right," she would say, holding up a dress before some girl, "this look good on you. How much you give me?"

The rummage sale was a wild scramble, for it had been a long time since we last saw civilian clothes and, moreover, our coveralls and G. I. trousers were very badly worn. We were ready to offer Felicidad anything we had for the clothing she offered for sale, and many of us assembled quite decent costumes—though we had very little opportunity to wear them.

She had a good generous streak in her behind all this shrewdness. Often belts or scarves were tossed to us, with the offhanded remark that they would look well with such and such a dress; or she might decide that a certain dress would be especially becoming to a particular girl and would refuse to take any payment for it.

Felicidad was terribly worried about her people. There were days when her usually pleasant face was haggard and she would show no interest in anybody or anything. "They are murdering them out there," she muttered unhappily, "and soon they will come for us. How long you think it will be before the Japs really get us?"

She didn't expect an answer. She knew as well as most that it was only a question of time.

An especially fine Chinese tailor had also taken refuge in the Tunnel, and we could hear his sewing machine going at top speed behind our lateral, where he was stationed. Eddy was also assigned to cleaning, but he spent his free time sewing for the Quartermaster and anyone else who could engage him. He altered the clothes we purchased from Felicidad, making them fit nicely. Also, some of the officers who had been stationed on Corregidor before the invasion gave the nurses their white sharkskin suits they had managed to save. We tried to hire Eddy to make something from them that we could wear. But he was much too busy and tired. I ripped the trousers of mine hoping to fashion a skirt from the material myself, but under the pressure of coming events I never found time to finish it.

However, there were several other Chinese tailors who had taken refuge in the Tunnel, and the Quartermaster had them make us really streamlined coveralls, a good-looking skirt and two blouses apiece.

Though it seemed almost sacrilege to find any fault with the place that had given us sanctuary, living underground had certain discomforts. The roar of shells and bombs was not so muffled as I had thought at first, but echoed and reverberated through the laterals; and the lack of real ventilation was hard on every one, for even the elaborate system of fans did not keep the air from getting very stuffy and hot.

And as the shelling of Corregidor became heavier and the bombing more frequent, our luxuries disappeared one by one. Double-decker and triple-decker beds in the hospital; civilian refugees sleeping in packed rows on the tunnel floors; two meals a day again, and scanty rations . . . dreadful, familiar, and unmistakable signs that the end was drawing near.

APPARENTLY the Japanese were not aiming directly at the Tunnel as yet; they blasted the field units and other military objectives, refrigeration plants, warehouses. Sometimes there would not be a man left out of an entire unit. For the men outside there was no escape from the constant shelling, except for their improvised tunnels and fox holes.

At this time there was frequent admission of severe shell-shock cases. Men stationed close enough to the Tunnel came inside after being relieved from duty. Officers and privates alike dropped into the sleep of utter exhaustion wherever they could find a place to lie down, and in their bloodshot, weary eyes was the look we had come to know during those last days on Bataan.

In a way, the civilian refugees wrenched at our hearts more than the soldiers. There were new ones every day, frightened, exhausted, hungry, their homes and often their families destroyed; helpless and without hope. All they asked was shelter from the hell outside.

General Wainwright issued an order that every able person in the Tunnel must work, without exception, which not only relieved the overworked hospital staff of a good many details, but was undoubtedly excellent for the general morale. Considering the almost intolerable strain under which every person on Corregidor was living, there was extraordinarily little hysteria or complaining, and the general's own unfailing cheerfulness, the atmosphere of courage and friendliness he brought with him when he made his rounds, set the example for each of us. Army people and civilians alike tried their best to follow.

We did have a case of hysteria in the hospital, one so serious as to border on insanity. The boy had been standing at a battery gun talking to a friend. There was shelling going on around them, though they seemed to be out of the direct line of fire. Our patient dropped something and bent down to retrieve it, going on with his conversation. As he straightened up, the shell-torn head of his friend flew past his face and the shattered body fell at his feet.

At one time we had 200 cases of food poisoning, an entire battery division. They had eaten contaminated meat and they were a very sick bunch of boys. In the overcrowded and stuffy Tunnel that particular ailment was especially unpleasant, complicated by a shortage of emesis pans, for which we had to substitute pails and bowls and buckets, and by the fact that we had to put the boys in double rows of double-decker beds. However, they were soon well again, rather weak but otherwise none the worse for the experience.

In the evenings soldiers and civilians living in the Tunnel had a habit of going outside, near the gates, for a breath of fresh air. Of course we had an air-raid warning system: if a bomber was sighted, red lights would flash inside the Tunnel, signaling that no one was to leave; and outside, sirens blew, warning those who had left the Tunnel to return.

I had been on Corregidor for two weeks when one of these nightly air raids ended in disaster. Some one in the crowd noticed a flare going up overhead and tried to shout an alarm, but it was too late. A shell exploded near an entrance. There was a panic-stricken rush for the gate, but the concussion had closed it and it could not be opened from the outside. Another shell landed in the crowd.

Inside, we had heard the screaming of the shells. All the doctors and nurses hurried to duty as the gate was opened, and corpsmen ran out with stretchers to bring in the wounded.

The shells had done their work well.

We worked all that night, and I wish I could forget those endless harrowing hours—hours of giving injections, anesthetizing, ripping off clothes, stitching gaping wounds, of amputations, sterilizing instruments, bandaging, settling the treated patients in their beds, covering the wounded that we could not save. . . .

I had not grown accustomed to seeing people torn and bleeding and dying in numbers like these. When *one* patient dies it is agonizing enough; when you are faced by so much suffering and death, something cracks inside you, you can't ever be quite the same again.

Only while it's happening there's a sort of blessed numbness that keeps you going, keeps you making the right motions, finding the right things to do.

That night some died before we could get to them. Legs and arms had been wrenched off; there were jagged flesh wounds; pieces of exploded shrapnel stuck in ugly wounds; deaths from shock mounted, no matter how frantically we worked over the victims.

One boy, who was brought in half-conscious, his leg hanging by shreds from his thigh, said to me through gritted teeth, "Don't cut off . . . my clothes . . . got no underpants on. . . ."

The litter bearers kept bringing in more and more.

Once, as I stopped to give an injection to one that they had just put down on the floor, I saw that it was a headless body. Shock and horror made me turn furiously on the corpsmen.

"*Must* you do this?" I cried.

The boys looked at what they had carried with consternation almost equaling mine.

"It's so dark out there," one of them stammered. "We can't use lights. We feel for the bodies and just roll them onto the stretchers."

The doctors were so busy with the more severe cases that they turned minor injuries over to the nurses. "You take this one," they would say, going on down the long line. And, "You can handle that."

I was ordered to take care of a patient whose great toe was badly cut by shrapnel. I asked the doctor:

"What shall I do?"

"Remove it. It's practically off now; you won't have to do much to finish the job."

When I dropped the toe from my instrument into the container in which we disposed of the amputated parts, it fell into the open hand of an arm that had just been removed.

April 29 was Hirohito's birthday and the Japanese Army, we heard, had promised their emperor the Philippines as a birthday present.

The week after the accident at the Tunnel gate was marked by a steady worsening of conditions—more casualties from the outside all the time, and our food supplies coming to an end. There was no retreat from Corregidor. We were making our last stand, and we knew it. There was a tendency to talk a great deal about our families and the towns we came from and our childhood. The men we had left on Bataan were always in our minds, and sometimes we wondered about them aloud, but in the big "ifs" of their future (*"If* they get out . . . *If* they're alive"). Now we silently included ourselves.

They began to celebrate the emperor's birthday at seven thirty that morning. To my knowledge, we had fourteen air-raid alarms that day. They shelled the three entrances to the Malinta Tunnel; they came at us from all sides.

The whole island was under attack. Topside, middleside, and bottomside were pounded without let-up. Once I looked quickly through an entrance, and saw total devastation. Trees were down, the roads were almost hidden under debris, and there were great gaping craters in the earth. The air was heavy with dust and ground particles of wreckage swirling around in gradually diminishing arcs. Under the heavy barrage it was impossible to bring the wounded into the Tunnel, and medical help was sent outside.

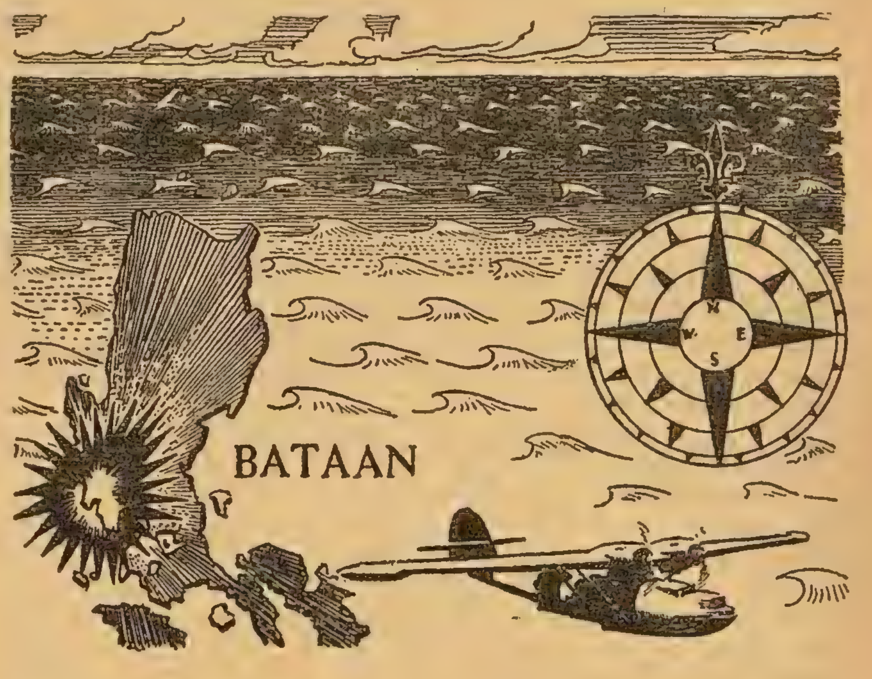
In the Tunnel we were jarred by the force of the explosions. Bottles, dishes, any loose objects were flung from tables and shelves, and often both men and women near the Tunnel entrances were sent sprawling to the floor. Smoke filled the laterals, filling our eyes with tears and making breathing difficult. But still we had the security of that solid rock overhead; it was better than waiting in a fox hole.

AT SIX O'CLOCK I received word from the chief nurse, Captain Maud Davison, to report at the mess hall. Twenty-two nurses were sent for, each of us surprised at the summons, and each of us, I think, torn, as I was, between joy and sorrow when we heard that we were relieved of our assignment on Corregidor.

We were to leave at half past nine that evening. We were not to say good-by to any one, nor discuss our departure. Each would be permitted to carry a musette bag which must not weigh more than ten pounds when packed. Two planes would carry us to Melbourne, Australia, where we were ordered to report for further instructions.

I did not know what to think, nor how I felt. I wanted to go and I didn't want to go. Probably I would never see the other nurses again, and I wanted to stay with them and face whatever was to come. We had faced so much together, I felt like a deserter. It was like leaving Bataan all over again, only sharper this time. For I was leaving the islands, I was leaving a losing battle—a lost battle.

Not that I hadn't, along with every one else, entertained dreams of escape; not that my instinct for self-preservation wasn't as strong as anybody's. I don't think I had any illusions about what the end would be like, waiting in a bomb target for the finish, watching destroyed men die, seeing the food supply get lower and lower and the signs of hunger etched in my friends' faces, feeling myself the pangs of near starvation, and, as the medical supplies dwindled, concocting substitutes that were really no substitutes for healing sick and wounded men. . . .



The odds were against our getting to Australia, but as an officer in the U. S. Army I was to obey orders. . . .

In spite of precautions, word had spread through the Tunnel that we were leaving. People were waiting at the entrance to whisper good-by.

It was a strangely quiet night. The Japanese apparently thought they had done a good day's work and could afford to celebrate the emperor's birthday in a more convivial fashion. Our guns held their fire, too.

General Wainwright's car led the small procession as we slowly and cautiously made our way through the wreckage to the docks. Three weeks ago we had escaped from Bataan, and as we waited at the water front for the boats that would take us to the planes, I was glad that Hatch and Hogan were in the group. It was right and fitting: we had been together in Manila and now we were together on the docks of Corregidor—the beginning and the end.

The pilots of the PBYs hurried us into the planes, while we fervently hoped that the Japanese were too befuddled by *sake* to notice the ships that skimmed the surface of the water like huge dragonflies. Hogan went in the first plane, Hatch and I were assigned to the other.

The pilot kept saying, "Let's get going. Hurry up . . . hurry up."

The crew were frankly nervous; they had volunteered for this assignment, which had been presented to them in Australia as a suicide mission. But we took off smoothly from the silvery waters of the bay, with a last view of the burning shore lines of Bataan and Corregidor as we gained altitude. The two steel bars running along the body of the plane, which constituted the seating arrangements, were crowded and I went to the rear and sat there with the gun crew.

Looking down, I saw the other plane flying below us, then it shot ahead and was soon out of sight. Far below, rings of smoke hovered in the air and little balls of fire flashed through the sky like falling stars.

"What are they?" I asked the man nearest me.

"Well," he said dryly, "it could be antiaircraft, sister."

The air was exhilaratingly fresh after our weeks in the hot stale atmosphere of the Tunnel, but it was also very cold. Most of us were anemic, all of us physically under par, and we shivered unhappily in our coveralls. The crew found extra coats, which we burrowed under like cats under a blanket, and once we were warm we felt safe and untroubled, leaving whatever worrying might be done to the pilots and the crew.

Before we reached Lake Lanao, next morning, we ran into a heavy fog which forced us down, and the plane taxied around in the water for about thirty minutes, surrounded by vapor so heavy that we couldn't see a foot beyond the windows.

"At least the Japs can't spot us in this," one of the crew remarked genially. "Packed in cotton wool. Good as a smoke screen."

Then the fog lifted and we went on to Lake Lanao, in the northern part of Mindanao, one of the southernmost islands of the Philippines. We were taken to a small army encampment, where we met the girls from the other plane, and the soldiers shared with us their breakfast of coconuts, bananas, hot cakes, and weak coffee.

The Japanese had successfully made a landing on the island of Mindanao this very morning; they were only forty miles away. We were to go on to the chief army base of the island to pick up a few more passengers. On the way we had to leap out of the bus and take refuge in the rice paddies while Jap planes roared overhead. I think most of us, at that point, had a feeling that we were being personally hunted down and persecuted; we were too nervously exhausted to have much sense of proportion left.

WHEN we reached the base, we were given another breakfast at the Army and Navy Club. They served us *eggs* . . . we had forgotten what they tasted like. There was toast, too, and good strong coffee.

The camp was a hive of activity, for preparations were under way for the coming battle, but even so, the officers snatched time to come and see us. Some of them were old friends from Manila. They got out champagne to celebrate, and we drank to the blithe days before the war, and to the future, and to our friends who were . . . we didn't know where.

When we returned to the village where the planes lay well camouflaged in a cove, we were told we would have to discard some of the things in our musette bags to provide for the added weight of the officers who were joining us. We didn't have much to discard, but we dutifully went through our possessions; we all took off our canteens, and a few of the Air Corps men removed their pistols and holsters.

Some of the soldiers who were watching came up at this time and asked if they could have them. They were told that the equipment would be turned over to the quartermaster.

"There's a helluva long line at the depot all the time," one boy said, "and not enough to go round."

Another added, "Not all of us have canteens;" and a third chimed in, "I'm posted as guard at the ammunition dump, but I don't have a gun, let alone a pistol. I wouldn't have a chance against those damn snipers."

Whether it was as bad as it sounded, I don't know (soldiers have been known to go to considerable lengths to get hold of a coveted possession), but anyway, the canteens and the pistols changed hands without further discussion.

The boats came and the girls for the first plane piled in. "So long," they called. "See you tomorrow."

But they were wrong.

The weight in our plane was still too much. Under the pilot's unrelenting eye we threw out more and more of our few remaining possessions. But when the plane still did not rise, we would have gladly thrown everything away. We sat still and tense, willing that plane to rise, to take us away, and we were sick with the thought that if we were going to fall into the hands of the Japanese after all, why couldn't we have been with the others at Corregidor?

And then, just as utter despair clutched us, the motor seemed to make a tremendous effort—and the plane rose slowly but steadily. It was almost an hour before the real cause of the trouble was found—a young American soldier stowed away in the tail of the ship.

After that the flight to Australia was as smooth and peaceful as if there were no war.

Darwin showed grim evidence of the heavy bombing on the 19th. We went through desolated streets to the hospital, which had been damaged too, expecting to find the nurses from the first plane waiting for us there. They weren't, but of course there were any number of things that might have delayed the plane; it might have run into heavy fog, or a storm, or got slightly off its course. . . . A little delay like this meant nothing.

And later in the morning the plane did arrive. But not the nurses and other army personnel. Not Hogan.

No one knew quite what had happened. The plane had made a landing while still in the islands, and had hit a rock, which did some damage. While the crew made repairs the girls were sent to take shelter with an army unit near by. When the ship was ready to take off again, the group was not to be found. The crew did everything they could, but it was all fruitless, and finally they were forced to leave without them.

We told each other they'd be all right. We said, sure they will, they have a whole division to take care of them, you can't down that lot, especially Hogan. . . .

I thought of Hogan on Bataan, after the bombing, waving her hand at me. "Just a nosebleed," she'd said. . . .

The city of Melbourne stared at us in astonishment. We had nothing but our forlorn-looking coveralls to wear and it was Australia's winter season. We were thin as famine victims, hungry-eyed, and shivering. Restaurants, hotels, and the Port Melbourne Hospital staff were appalled at the quantities of food we wanted. There was no use offering us a choice of, for instance, ice cream or pie and cheese; we demanded both.

Clothes presented a more difficult problem, for clothing was rationed and we had no cards. But we could get our hair shampooed and trimmed in shape again, and the Port Melbourne nurses generously came to our rescue in the matter of wardrobes. It felt odd, and very satisfactory too, once more to be wearing skirts and shoes that were not G. I.

"You look almost human again," Hatch assured me kindly.

All of us had lost a great deal of weight, as much as twenty pounds or more, and we weren't feeling very well. Vitamins, liver extracts, tonics, and bed-for-several-days were prescribed, for the remainder of our stay in Australia.

Other veterans of Bataan came to see us, men who had had hairbreadth escapes and sometimes were even yet unsure of how they had managed to get away—to fight again, of course, not to safety. Those were happy reunions, for all the sad undercurrent of speculation about our friends who were left behind and the things it was better not to talk about, not yet, anyway, not while they were still so fresh in our minds.

WORD of Corregidor's surrender came on the second evening we were in Melbourne.

We said to each other, "They won't be bombed any more."

We asked, "They'll be all right, won't they?"

But no one knew any more than we did.

We were in Melbourne for only three weeks. One day we were told we would sail in two hours. Some of the girls were shopping or not in the hospital quarters and had to be found and a general alarm was sounded for one of them, Miss Florence MacDonald, who was out sightseeing but turned up, nonchalant as ever, just before the boat sailed.

On June 11, our stormy and perilous voyage came to a safe end in San Francisco Bay. It was not a triumphant homecoming, but it was a very thankful one. Standing at the ship's rail, watching the lovely shore line and the tall buildings of the city, we were filled with new strength, new courage and hope; and I thought: Those are the gifts America bestows not only on her own children but on the whole world. I must never forget that, no matter what terrible days are still to come.

Our Bataan duty was not over even yet.

At the Letterman General Hospital in Presidio, we were admitted as patients. The day after our arrival, Colonel McKie, in charge of Public Relations, came to us to say that they had been keeping reporters and newsreel photographers away from us until we had rested, but there were other people waiting who couldn't be put off so readily. Would we, he said, talk to the relatives of the men on Bataan?

It seemed like an unnecessary question, and we told him so. We would, of course, right away.

And then for days they waylaid us in the halls or on the stairs as we went to Colonel McKie's office, which had been turned over to us, and for hour after hour rich and poor, young and old waited their turn in long lines. Sometimes we could answer their questions in a way to send them home relieved of the worst of their anxiety. More often we could tell them nothing about their boys and fell back on whatever we knew of the units . . . where they had been when we had last heard, in what actions they had figured, the conditions under which they had lived. Straws of comfort, but how eagerly they were seized! And sometimes we could only say, "He died like a good soldier. . . ."

Many brought us photographs and showed them to us mutely, unable to speak. There was weeping and hysteria and women who fainted, and there was Spartan courage that was almost harder to bear.

We were deluged by telephone calls and stacks of letters from all over the country which, with the help of stenographers supplied by the Red Cross, we did our best to answer immediately.

. . . the boy's mother is so ill from worry that I am writing this in her stead . . .

. . . he was our only son . . .

. . . he enlisted in the army as soon as he was old enough . . .

. . . my husband and I weren't married very long . . .

. . . we have three children and I don't know what to tell them of their father . . .

There was so little we could say.

In a way, it was harder telling those mothers and wives and fathers about their boys than anything on Bataan or Corregidor. There we were a part of the fight, we had our work to do, we were under orders and a part of a fighting army.

It's fine to rest for a while, but I am happier on duty. When I have work to do, I can get too tired to lie awake remembering the soldiers, the doctors and nurses and corpsmen who are my friends and who are prisoners of the Japanese.

I hope they know we remember them. I hope, somehow, word gets to them that the offensive they talked about, prayed for, while we waited for help that couldn't reach us, is under way at last.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

VINCENT SHEEAN

AMERICA is the only country at war in which the sale of books now constitutes a booming business. In England books are indirectly rationed. In other belligerent countries most reading material now consist principally of government handouts.

This is by way of explaining that the number of books which reaches this desk is so large as to make it impossible to review them always the week they are published. But their value is not lessened by that.

Indeed, in the case of such a book as **Vincent Sheean's Between the Thunder and the Sun** (Random House, N. Y., $3), whether you read it a few weeks earlier or later will not matter. It is a book which will be worth reading at the war's end as much as now.

In a sense, it is a book of judgments. Vincent Sheean has managed to find a nearly front row seat at most of the important events which have shaken and transformed the world in the past few years. What he thinks about them and the people involved in them makes this book. Sheean's judgment of these people and the events which spotlight them is news now—and will still have historic validity later. This is a book which will help you to understand the war and the world better, because it will help you to evaluate the men and women who comprise the political world and sometimes manipulate it.

Here, for instance, is the incredible story of how Mme. de Portes, mistress of Paul Reynaud during the storm that finally swept the Third Republic into disaster, first meddled with and then juggled the government of France. If Madame had been willing to leave France, its legitimate government might have fought on from North Africa and the whole sordid interval of Vichy might never have occurred to disgrace France now and plague her, as it must, later.

Sheean reports conversations with Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek, with Léon Blum and Don Juan Negrin, with the Duke of Windsor and Lloyd George, with Anthony Eden and Mme. Sun Yat-sen, with people of place or ideas all over the world as the war developed and then engulfed us.

TO CATCH up on other books worth reading, I can recommend **It's a Cinch, Private Finch** (Whittlesey House, N. Y., $1.50), a combination cartoon and humorous story of one man's introduction to, and early life in the army. It's a three-purpose book: You can laugh as you read it; you can read it aloud for general laughter; and you can pass it on to a soldier for additional laugh-duty.

A SERIOUS, fascinating, and often a moving book is **Our Soldiers Speak**, edited by **William Mathews and Dixon Wecter** (Little Brown, Boston, $3.50).

Here, in the words of the men who fought in them, are stories of America at war from 1775 to 1918. It is an illuminating sidelight on history. It contains such dramatic pieces as the story of the soldier who stopped Major André and uncovered the Arnold conspiracy, some good action pieces, and many homey, simple ones. A fine picture of Americans fighting, it is held together by commentaries which make it a continuous, stirring story.

AND now, one for the children—a book called **The Runaway Train**, by **Creighton Peet** (Henry Holt, N. Y., $1.75). It has some intriguing trick photographs and a pleasant story which will hold children from about five to nine for at least two readings—and older ones for at least one. It's about a toy train that decided to take a tour on its own and performed some pretty startling feats en route.

THE HIGH COST OF MARIA MONTEZ

Continued from Page 36

at first-rank star Rita Hayworth and her two-year record of unprecedented publicity. She called Rita's personal public-relations agent.

This gentleman, Henry Rogers by name, looked Maria over. What he saw seemed to please. But Rogers' associate, a Miss Jean Pettibone, took her aside and made a few pertinent remarks.

"That baby fat," said Miss Pettibone, pointing, "there and there. Here's the address of a good masseur. You need your English fixed up—there are accents and accents. Yours sounds like Leo Carrillo imitating Lupe Velez. Here's the address of a good English coach. Who makes your hats?"

Maria took it in stride. She left with her pocketbook full of names and addresses. Almost a month later she returned, closed the door of Miss Pettibone's office, zipped a zipper and, raising her arms, turned slowly.

"Beautiful, eh?" she said. "Hokay?"

Miss Pettibone recovered her breath. "Hokay," she said fervently, and called in a photographer.

During the next three months, to give Hollywood candid cameramen a valid excuse for taking her picture, Maria went dancing every night.

"People finally began to ask, 'Who is that?' " Maria explains, "and other people answered, 'Montez.' Good, eh? But every night with all those wolves—it was tough on my feet."

WHEN Universal cast her in White Savage, with Brian Donlevy and Broderick Crawford, she noticed that frames which she shared with her two veteran co-players invariably seemed to have room only for the large faces of Donlevy and Crawford. She suspected strongly that she was being crowded out of her rightful place by superior technique.

Unwilling to brand herself as a troublemaker, Maria recalled the Hays office film morals code, which stipulates that (except in bathing-suit shots, when it can't be helped) not so much as an inch of the inner female thigh may be displayed to the American public. Throughout White Savage Miss Montez was clad in her *slendang*. . . . Thereafter, whenever Donlevy's and Crawford's heads obscured her view of the camera—and vice versa—she moved her left knee about three inches. For some days Universal did not get a single usable three-shot.

Nothing was done or said openly, but Maria suddenly discovered that she was being given plenty of room for a free play of expression. Mysteriously, at this point her *slendang* began behaving itself again.

Maria has also used the trick of being smartly and conspicuously perverse in public appearances. When, some months ago, a young actor asked her to a formal party given in honor of a visiting diplomat, Maria considered that the females present would undoubtedly be done to the hilt in impressive jewels and gowns. She therefore slipped into the simplest naked dress she owned.

"I wore nawthing on my face, nawthing on my wrists or fingers, nawthing underneath," she says reflectively. "I was simple and natural, no? All the men came round, no?"

"We're out of oats!"

In maneuvering away from the wolves (who had served their purpose) and into more dignified romantic company, she announced that she was engaged to an R. A. F. pilot named Claude Strickland. The local and syndicated press duly described Pilot Strickland's misfortunes in being forced down over occupied territory, his internment, and his subsequent escape.

Later it was recorded that Maria was attempting to hasten the entry into the United States from Tijuana of a Swiss sweetie named Stauffer, and Winchell announced that she was cementing international relations (or something) with Otto Hapsburg.

Meanwhile Maria quietly contributed to her own morale and that of the Allied armed forces by devoting much of her time to Jean Pierre-Aumont, French soldier-actor whom she threatens to marry.

WHATEVER course she has followed, money seems to have flowed outward in amounts out of all proportion to her income. Last year she spent, according to fairly conservative estimates, upward of $35,000 on Miss Montez. She was paid around $30,000 by her studio for services rendered. Ignoring income taxes, which her business manager automatically deducted (along with his own percentage) from her total take (leaving less than you would imagine), she listed the following as "necessary expenditures."

Item: One house, excellent address in Beverly Hills. The down payment was $8,000. To make it she sold a necklace (origin unknown). Payments on the balance: approximately $2,500 for the year.

Item: Wardrobe, including hats, shoes, bags, and ragtag, tail ends of jewelry. Still about $15,000.

Item: Agent's fees, including 10 per cent of the year's salary total to Mr. Schurr, who arranged her original contract; and anything but hay to Henry Rogers. In the neighborhood of $5,000.

Item: Beauty experts, dietitians, exercise salons, hairdressers, etc.: $1,800.

Item: To four coaches (in English, singing, dancing, and dramatics) at $25 an hour each, once a week, $4,800.

Item: Gifts to promote and maintain good will, etc.: men's wrist watches, cuff links, monogrammed billfolds—about $1,000. Flowers for other actresses—about $26. $1,026.

Item: Pictures (some modern French prints, one portrait of Maria Montez on commission at $5,000), $5,725.

None of these figures includes such incidentals as vitamin tablets, fees (reportedly high) for an astrologer's advice, the taken-for-granted War Bonds, entertainment, and her maid's salary. The latter should of course be included, since she is the only colored attendant in Hollywood allowed to wear jewel-tone lipstick and a Carnegie turban before house guests, thereby contributing to the aura of glamour surrounding her mistress.

DESPITE its long nonprofit record, the Firm has assets today which in sum presage a good future. Arabian Nights, corn in technicolor and therefore good box-office, has made the Montez anatomy familiar wherever pictures are shown. Her next salary raise, due shortly, is said to guarantee $1,000 a week. She is acknowledged to be San Fernando Valley's answer to Dorothy Lamour. Harvard's irreverent student body, having scored Annie Sheridan as "Least Likely to Succeed" and thrown tomatoes at Marjorie Woodworth, welcomed Montez as the belle of their ball. ("I told them a leettle story, eh?") Her fan mail, while ambiguous in content, is high and growing in volume. Stardom, bowing to the inevitable, looms in the Montez offing.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

IF the class will come to order, I'd like to clarify the grades and duties of the various noncommissioned officers. Typical of the many questions asked—not only by civilians and those anticipating induction but also by men in the service who haven't quite got the hang of things—is this one: Which of the several grades of sergeants is commonly referred to as "top sergeant"? Well, here goes with the lesson:

All enlisted personnel of the Army is classified into seven grades and paid accordingly. Grades one to four are sergeants, and technicians of the third and fourth grades. Corporals are in the fifth grade, as are technicians of that grade. Privates first class and privates are in the sixth and seventh grades respectively.

In Australia

In a line outfit the most important noncom is the first sergeant (first grade) commonly known as the "top sergeant" or "top kick" or "the top"—and just as commonly known by names which are better heard than printed. He acts as administrative executive for the commanding officer, and his word and orders are taken and acted upon as though coming from the C. O. himself. He supervises all other noncommissioned officers in the unit.

Also in the first grade is the master sergeant. In a line regiment he performs the duties of sergeant major to the adjutant. In a staff organization he functions as chief clerk unless there is a warrant officer in charge, in which case he is chief assistant.

Next comes the technical sergeant (second grade), who, as his title implies, is a technical expert in his field. He may be the principal clerk in a staff unit or supervisor of communications or master mechanic, but whatever his assignment it's because he's an expert in his line.

The staff sergeant and technician third are both in the third grade. In a regiment the staff sergeant may be the color sergeant or act as sergeant major of a battalion, or he may be a mechanical expert and perform the duties of motor sergeant. In a company he could be a platoon sergeant and assistant to the platoon commander. Supply sergeants, small-arms instructors, communication or instrument experts, and mechanics may be graded as staff sergeants.

The fourth grade is occupied by the sergeant and the technician fourth and the former is known as a "buck" sergeant. He may be a section chief or a signal sergeant in the Field Artillery or a plotter in the Coast Artillery or a similarly important cog in any arm or service you can name.

Of course I'm prejudiced, but it doesn't seem to me that there can be much argument about the noncommissioned officer being the backbone of the Army. Where would the officers and privates be without him? He learns and leads, studies and instructs, takes and gives orders, encourages—and bawls the daylights out of a man when he's got it coming. You know that's so when you're an

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I am not a member of the U. S. Armed Forces, but I am a good and firm friend of quite a lot of your boys from various states. My wife and I have had the honor and pleasure of opening our home to them. Let me tell you that they are as fine a bunch of boys as you could wish to meet, boys whom we are proud to call friends. At the moment we have four of them here, just back from doing a fine job of "big-game hunting" (you know who the "game" was). They certainly look well and seem to be thoroughly enjoying their stay with us. And do we enjoy their company? I'll say we do! For me, a member of the old A. I. F., it's just like old times to be with the Yanks again. In closing, I must give Liberty magazine a pat on the back—the copies that I get from the boys are grand reading.

R. R. E., Melbourne, Australia.

It's swell to have such comments on our men from an Australian friend and ally. And I wish you could know how much your hospitality is appreciated by the men's families.

* * *

How does a soldier convert National Life Insurance to a twenty- or thirty-year payment policy? Now that many men have been in service and had insurance over a year, this is a question they are asking, since the privilege of conversion was stressed when the insurance was sold. I am a sergeant major of a personnel office, with access to all sources and authorities on administrative procedure, yet I cannot find out how it is done. I would appreciate *any* information but especially the form number.

T/Sgt. E. T. S., North Carolina.

Use Form 358, attach a check payable to "Treasurer of the United States" covering the difference between present and new monthly rates, and allotment form (brown original application for NSL) in triplicate, and either forward the lot directly to the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., or through channels. If known, include the policy number or the soldier's ASN.

* * *

My company commander suggested that I write to you. I am now in the Signal Corps, but I have had about eighteen years' experience in the training of dogs, and I think I would be of much more use in our war effort if I could transfer to one of the Army dog-training units. My C. O. agrees with me. Could you give me the location of several such units? And is this work handled by the Signal Corps?

Pfc. E. H. B., Camp Crowder, Mo.

Dog training

The Dogs for Defense procurement agency is located at 22 East 60th Street, New York City. The actual training centers for the "K-9 Corps" are at Camp Rimini, Montana, Front Royal, Virginia, San Mateo,

California, and Fort Robinson, Nebraska. These are "Remount Depots" of the Quartermaster Corps, which handles the work, not the Signal Corps.

* * *

Here is a question that "our gang" has discussed and wrangled about for some time without coming to any conclusion. So we'll ask you to settle it. Does or does not an enlisted man salute aviation cadets and midshipmen? While you are about it, you might tell us just who does rate a salute.

H. A. S., U. S. N. A. S.,
Norman, Okla.

Neither cadets nor midshipmen are entitled to the salute. Regulations seem to change so fast nowadays that it's hard to keep up with them, but at the moment you should salute commissioned officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, Army Nurse Corps, Navy Nurse Corps, Women's Army Corps, Warrant Officers, Flight Officers, and commissioned officers of allied nations.

* * *

Somewhere I read that the Army wants glider pilots badly. I feel confident that I can pass all required tests, physical and mental; but how do you go about getting transferred?

Cpl. T. A. D.,
Camp Patrick Henry, Va.

You must have read that item long ago. It's been several months since the Army discontinued its "A" and "B" glider-pilot training program and halted voluntary transfers to it. The explanation given was that a sufficient "backlog" of trained glider pilots had been built up, combined with a temporary lack of large troop-carrying gliders for advanced training. When the entire glider program is worked out, basic training may be resumed as the "backlog" of advanced pilots is used up. I advise you to look for future announcements.

* * *

When I came into the Army I made only 107 on the I. Q. test and I am sure my low score was due to lack of time. Now I would like to go to a school for technical training, but my score holds me back. Is there any way I can take the test over?

Pvt. P. A., Fort Sill, Okla.

If you feel that you were not allowed sufficient time to complete the AGCT and that injustice was done you, make application in writing to your C. O. for authority to repeat the test.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TRICKS of TRADES

Geologists in War

TROOPS advancing over enemy territory can estimate the probability of encountering land mines from the geology of the region. How to do it is told by Dr. Edward S. C. Smith of the Department of Geology of Union College, Schenectady.

"It is obvious," he says, "that a thin soil cover reduces the liability of land mines, whereas a deep and easily worked soil increases the danger."

Dr. Smith believes that the trained geologist would be invaluable upon the staff of a commander in the zone of combat.

"From a quick glance at a geological map," he says, "the geologist can quickly tell the sort of terrain to be expected. Similarly from a topographical map or surface map he can often draw important inferences concerning subsurface structures, soils, and other valuable field data.

"Such knowledge is of particular importance in selecting locations for fortifications, gun emplacements, and ammunition dumps."

Warming an Ax

A COLD ax is brittle and easily chipped, therefore conservative woodsmen carry their axes under their armpit for warmth and chop slowly for a few minutes to take any remaining chill out of the steel.

Jet Motors

THE American Rocket Society, experimenting with jet motors, believes it has hit on something that will help Uncle Sam in the war. A jet motor is built on the principle of the familiar Fourth-of-July rocket. It develops power by the discharge of a train of heated gases. The society believes that small jet motors added to the normal equipment of heavily loaded bombers or cargo planes would give the additional lift needed to get them off the ground.

Transforms Bad Boy

EARLY in the new term the teacher discovered a junior Dillinger in her class. The boy was rude, unco-operative, and totally disruptive of class discipline. He bullied every one, including the teacher, who had no means to cope with such an uncontrollable savage.

One day she decided to utilize his self-assertive tendencies.

"John," she said, "will you take care of the class? I have a bad headache."

"Sure thing," said John and sailed into his new duties. "Hey, you! Stop talking!" he yelled. "Can't you see teacher is sick? Sit up, youse kids. All of youse take out a book and read. I said read!!! There's goin' to be quiet around here, or else."

For the first time there was peace in the room. John is now chief monitor, helpful, efficient, and exemplary in his behavior.

Life-Belt "Extras"

MERCHANT marine seamen's life belts are to be equipped with a pouch of concentrated chlorine and a pair of castanetlike objects. Reason: So seamen, in case of sink or swim, can drive away (*a*) sharks, which don't like chlorine; and (*b*) barracuda, which don't like noise.

Art Appraisal

IN the good old days of the McKinley tariff a painting by any old master would have paid a heavy duty. One shrewd London dealer used to take advantage of the law. Over the forged name of Nicolaas Maes he would paint a modern name, place a low valuation on the canvas, and ship it to New York. Two days before the arrival of the steamer the customhouse would receive a cablegram warning it of the attempt to smuggle in an old master under a modern name. Following the hint, the appraisers would wipe out the forged name and reveal that of Nicolaas Maes beneath. The picture would be valued as an old master and a fine levied. Backed up by the customhouse as to the authenticity of the fake, and columns of free advertising in the press, it was not difficult to make a deal with some collector at a price that more than paid for the duty and the fine.

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

THEY FIGHT BY SHARING

Continued from Page 33

lars. Installment credit is down to a tiny fraction of 1 per cent of the gross business—is on the way out.

Cars for other than strict official and business use are out for the duration. To save gasoline and rubber, bus transportation has been progressively curtailed. Where Phyllis used to get a No. 39 bus every five minutes, now it's every twenty-five, and the bus is crowded. And getting home in the blackout is worse, because her last bus leaves at ten, and taxis are rarely available at night. "I missed the last bus the other night," she said. "I'd gone to my first movie in months. You have to go early. They close at ten. I planned to have dinner afterward, but all the eating places were closed. There wasn't a taxi. I walked, swearing all the way home I'd never go out again."

A Midland factory mother gave her schedule:

"I get up at five in the morning and get the worst of the housework done. I get the children washed and dressed, get our dinner started so it will only want a warm-up in the evening. After the day's work I catch the bus, get back at eight in the evening. The children are home then—since their hours in school, friends have looked after them—and I give them their supper and tidy up. My man gets home every Sunday. We do the family washing together."

She didn't mention the little matter of shopping—queueing up for hours of a Saturday afternoon, say, to get not what you want but what you can.

THE man who needs an alarm clock to get him up has to look far and wide to find one. A watch? A large jeweler in Mayfair said, "All the watches I have are in the window." There were three, priced at much more than their weight in gold. And if your clock or watch quits ticking, you're lucky if you can have it repaired within a month.

Furniture? It's scarce. Vast quantities were destroyed by the blitzing. Factories making it were converted to war. Aluminum kitchen utensils? They've vanished. An ironing board? After a week's search a housewife found one that jitterbugs while you iron on it—at ten dollars! Even brooms are scarce. A colander? The handy steel wool and copper balls to scour pans with? They've vanished.

A radio? You may be able to find one somewhere, but if it goes haywire you're lucky if you can get it repaired within a year. A gramophone to play records with? Maybe. But records are as scarce as safety-razor blades. A fountain pen? Try to find one! Photofilm? It's vanished.

You may not have your shoes resoled, only patched. Crepe soles are gone. All rubber items are scarce. Glassware, dishes, crockery? Breakage is a minor catastrophe. At outlying and Midland restaurants and hotels you drink from glasses so sadly chipped they can hardly stand up. Toys and games? They're infinitely scarce and sorely needed.

Beer in London is plentiful and good; in other English areas not so plentiful. Scotch whisky, the national drink for millions, is around seven times its peace price by the bottle, worse by the drink. Gin is something of a luxury at any price. Cigarettes, another unrationed item, are plentiful enough for every one—at around two U. S. cents each! Pipe tobacco is also way up. A hotel porter chose a five-cent U. S. cigar instead of a half-crown (half-dollar) tip.

As against old times in England, you feel you're getting about 33⅓ cents in purchasing power out of a dollar. You couldn't get that much save for rationing and price control. Without them, inflation would be sweeping England like a prairie fire, making it impossible for even the greatest improvisers to get enough food, clothing, and other essentials to health. But the British, every one of them, are getting these essentials, sharing them equitably, winning their battle—a magnificent example to America for the days to come.

THE END

NONE OF YOUR LIP!

WHEN I CHANGE DRESSES—I BITE ON A *KLEENEX* TISSUE*—IT PREVENTS LIPSTICK STAINS—SAVES CLEANING BILLS! (*from a letter by* R. M. H., Alliance, Ohio)

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Makes Good Cents

DURING COLDS I USE *KLEENEX* INSTEAD OF HANKIES. WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY PAYS FOR A BIG SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX!* (*from a letter by* J. C. K., Virginia Beach, Va.)

Well I'll Be... *said the Duchess!*

NOW I FURNISH GUESTS WITH *KLEENEX* TO REMOVE FACE CREAMS AND OTHER COSMETICS. IT SAVES MY GOOD LINEN TOWELS...SAVES ME MONEY! (*from a letter by* E. G., New York, N. Y.)

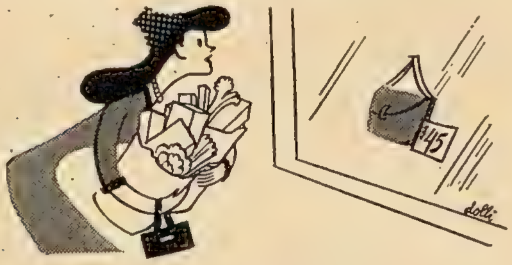
Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more Delsey* Toilet Paper after the war

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WOMAN-TALK

WARNING TO FATHERS: Fathers who are tempted to make derogatory remarks about Junior's brains when confronted with a bad report card, had better think twice and then keep still. For Junior or his mother may have heard what the government scientists who have been studying Uncle Sam's dairy herd have been saying: That it is always the superior *male* parent who has superior offspring. They reached their conclusion by observing cows and bulls, but they insist that it's just the same with human beings.



THE COMMON TOUCH DE LUXE: For women who want to do their patriotic duty by carrying parcels instead of having them delivered, a Fifth Avenue jeweler advertises a handbag which opens out into a large shopping bag. It's price—forty-five dollars!

THOSE IDLE SOLDIERS: She was one of those pretty bird-brained little women who can comprehend only the things that affect her personally. She knows there's a war going on because she has to shop with a ration book and it's *so* difficult to get an extra man for a dinner party. Also, her favorite nephew has gone off to some flying field or other out near the West Coast. She was complaining to a friend that he wrote her only once a week. "And yet," she pouted, "he tells me he gets up at six and doesn't go to bed until ten. I can't imagine *what* he does with his time!"

BALL GOWNS TO UNIFORMS: In the lofty-ceilinged rooms of one of New York's most famous houses where, back in the '90s and early 1900s, ladies in slim-waisted trailing gowns and glittering jewels gathered at brilliant dinners and balls, other women, wearing trim uniforms now make themselves at home. For the mansion on Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street in which Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid—he was for seven years our ambassador to the Court of St. James's—once entertained the notables of their day, has become the Women's Military Services Club. The club, probably the first of its type in the world, is open to all women with the armed forces of the United States and her allies. Does a weary WAVE want to freshen up and rest after seeing the sights of the city? There are showers and rooms for naps. Does a WAAC want to chat with a beau, uniformed or civilian, or meet an old school friend? There is a comfortable lounge, and a restaurant, too. Does a SPAR need a shampoo and set? The club has a well equipped beauty parlor. There are game rooms and writing rooms, and weekly dances and other entertainment under the capable direction of a board of trustees headed by Mrs. Norman de Ritter Whitehouse. Lady Ward, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Reid, has loaned the house for the duration, and Coty, Incorporated, is financing the club.

FAIRY TALES WITH MUSIC: In a record shop the other day we saw a small album called Melodyland. After we'd listened to the four records it contains we promptly bought it for a four-year-old we know. The records tell six stories that children will love. The narrator is Milton Cross and the background music, conducted by Erno Rapee, includes such classics as St.-Saëns' The Swan (for the story of the Ugly Duckling), Pomp and Circumstance for Old King Cole, and Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite for The Silver Nutcracker, a charming tale of a little girl's dream. The salesman told us, by the way, that because of the scarcity of shellac the production of new records for children has been drastically curtailed. So take special care of Peter and the Wolf, Grimm's Fairy Tales, and other nursery favorites.

SQUARE IT, SAILOR!

Continued from Page 15

when he had reported aboard, a second time when Fletcher had spoken to him about the engine.

Fletcher passed on, and Red looked at the severely straight back. A body composed solidly of strength and austerity and many things that Red did not like. Regulations, and orders are orders. Red didn't go for it. He had told Shorty, the day after Fletcher had slapped the restriction on him, "I don't mind regulation. I'm used to it. But on this thing—"

Fletcher had hopped him a couple of times. A hat on the back of his head when he'd been going ashore. Fletcher had told him to square it, and Red had colored and squared the hat, silently cursing himself for his carelessness—negligence bred of the general informality of the ship. There had been the matter of upturned blouse cuffs on another occasion, and Red had simmered at this.

HE remembered the second time he had gone ashore. The boat needed minor repairs, and they would be in for two days. He had asked for a forty-eight, two days' liberty. Fletcher had looked him over, from his squared hat to his well shined shoes, and had asked, "Getting married, McRee?"

Red had said, "The name is McRae, sir. No, sir; I'm not getting married." Funny, how Fletcher had asked that. You could certainly go to see a girl in Philadelphia without getting married.

Fletcher had shaken his head. "No forty-eight, then, McRae. I'm sorry."

So Red had spent a great deal of his twenty-four hours in trains and railroad stations, and there had not been much time to spend with Dotty. There had been mention, too, on that occasion, of a nice submarine man, a gunner's mate, whom she had met. Red was disturbed.

Marty Mulvy, his relief, came out of the tiny messroom adjoining the galley lighting a cigarette. Mulvy was a fireman, first class, and a most irreverent man. He had been in the outfit only six months. He'd been a garage mechanic. He said, "O. K., admiral. Feed that puss of yours. Everything is well in hand. Mulvy is on the scene."

Red was one of the last to eat. Sammy Lingle, the coxswain, said, "Hello, Red. What makes?"

Red shook his head. He had no news. His mind was filled with matters personal.

Sammy said: "We got the liberty tomorrow, Red. Want to hit the

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GIVE TO THE U. S. O.

beach with me? I know a place for steak. I got a couple of phone numbers."

Red shook his head. "I got to get a train."

Sammy grinned. "That Philly stuff, eh?"

Red nodded, eating. His impatience was growing, was poorly contained. Life on the 1020 was most unexciting, was growing quite annoying. The crew was small and you saw too much of the same people. You went looking around for reported subs and never found them. The ship was based too far from Philadelphia and Dotty Webb. And there was Mr. Fletcher.

Joey Benson came in. He was the only radioman aboard. He said, "Feed me or fight me, Shorty." He sat beside Red. Sammy Lingle said, "What makes, Joey? Got any bum dope?"

Benson was the author of a great deal of scuttlebutt. He was at one of the sources of information. He said, "We just got a long message. They're decoding it now. I heard the Old Man say something about ship's boats. I suppose we'll go cruisin' around trying to find a load of survivors. Like last month."

RED was alarmed. He remembered that. They had been out an extra day. He had arrived in Philadelphia just a bit too late. Dotty was out. It was shortly after that he had heard mention of the gunner's mate. He hoped there would be no more of that. He had a date for tomorrow night in Philadelphia.

He went down into the engine room and fussed around. They were under way now, and when he came on deck, Sammy Lingle's watch was on. Sammy told him, "Benson had the dope. The Old Man just told us to keep our eyes peeled for small boats."

Red said, "Where are we, Sammy?"

"About fifty miles offshore, headed out. An army plane saw a boat out here some place last evening, but had to go in again for gas. Now the planes can't find the thing. We're lookin' around."

Red went to the galley and got a cup of coffee. He told Shorty the news. Red said, "And now we'll be another day out, and I'll get to Philly and things'll be fouled up. This is lousy."

Shorty was very grave. He said, "This is war. They ain't runnin' this thing for your convenience, Red."

Red snorted. "War! Rollin' around out here in Halibut House! Hell, I've been to war, Shorty. In the Jackson. I'm in a new, hot can, running turbines in the Coral Sea and at Midway. Doing forty knots in a destroyer—a real ship. Now I'm nursin' a Diesel that's like a sewin' machine."

"If you don't like it here—" Shorty started.

Red ignored him, thinking aloud: "So we come back to the Coast for a repair job. We got dented here and there, and it'll take a month, two months, to fix her up. I find my gal has moved from Diego to Philadelphia, all the way across the country, because her old man knows how to run a special sort of lathe. So the Jackson is going to be laid up, and I put in for a transfer to the East Coast. This is what I get. The 1020 and Mr. Fletcher. And Philadelphia far away and no forty-eights."

"Your trouble," Shorty said, throwing a pot into a locker, "is in Philadelphia. Why don't you get married?"

"I'm in the navy," Red said. "I'm here, I'm there, I'm all over the joint like a lost bird. What business have I got gettin' married?"

"A lot of people do it," Shorty told him. "You get married and you got your gal, and when you get to Philadelphia she's there, waitin' for you. You got a home, and she's in it. You don't worry about her bein' out with no gunner's mate."

Red gave refuge to the thought, and was surprised to find it a familiar thing. It had been in the back of his mind, apparently, for some time.

The day, for Red, was composed of long and anxious hours. He scanned the sea as diligently as any of the lookouts, his eyes impatient for the sight of a ship's boat. For if they didn't find before nightfall what they were searching for, it would mean that they'd stay out here another day. And that would be inviting complications in Philadelphia.

AT four in the afternoon the watch was dogged and Red had it for two hours. The 1020 was rolling through a flat swell at her full eleven knots and they had sighted nothing at all. Red smoked continuously, fearfully.

Mr. Fletcher went by again. He said, "Engine running all right, McRae?"

Red felt himself bridling. Didn't the man think he could take care of this miniature contraption that was pushing them along? He said, "Yes, sir. Running nicely."

Fletcher nodded and something like a smile creased his face. He said, "A fine day, McRae," and went off down the deck.

Red burned the broad back with his eyes. A fine day! A day to eat your heart out, and the prospect of another one coming up. They had supplies enough to keep them out here until the end of the week, and Red knew that was what would happen if they didn't find what they were looking for.

Pinky Welsh came along and bummed a cigarette. Pinky was long and lean and gave to dungarees an elegance impossible for them ordinarily to possess. His trousers were West Coast blues, nicely spoked, and his shirt, faded by many washings, was immaculate and mysteriously well pressed. Pink's hat was snow white, and beneath it his hair was carefully pomaded. Mr. Welsh was a dandy.

Mr. Welsh had also managed to be a member of the navy for twelve years without advancing beyond the status of seaman first. He was a most efficient sailor and his nautical knowledge was astounding and superb. He was a truly fine gunner. But all his attributes could not condone his somewhat astonishing conduct ashore. Pinky was a man who loved a bottle, and every time he had been rated he had promptly lost the rating as a result of the ensuing celebration. Pinky had been with practically every branch of the Fleet. He was a man who knew things.

RED asked his opinion now. "How long do you think we'll be out this trip? You figure we'll pick up that boat?"

Pinky lighted the cigarette and shrugged. "If the thing is around here at all, Red, we'll find it. And we'll probably find it fast. The Old Man knows his business."

Red was surprised. "Fletcher?"

Pinky said, "Yeah. A smart gent."

Red didn't quite know what to say. He respected Pinky's opinion. Pinky elaborated:

"I know a sailor when I see one. I labeled him O. K. the first time I came aboard. Then I remembered who he was. I worked for him about a month. When I was a boot. On a can—the Blake."

Red said, "Yeah?" He wanted to know more about this.

"He got plucked," Pinky said. He meant that Mr. Fletcher had failed to advance in rank in a specific period of time, and that he had considered this a good and politic reason for retiring. His resignation had not been opposed. "He was a good skipper," Pinky observed, "but he didn't give much time to bein' regulation."

Red was astounded. The severe Mr. Fletcher! "That guy?"

"That guy," Pinky told him, "used to get himself into a mess of trouble. His ship was good. Tops. The guys gave for him, and he had a real crew. He knew how to get everything out of them and still keep it painless. He had an outfit."

Red still nursed his surprise.

Pinky flicked an ash delicately overside. "He got in real trouble once. Down in Galveston. He was ashore, and a part of the liberty party off his ship got in a big brawl with a bunch of fishermen. They were sort of undermanned, and Fletcher walks along in the middle of it, in the midst of the trouble, and he lends a hand. A wonderful business, from what I hear. So Washington hears of it somehow, and it don't go good for him."

Pinky took a long drag and reflected, "An' when his guys would get transferred, they was all the time gettin' into trouble on the next ship, because they acted like they was back home on the Blake." He shook his head. "A white guy. Real nice people."

He went away, and Red thought about that. It was difficult, but by straining his imagination he could think of Mr. Fletcher as being the sort of person Pinky had described. A man fond of his crew, perhaps a bit too lenient with them, bothered by the thought that this very leniency would work against them when they went to stricter, more regulation ships.

Red went off watch at six o'clock, and the light was dimming. Night came on, heralded by a host of clouds that rode low on a mild breeze, promising rain. If the rain stayed until the next day, Red knew the search would be a prolonged affair, for visibility would be cut down, the 1020's mission made more difficult. Red thought about Dotty. How severe would her disappointment be if the 1020 was late?

He played blackjack for a while after chow with Pinky, Sammy Lingle, Nyleski, and Joe Evans. The game failed to take the edge off his anxiety, and at eight o'clock he hit the sack, still thinking of Philadelphia and a certain member of its citizenry. The watch called him at half past eleven, and at a quarter of twelve he relieved Gerrick, the third

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machinist. The 1020 was still rolling along, at half speed now, and the rain was slow and painstakingly insistent. At four, when Mulvy relieved him, the rain had stopped, but there were still enough clouds to hide the stars and make the night black as the inside of a hat.

He went down to his bunk, thought about the sorry Philadelphia situation for a moment, and then, because the day had been long, fell asleep immediately.

When the general alarm buzzer sounded, he was half awake. His sleep had been broken a moment before by an indefinable something, a sound somewhat removed but strangely familiar. When the nerve-racking buzzer bit into his consciousness, his body was already moving. He was erect, sitting on the edge of his bunk, confused and fearful. The buzzer shook him into full awakening.

He wore his trousers and shirt. The skipper insisted on this, even through the unending monotony of their patrols. He had his shoes on almost before he was aware of the fact, and as he was bent over his feet he heard the second shot. It was a slashing, vicious sound, and its source was, Red instantly divined, some distance from the foc's'le in which he was sitting.

The bunkroom was alive. Red was aware, through his own disciplined excitement, of the sounds, of the moving bodies, of the suddenly roaringly awake men. He was himself moving in the cramped space, heading for the hatch that opened onto the main deck, and he caromed off several other gents and his brain was alive and working.

His station at general quarters was the engine room. He knew it, had been drilled at it. There had been drills like this before, routing him out of a warm sack and hoisting him on deck. But he knew this wasn't a drill. The sound that had first awakened him was still clear and vivid in his mind, and that initial impression had been solidified by the second shot.

The 1020 was being fired upon. That he knew, and the knowledge carried with it a host of possibilities which his intellect instantly examined. Without difficulty he selected the right and reasonable explanation of the moment's character.

That there was a sub in the vicinity was a fact attested to by their present search for a ship's boat. The weather had been good. No ship sank itself under these conditions. The sub was still around, and its listening gear had picked up the 1020 plodding along through the black night. It had followed the 1020 by the listening gear, had finally picked it up visually. It had examined the patrol boat, found it not worth the expenditure of a precious torpedo, had decided to sink it by shellfire from its deck gun.

RED was almost to the hatch leading to the deck. Mulvy was in the engine room, would stay there until he arrived. He saw Sammy Lingle just ahead of him, and the thought was in his mind that Sammy would hit the deck and go up the ladder to the foc's'le deck and get on that three-inch.

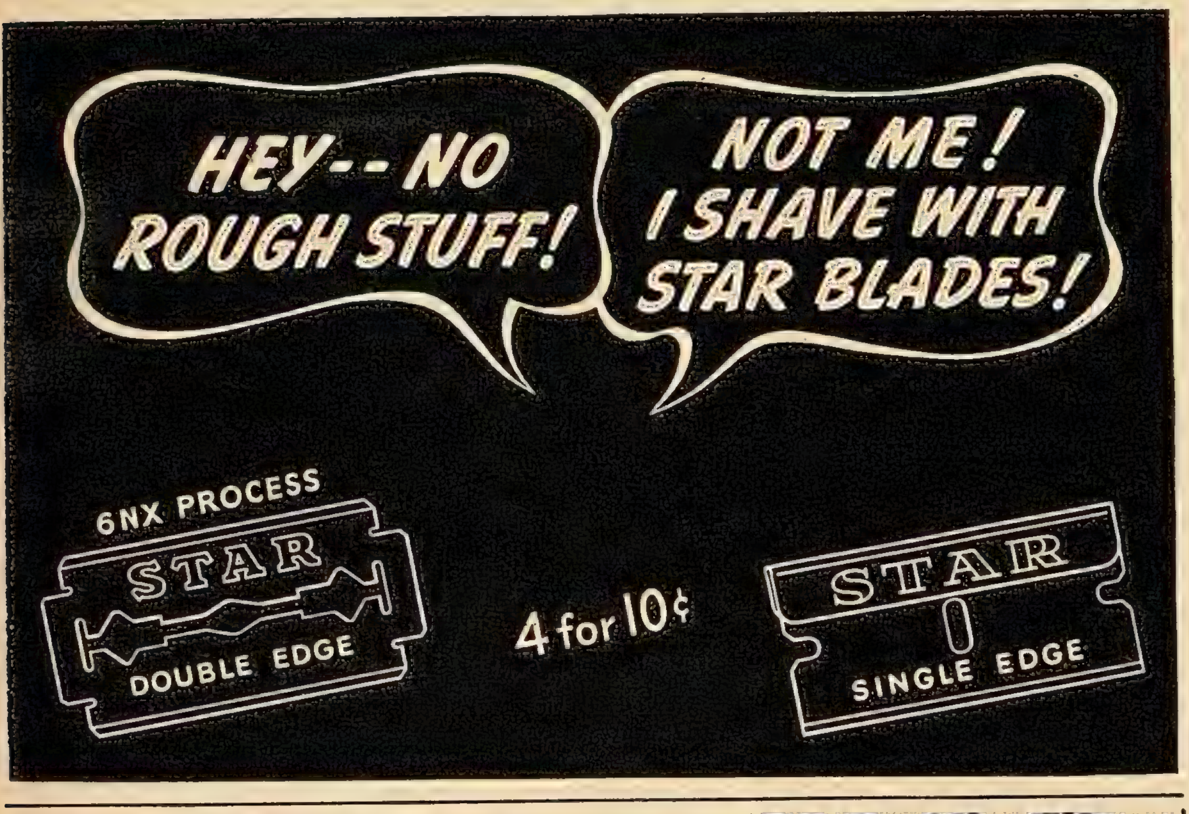
And Red grinned tightly at that. The sub undoubtedly was equipped with a 4.7 and could stand at a distance and pound hell out of the 1020 without taking any punishment in return. Sure, they'd get their three-inch going, but it had no range, no proper strength to play with anything like a 4.7.

The third shot from the sub was a hit somewhere aft. The 1020 took the blow solidly, wobbled a bit, then went on her way—at full speed, Red noticed by the sound of the engine. The ship's reaction filled him with some strange pleasure.

He was almost at the hatch then, and Sammy was going through out onto the main deck. He was on the steel plates, and turning for the ladder to the foc's'le deck.

And the next shell from the sub hit him squarely in the body. Red saw it happen. One moment there was Sammy Lingle, and the next there was three quarters of Sammy Lingle, which fell softly and was dead. The shell passed over the 1020 and exploded when it hit the water some distance beyond.

Red was not aware at this precise second of the things that influenced him in making his decision. His place was in the engine room, to operate more competently than



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Marty Mulvy, to release Mulvy for a station near the magazine. But Sammy Lingle was dead, and Sammy had been in charge of the three-inch, pointing and training the small gun. Red knew the rest of the crew, good men and willing, but inexperienced. He had held a gunner's rating himself four years before, and that little baby up on deck was a beloved memory. He headed for the ladder.

He went up fast, impelled by an anger such as he had never known, with the hope flaming within him that they'd be able to get a shot or two away before the sub crippled them.

And as he reached the deck above he saw the flash of the sub's gun off the starboard quarter. He was surprised and hugely pleased. It was so close—so damned close. They must be crazy on that thing. Crazy or too cocky.

The sub was not 2,000 yards away. Red knew—because he had looked at it in idleness the day before—that the open sights on the three-inch were set at 1,500 yards. He knew, too, that there was a shell in the chamber. He heard Mavolli, Evans, and Nyleski behind him, opening the ready box, passing up the shells. He said, "Get set and feed them fast. But we will wait a moment."

He set his shoulder to the curved and padded rest, took hold of the handle of the elevating wheel with his left hand, gripped the trigger with his right. He swung the gun toward the flash he had seen, and he waited.

THE 1020 was heading for the punishment. She turned in her laborious manner and pointed toward the flash. There was nothing else she could do. Running was out of the question, and there might be some small forlorn chance of ramming. The 1020 presented a smaller target, bow on. Besides, heading for the trouble was in the navy manner, and in that second Red blessed Mr. Fletcher, who was on the bridge in command. The man had lots of stuff.

They headed for the sub, and the big baby waited contemptuously for them there, and gave them hell. Two successive hits tore away the after deckhouse, and the next thudded into the hull somewhere along the water line. The two machine guns on the bridge were going, and Red knew that Pinky Welsh was at one of them, using his fine skill in an effort to clear the sub's deck of gunners.

But Red waited. He wanted to be sure. He had no range in his gun, and when he used it he wanted it to count. He heard Evans swear hoarsely behind him, but the oath was in anger, not in complaint.

Then he let the first one go. The sub fired, and the shell crashed into the lower part of the bridge, and Red fired at the flash. His shell was short, a column of water rising white in front of the sub. A long, vague line of light was in the east now, and Red could see the outline of the German craft. He heard Evans sing out, "Ready two!" and he lifted her a bit and closed his hand upon the trigger.

He got a hit. Just astern of the conning tower. It was luck, he knew, but joy leaped within him. He saw the jagged burst and his ears were crowded by the vicious blast of the little gun, and almost immediately he heard Evans shout, "Ready three!" and he knew that Sammy Lingle had trained these men well. He got rid of it at once.

The range was close, under 1,000 yards, now, and his third was over. The fourth was good, and he shouted as he saw the sub's big deck gun cant upward at a crazy angle a moment after the exploding shell revealed the gun crew in their strained and ordered postures.

The machine guns on the bridge were racketing, and he threw three more shells, at a rapidly decreasing range, at the sub as she started to submerge. In a moment she was gone, hidden snugly beneath the water, and the 1020 was not a hundred feet away when she made her escape. The porky little fishing craft which was a navy vessel now plowed over the point of submergence, and Red swore harshly.

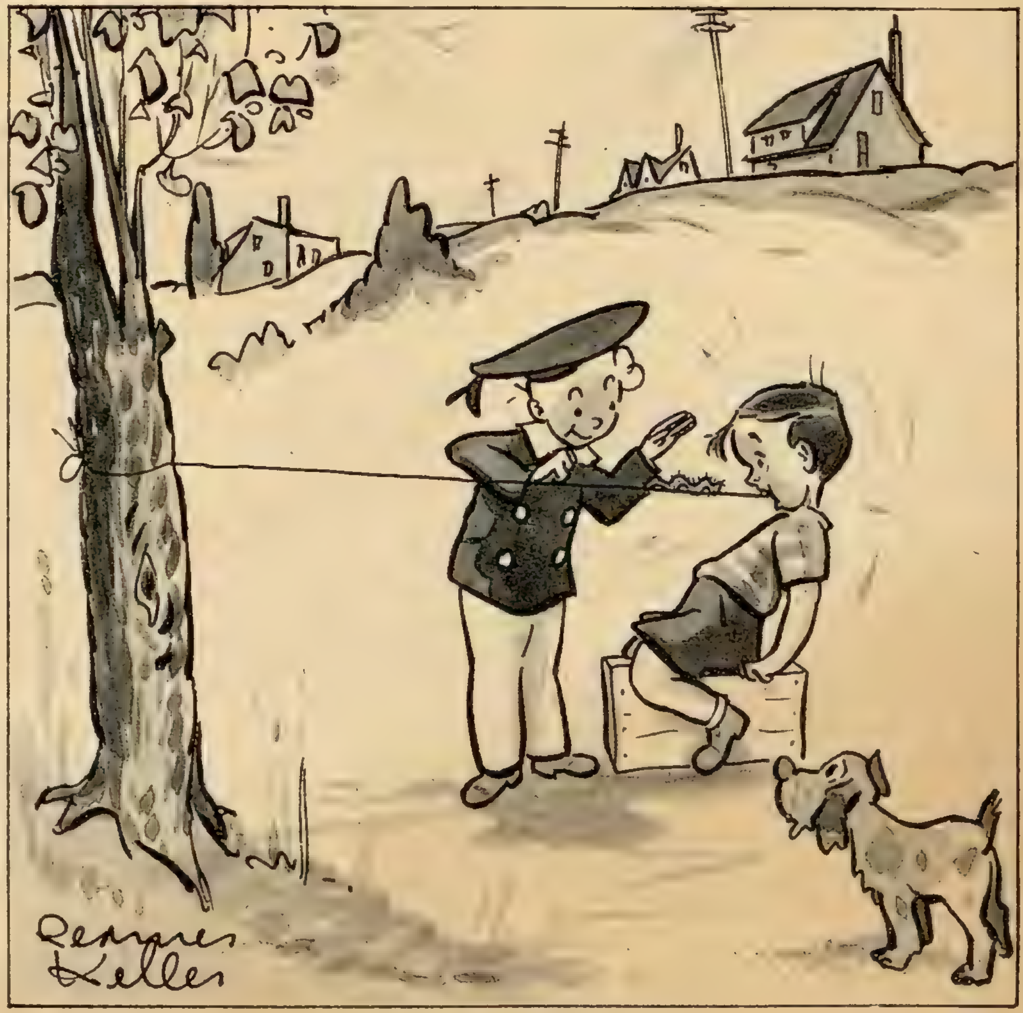
And he had forgotten the cans on the stern of the 1020. He was reminded of them now. In the sudden silence he heard the dull, plunging splash as a couple of them were cast loose, and joy surged through him again.

It was dim dawn now, and, looking aft, his eyes hit the bridge for a moment, and he was shocked to see the tall figure of Mr. Fletcher at one of the .50-calibers on the bridge. It was Pinky's gun, too.

THEN he was aware only of the immensity of water rising only fifty yards astern, and of the surge of the 1020 and the terrific hammering blow she took from the hidden explosion. He felt her turning, still heading for the trouble, and in the light which grew as his eyes searched the sea he saw the sub come up, forced to the surface by the cans that had gone off beneath her. She started down again, and the persistent, dogged 1020 hit her stern and ripped it, and pulled back a bit from the shock.

Red held to the gun and saw the gaping hole the bow of the 1020 had made. The sub went down, and the 1020 lunged for her again; but there was just the faintest scraping of the keel over the conning tower of the sub, and two more cans went over

HARDTACK



"I think this will do it!"

as she passed. Then she made her turn—tough, hard bitten, unsatisfied, and was jarred terribly by the concussion of the depth charges.

But the sub came up. She was naked and exposed for a moment, rearing high out of the water, and Red saw her racked and twisted frame, and the vitals of her, open to the sea now, blasted apart by the cans.

She went under quickly, in two huge pieces, and the 1020 was shaken and limping, but alone in the new dawn.

Red was on deck a half hour later when they sighted the boat they'd been looking for and took aboard the wounded ship eighteen cold but happy men. He was on deck, for there were things to be done here. Sammy Lingle had died, and Pinky Welsh, and there had been three others. Red had been cut along his chest, something he had not known until the action was over; but it was patched now, and if he was uncomfortable, it was not the first time.

And there was a little thing to think about. He'd not been at his station at general quarters. It was small consolation to know that Mr. Fletcher had not retained his station on the bridge, but had grabbed Pinky's .50 when the action was hot.

They went inshore, and were on station when the ship came out to relieve them. The 1020 was battered and taking water under control, but she was still tough and able and had her dignity, and Red loved her, and he would stay with her as long as the navy would permit.

The relief vessel had intercepted on her radio the report of the proceedings, and she ran up a hoist, "Well done," and as the ships passed, the crew lined the rail and shouted joyfully across the water.

THERE was quite a furor in port, and many things were accomplished. Red had his chest patched and consulted the timetable concerning Philadelphia trains. He had not spoken with Mr. Fletcher during or since the action, and he knew that his response to the general quarters signal was potentially a court-martial offense.

But he dressed, his heart somewhere in his mouth. He dressed painfully and carefully and meticulously. His shoes were shined. His blues were immaculately free of lint. His hat was snowy white and rigidly squared. He walked to the remains of the bridge. He had half an hour to get a train to Philadelphia.

Mr. Fletcher was in his quarters, somehow alone. There was a long strip of adhesive down one side of the gaunt, handsome face, Red noticed as he gave his smartest salute, the product of six years' polishing. He said, "I'd like permission to go ashore, sir."

Mr. Fletcher opened the drawer that held the liberty cards.

Red bit out the words quickly: "I'd like forty-eight, sir, if I could have it."

Fletcher looked up at him. The gray eyes were lighted, held a warmth Red had never seen before. "Some little irregularity about your station this morning, McRae," Mr. Fletcher said, "but we won't go into that. Touch of irregularity about the whole thing. We had no business sinking a ship that had us so completely outgunned. Remarkable bit of gunnery you gave us."

RED said, "Thank you, sir." That was a load off his aching chest. All he had to worry about now was the forty-eight.

The Man held the liberty card in his hand. "A forty-eight, McRae?" He looked up. "Getting married, McRae?"

Red had the words ready, but they emerged with no need of prompting. "Yes, sir. That is—I think so. I hope so." He thought of the gunner's mate for a moment, then killed the thought. He didn't have to worry about anything.

Mr. Fletcher reached into the drawer again. A grin broke across that solid face. He handed Red the liberty card—and leave papers. He said, "Made them out ten minutes ago. We'll be in awhile for repairs. I heard a thing or two about—er—Philadelphia. Lots of luck, McRae."

Red looked at the leave papers. Fifteen days. He was a little stunned. He looked up and said, "Thank you, sir." He saluted and turned to leave.

Fletcher's voice stopped him. He whipped around, and the Man said, "McRae, about your hat."

Red tried to think what was wrong with the hat. He had spent nearly half a minute in front of the mirror, assuring himself that it was really squared.

Fletcher said, "It's pretty square, McRae. I rather think I like it sitting on the back of your head. Looks good."

Red raised his hand to the hat. He had a lovely feeling inside him. He gave it a touch, a delicate touch, that impossibly squared it just a trifle more. He said, "If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather wear it this way."

The compliment was reflected in Fletcher's face. He said, "Thank you, McRae. Good luck!"

Red went out. He could make that train, with a bit of running.

THE END

ADMIRAL CHESTER W. NIMITZ

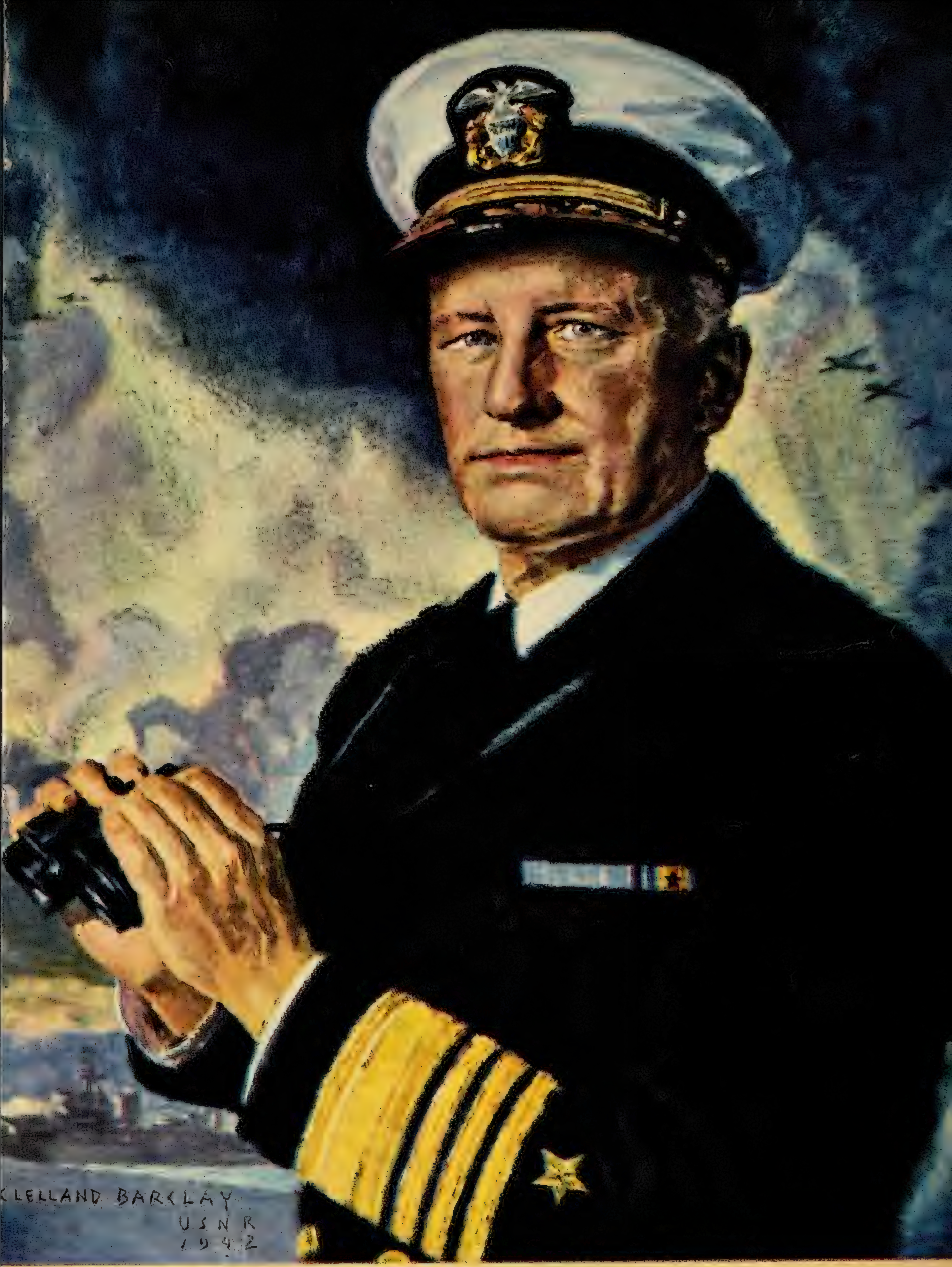
Fourth in a Series of Paintings of Leaders of Our Fighting Forces by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

THE Texas-born admiral whose current job is to make the Pacific unsafe for the Axis, returned to familiar territory in December, 1941, when he became commander in chief of the U. S. Pacific Fleet. Much of his early training and experience were in Pacific waters and the Far East. His first assignment, after he was graduated from Annapolis in 1905, took him to Manila. Later he served on various ships in the China station, including the ill-fated Panay, which was his first command. ("And what a fine ship I thought she was!" he says.) It was the admiral, by the way, who, when a reporter once asked him why a battleship was always called "she," came back with the frequently quoted quip, "Because it costs so much to keep one in paint and powder."

In 1920 he commanded the Chicago, with additional duties as commander of Submarine Division 14 and commanding officer of the submarine base at Pearl Harbor. He knows submarines thoroughly, having held a submarine assignment as a young ensign at a time when undersea craft were considered fantastic. During World War I, when he was chief of staff to Admiral Robison, commander of the sub force in the Atlantic Fleet, Nimitz became completely convinced of the efficacy of submarine warfare.

Between 1927 and 1938 Nimitz advanced in rank from captain to rear admiral. He received the rank of full admiral when he was relieved of the post of chief of the Bureau of Navigation in the Navy Department to replace Admiral Kimmel in command of the Pacific Fleet. His appointment put two Nimitzes in the Pacific war theater. The admiral's only son, Lieutenant Chester W. Nimitz, Jr., was serving on a sub with the Asiatic Fleet when his father went to Hawaii.

Next Week: Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman, U. S. N.


CLELLAND BARCLAY
USNR
1942

ADMIRAL CHESTER WILLIAM NIMITZ, U. S. N.

Painted by McClelland Barclay

JUNIOR BLITZ—Continued from Page 35

daughter is going out with a boy the mother doesn't like, and would I mind speaking to her? A spinster at 8610 wants me to use my influence and get her four new tires, not retreads. Mrs. Lerner sticks us for half an hour helping her put up blackout curtains, and we further help win the war by: (1) We watch Mrs. Schneider's baby while she goes to the drugstore; (2) we check the fuses in the Perrys' fuse box and fix the bad one with a penny—*my* penny; (3) we mail some letters for Mrs. Bauserman; (4) we doctor the Clarks' pet peke, which has a scratch on its leg, and Mrs. Clark keeps saying her itty-bitty puppy-wuppy is just so brave, and I get iodine on my best suit.

"Herbert," I tell my side-kick, "General Sherman saw only the lighter side of war."

THURSDAY night we have a big meeting out in Meadow Park to talk over the final plans for the practice air raid we've got coming up the next night. I'm heading home down Butternut Gulch when I hear three short whistle blasts, which is the Prairie Patrol's way of challenging a strange hombre. I give the hoot-owl call of membership, and Herbert ducks out of the sagebrush back of Mrs. Lerner's hedge.

"Pass, friend," says Herbert.

"What's up?" I ask him.

"Secret mission," he says, and I can see Meadow Park's sawed-off Commandos hiding in the flora up and down the street.

"Where?"

"Across the channel," Herbert says, and lets it go at that.

I tell the kid he'd better clean up the mission before ten, or my kitchen commander in chief will be out scouting for him. Then I go on home, fix myself a three-deck sandwich, and listen to a couple newscasts. I'm just polishing off a can of brew when I hear sirens screaming down the street. I run out on the porch, and I see cops swarming over Mrs. Phister's house. I trot up to the scene of disaster and ask one of the boys what's the trouble.

"Some screwy dame," the cop says. "She calls in and reports her baby's been snatched, and we rush out here and find somebody's stolen her cat."

I get a glimpse of Mrs. Phister. She's boiling over.

"I'll write the mayor!" the old battlewagon roars at a couple of retreating sergeants. "I'll write the President. I'll have every one of you discharged."

"What's all the excitement?" Kate says, when I get home, and I tell her about the kidnaping.

"They took the wrong cat," says Kate.

We lock up and head for the innersprings. Just as I turn out the light, we hear a sound.

"What was that?" Kate says.

"Nothing. Wind, probably." I yawn. "Think I'll slip down and see if there's anything in the icebox," I tell Kate. "I'm suddenly kind of hungry."

SHARE YOUR LIBERTY

Wartime paper restrictions limit the number of copies of Liberty available on the newsstands.

With demand growing, some readers may miss out occasionally and be unable to get their copy.

It will help relieve the situation if you pass your copy along to a friend or neighbor after reading.

I hustle down the hall to Herbert's room and whisper the password of the Prairie Patrol. He opens the door a crack and lets me squeeze in. There on the floor, mewing happily over a bowl of milk, is Mrs. Phister's cat.

"Underground worker," Herbert says. "Valuable information."

"Tell him to shut off his short wave. The Gestapo's not asleep yet."

I sit down on the kid's bed and light a cigarette, while Herbert picks up the underground worker, holds him in his lap.

"The Commandos smuggled him across the channel," Herbert says, and the underground worker starts licking the kid's cheek.

"How you making out here, Herbert?" I ask him. "Layout O. K.?"

"Sure, Rocky. It's swell."

WE have a little talk, Herbert and I, talk over a lot of things—the war, his dad, California, school, the other kids in our neighborhood. Man-to-man stuff. And I begin to get a new slant on the kid. In the used-car business his dad had to work ten, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, and that left Herbert sitting around the apartment by himself. There's not a thing wrong with the kid, I find, except he's lonely.

"You know, Herbert," I tell him, "we're going to need spies in enemy territory. Maybe we'd better send the underground worker back."

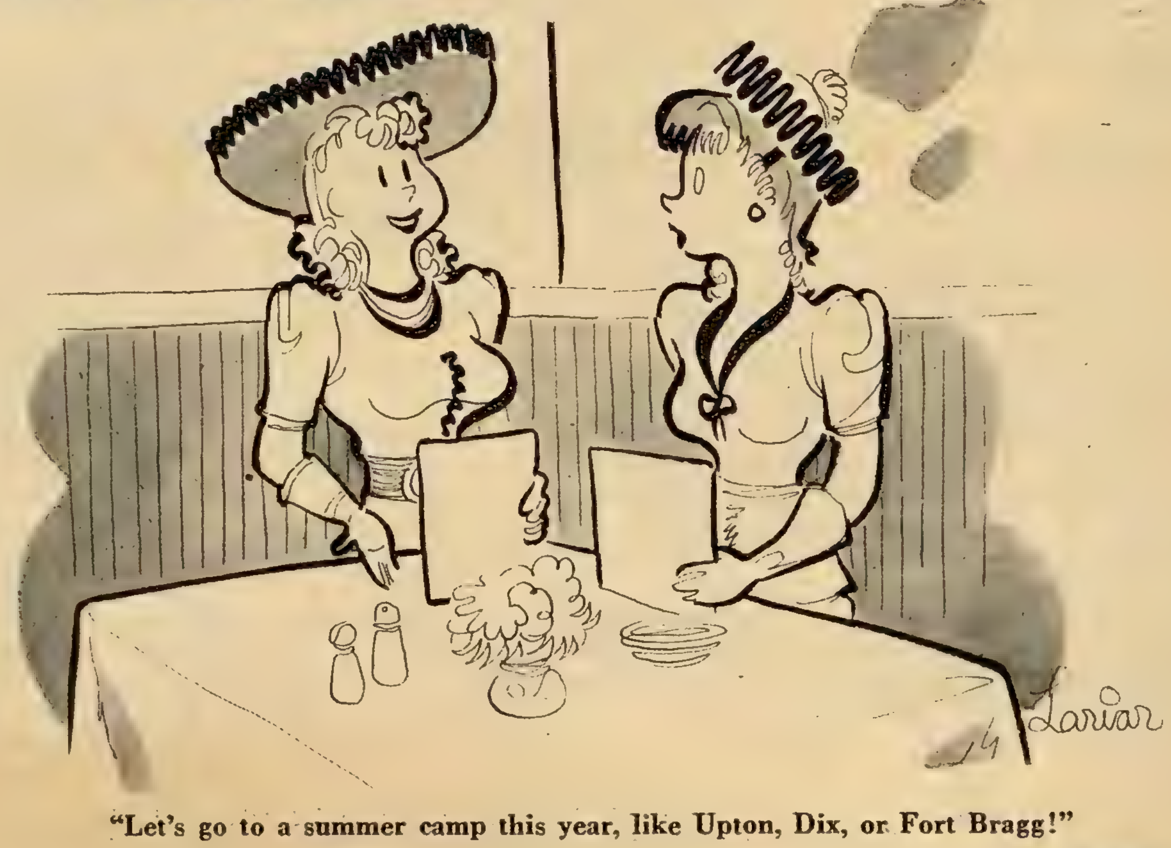
The kid gets red beneath those freckles of his, and he tells me, "I only wanted to show the old sister she couldn't push Rocky Ford around."

I give the kid's tow head a rub, and he grins up at me with that missing-tooth grin of his. Then he slips his gat under his pillow, yawns, and crawls into bed. Just as I start out of the room, he calls me back and teaches me the secret grip of the Prairie Patrol Pals. That means we can't ever cross each other up.

"O. K., Pal," I tell him.

"Rocky," he says, "you're a right guy."

THE HOME FRONT



"Let's go to a summer camp this year, like Upton, Dix, or Fort Bragg!"

Our practice air raid the next night is set for eight thirty, and about quarter past I take up my post at Eighty-seventh and Butternut. I've got on my white helmet and there's a gas mask slung over my shoulder. I tip the hat, make sure I remembered to bring my flashlight and whistle, and then I survey the scene. Everything is under control. I've got the whole block wised up that this is a test, not a real raid, and then I have also persuaded most of the neighbors to pitch in and help. Some are going to be casualties, and others are going to help carry the wounded to the high school, which is our evacuation center.

All up and down Butternut I can see the innocent bystanders. They're either sitting on the porch waiting for the show to start, or they're out in the front yard chinning with the family next door.

"When do we get the free dishes, Rocky?" some guy cracks, which brings a laugh from the bleachers.

I ignore the drollery. I've got my eyes on my watch, and when it ticks around to eight thirty I blow my whistle, which is the signal for the raid to start. At the same time I hear the firehouse sirens, and then everybody on the block looks at me, wondering how I'll handle the situation. I'm like precision machinery.

"Dud!" I yell out, and I give the signal on my whistle—two short quick blasts—which brings four of my top disaster men running. They rope off the orange crate which is our make-believe dud.

I'VE worked out a fine signal system with the fellows who help cover the chaos front on Butternut Street. A long and a short blast sends one of my men trotting down to a house which has been slow in blacking out, and two longs brings a covey of first-aiders flying into the thick of the battle.

"Oh, Mr. Ford," says the block's funny man, "a parachutist just landed in my barbecue pit. Do I get to keep him?"

My splint-and-bandage workers are itching to get to work, so I pick out random casualties. "Broken leg," I tell one woman, and next thing she knows she's flat on her back and Kate's giving her a traction splint. "Shock," I sing out, pointing at the funny man, who's sitting on a fireplug smoking a cigarette, and three of my disaster stalwarts take him in tow. I give the boys and girls plenty more cases to try their skill on—a couple bad burn victims and a heart failure and three or four splinter wounds. There is some groaning from the casualties, and when Funny Man is being carted off to the casualty station, the homemade stretcher breaks and dumps him in Mrs. Schneider's roses. There is some byplay between Mrs. Schneider and the casualty.

"The pressure on Haskins is frightful! This is his last golf ball."

"Mrs. Schneider," I remind her, "this is war."

"Rocky Ford," she snaps, "you've been drinking again."

The street's black as a coalbin, but as I check over it I can see the air raid is a big success. The mayor's due to stop by in a few minutes, and I can already hear him saying, "Fine work, Ford!"

Suddenly a rocket whizzes up over the Schneider bungalow.

"What's that?" a man asks me, and I tell him I don't know, it's not on the regular program.

Two rockets crisscross in the sky, and a Roman candle shoots low over the rooftops.

"It's a signal!" the man across the street hollers. "They're signaling!"

Next, a crackling noise like machine-gun fire breaks out all up and down the block. The shrubbery seems to be bristling with snipers.

A woman screams, and a couple casualties pop up off the lawns. A stomach-wound case streaks past me, trailing gauze and adhesive.

"Flares!" somebody yells, and when I see a rocket shoot up from behind a big lilac bush, I double-quick over and flash my light around. There's Herbert, holding Mrs. Phister's cat in one hand and setting off fireworks with the other. His face and hands are painted green as a funeral-parlor lawn.

"The Commandos are laying down an artillery barrage," Herbert explains, "to distract the enemy while I fly the underground worker across the channel."

Herbert hands me a fistful of giant firecrackers. "You work with the guerrillas," he says.

I don't know which is worse—the fireworks or having a hot Persian on my hands. But I figure I'd better get the animal back home quick, so I work out a plan with Herbert whereby we'll approach the Phister house from two directions. Herbert will ring the front doorbell, and when the old dreadnought answers it, I'll slip the underground worker through the kitchen door, then run like hell.

"O. K., Rocky," the kid says, and he lets me in on the Prairie Patrol's cry of distress—a long coyote howl. "If you need me, howl," Herbert says, and we split up.

I PICK up the cat and slink through the alley, and when I come to Mrs. Phister's back yard I sneak in through the dahlias and hide under the kitchen porch, waiting for Herbert to do his stuff. The underground worker gets to whining.

I pat the animal; I rock him like a baby; I hum and I cuss. But the whine gets louder.

Then I hear the front doorbell ring, and I hustle up the back steps and grab hold of the kitchen door. It's locked. I try the window. It's screened. I'm afraid to leave the underground worker out in the open, so I figure I'll whack a little hole in the screen and raise the window. But, just as I whip out my knife, the underground worker lets loose with a yelp and hops out of my arms. I dive after him, and I discover we are not alone on the back porch. I find myself looking into the manslaughter eyes of Mrs. Phister.

"Just bringing your cat back," I tell her.

"So I see," she says, swinging around to the head of the steps, cutting off retreat.

"I found him in the street."

"Oh, you did?"

She stares at the knife in my hand.

"I can explain everything, Mrs. Phister," I tell her.

"Can you really?"

Mrs. Phister brings this light banter to a close by backing me into the house and phoning the police. I remember an old trick William S. Hart used to pull. I yell, "Watch out!" and when the old battlewagon ducks, I lam out the front door. I need a breath of fresh air. Quick.

Butternut Street, I find, has now turned a peaceful little air raid into some prize-winning pandemonium. Squad cars and motorcycles are all jammed together like outside a Policemen's Benefit Ball, and the cops are shooting red searchlights over the shrubbery. Herbert's small-order Commandos have hit on a new artillery trick, which consists of rounding up the neighborhood garbage pails and setting off their giant firecrackers in them. Babies are crying, dogs are barking, and somewhere near by a car horn's got stuck. Then an ambulance from the General Hospital races up the street, and two boys in white hop out and start looking for the bodies.

It's clear to the naked eye that things are getting out of hand.

My main worry is Herbert. If the kid's picked up, he's a cinch to get the rest of his schooling at the state's expense. So I figure the only thing for me to do is find Herbert and hide him, then alibi the fireworks.

There's only one way I can think of to get hold of Herbert. I take a deep breath, throw back my head, and give the coyote howl of distress.

Cops suddenly rise up from the asphalt. They're everywhere. They grab me up like a fresh keg at a picnic and carry me over to a big car where the mayor's sitting. The mayor pokes his head out the window and says, "Why, it's Rocky Ford."

"He was howling," a cop says.

The mayor starts sniffing. "You been drinking, Rocky?" he says.

"It's nothing to worry about," I tell him, nodding at the general riot. "Raid just got a little too realistic, that's all."

"What about those fireworks?"

I take the rap. I devise a harmless bit of covering fiction. I explain I'd given the kids a bunch of fireworks, so they could help make the practice raid more like the real thing.

"The kids got a little excited and overdid it," I tell the mayor.

"H'm-m-m," he says.

A WHISTLE blast suddenly rocks Mrs. Phister's house like a hammock. It's Herbert answering my distress call. Which would've been all right, except that one loud blast is the signal for my fire fighters to swing into action against an incendiary. We have a slow-brained citizen named Worthington as nozzle man on the fire hose, and when he hears the whistle he trots happily up Mrs. Phister's front steps, trailing twenty yards of hose. A deeper thinker might have taken a minute or two to investigate, but that isn't Worthington's way of doing things.

By the time the mayor, the cops, and I get to Mrs. Phister's, the Butternut Street blaze-blitzers are crawling over the premises like picnic ants. The ax-and-extinguisher boys are clambering up a ladder to the roof, and Worthington is jogging across the front porch. Mrs. Phister blocks the doorway.

"Don't worry," I hear Worthington chirp. "This is all part of the practice."

The whole block has turned out now for the party. They cover the Phister lawn and overflow out on the pavement. Funny Man is making cracks about how he'd like to have the hot-dog concession at all future air raids. Mrs. Schneider is moaning about the punishment her roses have taken, and a couple matrons who've rounded up their Commandos are wailing over the green paint on their little angels' mugs.

"It's all that madman's fault!" shouts Mrs. Phister, pointing a menacing pinkie at me.

"He was so drunk he was pushing people in my roses," Mrs. Schneider says.

"Only a drunk would go around painting children's faces," the mothers of the junior warriors agree.

What happens next happens fast, but here's the way Herbert explains it to me after the smoke of battle clears: Herbert and a bunch of Commandos are hiding out across the channel, when one of their scouts runs in with word that I've been pinched. Herbert sees me standing on the Phister porch, surrounded by cops, so he decides he'll create a diversion, which will give me a chance to duck out. He and his band of moppets sneak up to the hydrant Worthington's hose is attached to, and turn on the water.

The mayor gets it first—smack in the abdomen, of which he has plenty. He goes down sputtering, and Worthington, who is not the ideal man for a wartime crisis, gets panicky and whirls around, soaking the cops that try to yank the nozzle out of his hands. Then Worthington catches Mrs. Phister just as she opens her mouth to scream, and he turns to the crowd, yelling, "Turn it off!" But the crowd scatters, and some of the clumsier neighbors trip over each other as the spray swings out in a deadly arc. Funny Man gets drenched, and Mrs. Schneider falls in the dahlias. I don't linger. I retire to the fox hole under the Rocky Ford back porch where I hear Herbert giving the hoot-owl call.

IT'S nearly midnight when Mrs. Phister's posse gets tired of combing the gulch for us. Herbert and I wriggle out and tiptoe up the steps. Kate's in the kitchen, waiting.

"Rocky Ford," she says, "this is the last time you pull a stunt like that."

She takes my white helmet. Then she takes my flashlight and whistle. Butternut Street, she tells me, now has a new air-raid warden—Mrs. Rocky Ford. Not only that. I find that Herbert and I are to be confined to barracks every night after dinner.

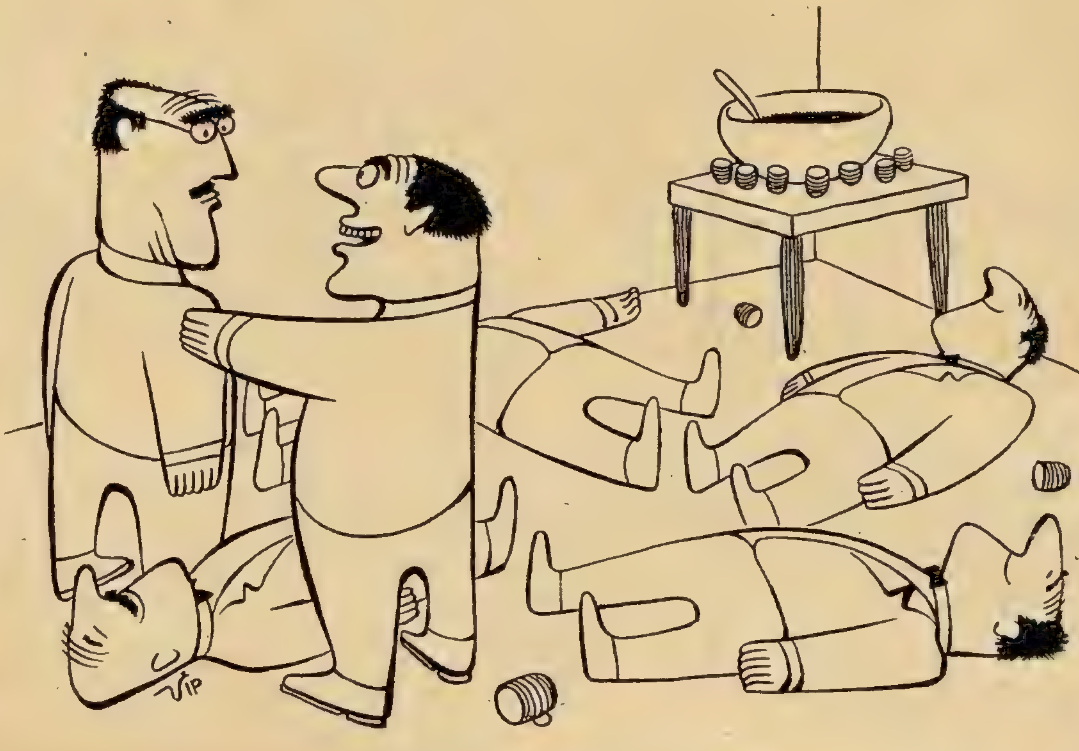
"I've got to get out tomorrow night," I tell Kate. "The paper's having a stag barbecue."

"You can stay home and barbecue stags," says Kate.

"Don't worry, Rocky," Herbert says, after the sheriff goes up to cream her face for the night and I start scrubbing the green paint off his face with turpentine. "I'll spring you." And he gives me the secret grip of the Prairie Patrol.

Swell thing, that Patrol. Six more box tops and I'm in.

THE END



"Have you tried the punch?"

TAH-BOOM-BAH

HIT PARADE OF 1943

(Republic)

HERE is a pleasant little musical that gains rather than suffers by its lack of pomp and super-production numbers. It's about a Midwestern girl who tries to break into the song-writing field—only in this case she outsmarts the city slickers right from the start. Susan Hayward and John Carroll, aided and abetted by Gail Patrick and Eve Arden, top a swell cast. No less than three bands—Freddy Martin's, Count Basie's, and Ray McKinley's provide the music, which includes several tunes—like A Change of Heart—that should be Hit Parade material.

THREE SHORT SUBJECTS

(Warner Bros.)

THESE three twenty-minute shorts are worth watching for. The first, Little Isles of Freedom (about the two French islands near Newfoundland which broke away from Vichy control last year), was written by Dorothy Thompson, and re-enacted by the villagers. Rear Gunner concerns the training of the tail gunner in a B-17, and stars Ronald Reagan and Burgess Meredith. Eagles of the Navy (in technicolor) follows the training of a navy pilot from preflight school to his first encounter with the enemy. They're good, so don't miss them.

It's a
BIG PICTURE

IT'S SOLID! IT'S STAR-JAMMED! IT'S SENSATIONAL!
The screen is packed with romance and rhythm!

JOHN CARROLL
SUSAN HAYWARD
HIT PARADE OF 1943
with GAIL PATRICK · EVE ARDEN

Melville COOPER · Walter CATLETT · Mary TREEN
JACK WILLIAMS (The Harlem Sandman)
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
POPS AND LOUIE
THE MUSIC MAIDS
THE THREE CHEERS
CHINITA
THE GOLDEN GATE QUARTETTE

3 TOP BANDS!

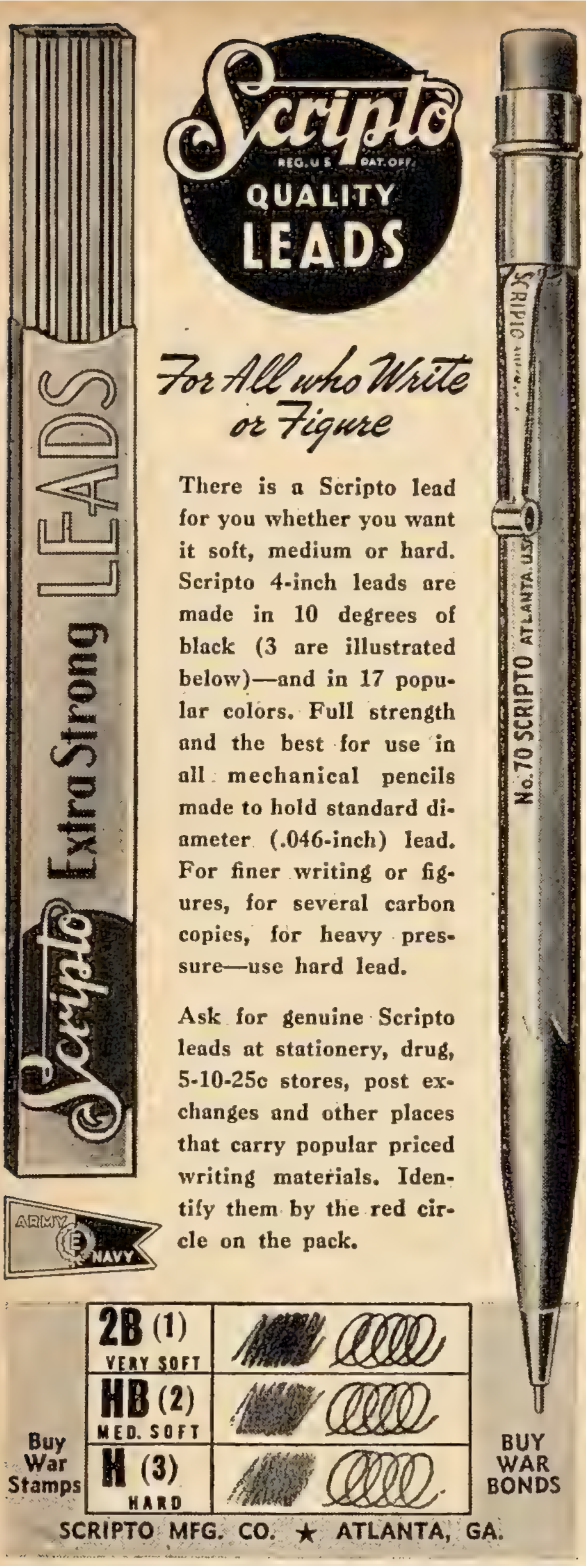
FREDDY MARTIN
He'll put you in a romantic mood!

COUNT BASIE
He's simply sizzling with low-down beat!

RAY McKINLEY
1943's top new band discovery! Wait till you hear him!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



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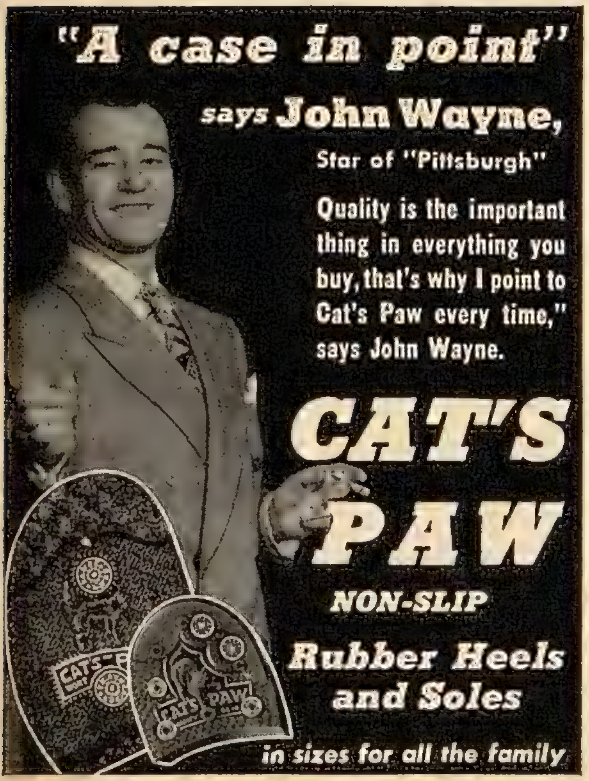

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says John Wayne,
Star of "Pittsburgh"

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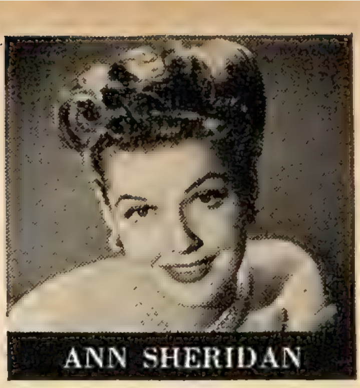
BRIAN AHERNE


ANN SHERIDAN

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly	*Thriller* (a British spy doubles for a French traitor and unearths Nazi schemes).	Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*Musical fantasy* (Petunia tries to keep Little Joe away from the clutches of the devil and Georgia Brown).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall	*Aviation romance* (an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) All-star cast	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HANGMEN ALSO DIE (United Artists) Anna Lee, Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan	*Drama* (the Czech Underground assassinates Heydrich the Hangman and the ball starts rolling).	Fiercely dramatic . . . cast of this relentless anti-Fascist film uniformly excellent . . . tense and exciting. (5-8-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt	*Drama* (the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").	Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal) Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien	*Comic melodrama* (Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love).	Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43)
THE DESPERADOS (Columbia) Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HARD WAY (Warners) Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie	*Drama* (a ruthless girl discovers she can run her sister's life in the theater but not out of it).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. (11-14-42)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara	*War drama* (inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya).	Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43)
THE OX BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria culminates in the lynching of three innocent men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)

WHEN FATHERS GO TO WAR

Continued from Page 21

are covered by the Civil Relief Act just as any soldier or sailor is. But the Dependency Act doesn't make any provision for their families. One reason for this is that women can't get into these services if they have any real dependents.

WE must face the hard fact that some of the men who march away to war will die. The government has made certain special provisions for their families. For one thing, there is a gift equal to six months' pay for the serviceman's widow, children, or other dependent relative. Application for this must be made on a special form—W. D., F. D. Form No. 6. Usually the army will send this form to the serviceman's widow. It is suggested that it be submitted, when filled out, to the Finance Officer, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., for payment. Any dependent relative other than a widow or children under the age of twenty-one must be designated by the soldier as beneficiary to receive the gift. W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 22 is used for this purpose.

The widow of the man who dies in service (from a cause not due to his misconduct) also is entitled to a pension. If there are children, she will receive $30 a month until she remarries or, if she doesn't remarry, for life. Ten dollars a month will be added to her pension if she has a child—and $8 a month for each additional child. After her children reach the age of ten, the sum for the first child is raised to $15 a month and for each additional child to $13. *Payments of pensions begin from the date of receipt of a claim by the Office of Veterans Administration, Washington—so don't delay.* The claim must be filed on Form 534, obtainable from the Office of Veterans Administration. It must be accompanied by proof of the husband's death and a copy or certified photostat of the marriage certificate and of the birth certificates.

To get back pay or allowances due a serviceman at the time of his death—to which his widow or beneficiary is entitled—standard Form No. 1055, which can be obtained from any disbursing officer or post adjutant, must be submitted to the General Accounting Office, Washington, D. C.

Men who die while in active service are entitled to burial in any one of the national cemeteries, or arrangements may be made for burial at home. The Veterans Administration will assume the cost, up to $100, of burial, funeral, and transportation to place of burial within the United States. Veterans Administration Form 530 is used in making a claim for a veteran's burial allowance. These claims must be filed within two years from the date of burial.

Will the bodies of American soldiers be brought home from foreign lands? It is likely that the government will do again what it did in the first World Wartime, when men who died in foreign lands were buried there only for the duration and then brought back for permanent burial.

When a serviceman is injured, the government will provide hospitalization or pay him for private treatment if that is required. Amounts ranging from $10 to $100 a month and in some special cases even up to $250 a month are payable to veterans for disabilities suffered in service.

By taking a few precautions before going into service a man can save himself and his family many headaches. Many men carry bank accounts in their own names. If a sudden need for money should arise at home, the family might be left high and dry because they couldn't get at the money in the bank without delay. So it's wise to consider changing your account to a joint account. Then your dependents won't have to go through red tape to get money if they need it.

In some cases it's wise to consider giving a power of attorney to some one at home so that your affairs can be looked after.

It's surprising how many men neglect to make a will. Even in normal civilian life that's a wise thing to do.

ON going into the armed forces, the first thing you should do is to get a copy of the special handbook which the government publishes, telling you exactly what rights and privileges you and his family have. You can get a copy by asking your officers for it. Study it thoroughly. Then write home and give all the details of your service—your serial number and other identifications, etc. Meanwhile, note particularly all the things you have to do to protect your family.

Whenever you are in doubt as to legal procedure, see a competent attorney. If you can't afford one, get in touch with the Red Cross, Army Emergency Relief, or the Navy Relief Society—and they will furnish free legal advice.

"A stitch in time saves nine." It most certainly does so in the case of the man who hangs up his civilian clothes to step into a uniform.

THE END

PLAY SAFE!

. . . and make sure you get your copy of the NEW LIBERTY every week! Have it delivered to you by U. S. Mail.

A big, new feature has been added to Liberty . . . it contains, each week, an abridged version of an important and popular book as well as a full menu of serial and short stories, articles, departments and cartoons.

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Hospital bills, surgeon's bills! . . . what a hole they can put in savings! But today, millions of Hospital Plan policy holders don't use their savings to pay these bills!

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$1000.00
Plus X-Ray
Ambulance
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Your famous Preferred Hospital Plan interests me...please send full details without obligation.

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City..........................*State*....................

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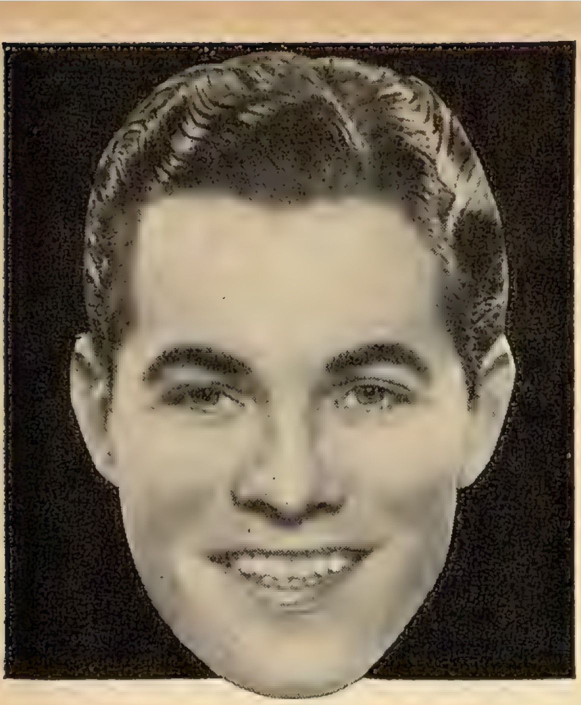

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appearance depends upon the care you give your

HAIR

Loose dandruff disappears with daily applications of

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	▨	9	10	11
12				▨	13				14			
15				▨	16			▨	17			
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56				▨	57	58		▨	59			
60				61				▨	62			
63			▨	64								

HORIZONTAL

1 A song writer invited her to fly with him. Who was she?
9 What cartoonist is famous for his Colonel Blimp?
12 What obsolete word may be omitted from the marriage ceremony?
13 What British general commanded the Home Forces in the Battle of Britain?
15 What grows bigger the more you remove from it?
16 What did the '90s refer to as a rattrap"?
17 On the safe side
18 What's the first name of Washington's "granddaughter"?
20 Name of the King who succeeded Queen Victoria
22 Yrs. of the 10th - - - -. rec'd
24 In - -
25 What is a sure sign of an early fall?
28 - - re
30 What'd they call the Mayor in old Venice? (No, not Little Flower!)
34 Electrified particle
35 What's the common name for Mitsubishi 00s?
38 And the last name of Kipling's noisiest hero?
39 When an auto salesman plugged "synchro-mesh," what'd he mean?
41 What word does Mussolini use less these days?
42 To change the Constitution, you do what?
44 Had Queen Victoria used slang, what would she have called her husband?
46 What purple spice did Zane Grey's riders gallop in?
48 Who and his son appear in a Dickens title?
52 High-brow musicians often wear a fuzzy hat, sometimes called a "veal cutlet." What's its real name?
56 A light bulb over a character's head in a comic strip means a what?
57 Dickens' Fat Boy liked to do what besides sleep?
59 What would Caesar have called his wife?
60 Name the comedian whose trade-mark is a long, wailing cry for his partner
62 "The coat was without - - - -" (John 19:23)
63 Diocletian - - -
64 That cocky cap with the tail ribbons worn by Scots is a what?

VERTICAL

1 Ivan is what in English?
2 What instrument's called the "Bum of the Philharmonic"?
3 Bears in the Stock Market like to do what?
4 If your optometrist spoke of "one of your curtains of loose integument, movable at will," he'd be referring to your what?
5 Sent to jail by a present governor, then a D. A., what's his name?
6 To fits of what is Hitler subject?
7 "The world will little - - - - what we say here." (Lincoln's Gettysburg Address)
8 Printer's measure
9 - - - - Lee, ex-movie star
10 Name the smelliest German river
11 Name the V-th columnist in the Victory garden
14 The Kaiser did what till the day he died?
19 What gal's name is a variation of Agnes, means chaste?
21 A. J. Cronin, who wrote The Citadel, is also a what? (abbr.)
23 Does "camelback" refer to travel in Africa?
25 What's the most famous theft in kiddies' poetry?
26 Big fish come from little what?
27 First name of well known actress
29 What kind of man does Hitler not want around?
31 Keats wrote what to a Grecian Urn?
32 In Harlem, what is known as "panther sweat"?
33 What's the last word in the dictionary?
36 What's the nickname of Little - - - - - in David Copperfield?
37 Wise man
40 Name one of the seaports we took invading North Africa
43 What Greek female had snaky permanent waves?
45 French article
47 Name the sweetest, most gentle river of song
48 For morale, the army recently ordered 3,000,000 pairs of what?
49 What's the most prominent thing about Gloucester, Mass.?
50 A plateau's a what in Mexico?
51 Scream
53 What does rural England call a fence for cattle?
54 Falstaff talked in a what?
55 What couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty together again?
58 And what was Falstaff's favorite drink?
61 For example is abbreviated how?

R	E	A	D	E	R	■	O	A	T	■	B	U	R	P
E	X	P	E	R	I	E	N	C	E	■	E	R	I	E
D	A	■	A	R	M	S	■	C	A	F	E	■	L	A
S	M	I	L	E	S	■	H	E	R	A	■	I	L	L
■	■	T	E	D	■	T	O	N	S	I	L	S	■	■
B	E	E	R	■	L	O	O	T	■	L	O	I	N	S
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S	L	A	Y	■	S	N	O	■	N	Y	L	O	N	S

May 8 Answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in an early issue.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WILLOW RUN

Continued from Page 13

is used with the utmost economy. After shearing, the sheets are sent to the press shop, where they are shaped and formed in presses ranging upward in size to the huge ones that weigh 350 tons each and exert the pressure of a load of 1,000 tons.

One of the most interesting features that I saw at Willow Run was the treatment given each part to prevent corrosion. After all, the B-24s literally cover the globe. They may fly in tropical heat or arctic cold, and the effect of the weather on the different metals has to be provided against. I saw a huge vat filled with a seething liquid set up on a platform. The parts are coated with a chemical to prevent rust and other corrosive activity before they get near the assembly line. Even the smallest rivets get such treatment.

As at most new industrial plants, one of the biggest problems faced at Willow Run was training workers. You just can't go out on the street corner and pick up somebody and expect him to do the exacting tasks of a skilled worker. Few of those starting at Willow Run have had any aircraft-manufacturing experience; for many of them, especially of the women, it's their first factory job. On company time these employees are trained in such basic courses as riveting, blueprint reading, and welding. A $500,000 school has been built to train the workers. As I write this there are about 3,800 employees enrolled in various courses and a staff of 165 teachers and instructors. Workers seeking further advancement and training can enroll in courses on drawing, electricity, hydraulics, job-leader training, metallury, meteorology, navigation, radio-shop mathematics, shop theory, and engine mechanics.

The army uses the school facilities for training enlisted men, many of whom become ground crews to service the B-24s.

FIFTEEN per cent of the workers at Willow Run are women. I saw them operating welding machines, assembling pilots' compartments, and doing hundreds of other things. Many of them have brothers, husbands, or sweethearts in the armed forces. I talked with one girl, now an inspector at Willow Run and taking a drawing course in the training school, who used to be an actress. The day she left New York for Michigan she was offered her first part in a Broadway production. But she left anyway and she's now helping to produce bombers, not laughs or tears.

One of the first things you notice is the host of slack-clad women busy as bees at jobs you thought only a man could do. In the department where the bombardier's compartment is made they wear big white mufflike gloves to mold the Plexi glass. In another, wearing welders' helmets, they look like ogres.

I was particularly interested in the arrangements to feed the thousands of workers at the plant. Hundreds eat daily in a cafeteria that is the rival of any big-city restaurant in everything but high prices. Lunchrooms for men and women can be found in many parts of the plant. Lunch wagons are placed at convenient points, for it would be impossible for all employees to reach the cafeteria or lunchrooms for meals. From the lunch wagons a worker can get a meal of hot soup or stew, a sandwich, a good-sized piece of pie, and a pint of milk for thirty-seven cents. The wagons also furnish a lunchbox containing three sandwiches, two pieces of cake, and an apple for twenty cents. Dietitians exercise close supervision over the cafeteria and the lunch wagons.

THE plant hospital is equal to any large city institution. Its walls of ceramic tile are soundproof. Attendants are on duty around the clock and the staff consists of eight doctors, one dentist, forty registered nurses, forty-two first-aid workers.

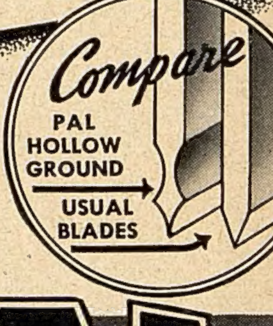
One unique feature of Willow Run is the transportation department. The Plant Protection Service has the entire plant organization broken down into departments and shifts, with home addresses of workers separated into zones. The city of Detroit has been divided into 201 zones, and locations of car drivers have been spotted on a large-scaled map. Fifty townships and many other towns have been zoned in the same manner. The system allows the Bureau to group riders from the same department on the same shifts. The information is also used to keep bus companies informed on the numbers coming from different neighborhoods or sections so that routes and schedules can be adjusted. The Bureau also assists workers in obtaining gas tickets and provides "emergency rides."

In this article I have given you a true picture of the real Willow Run as I have seen it. You may continue to hear rumors, but remember—the truth about Willow Run is bad news for Hitler, Hirohito, and Company.

THE END

WAR WORKER *Solves* **Shaving Problems with PAL**

"Have to shave every day at the plant. At first it raised Ned with my face. The foreman told me to try Pal. My face says 'thanks'."
Lester A. Fishel
Seven Valleys, Pa.



PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND No need to "bear down"—they shave with just a "Feather Touch"—kind to tender skins.

PAL "hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
MADE U.S.A.

4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single edge
Pal Blade Co., N. Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

WAR-WORKER'S ITCH?

Here's What to Do:

Even if your skin is fiery red and scaly—if the externally-caused burning and itching seem unbearable—DON'T SCRATCH! Just apply Sayman Salve to the rough, red, burning, itching skin. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, this grand medicated ointment acts to provide palliative relief from the tormenting itch, helps relieve fiery redness and soften scaly skin. All druggists. Only 25c.

SAYMAN SALVE

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

YOU CAN influence others with your thinking! Learn to impress others favorably—*get across your ideas.* Let the Rosicrucians show you how to use the power of mind. For *free book* write Scribe V.F.C.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

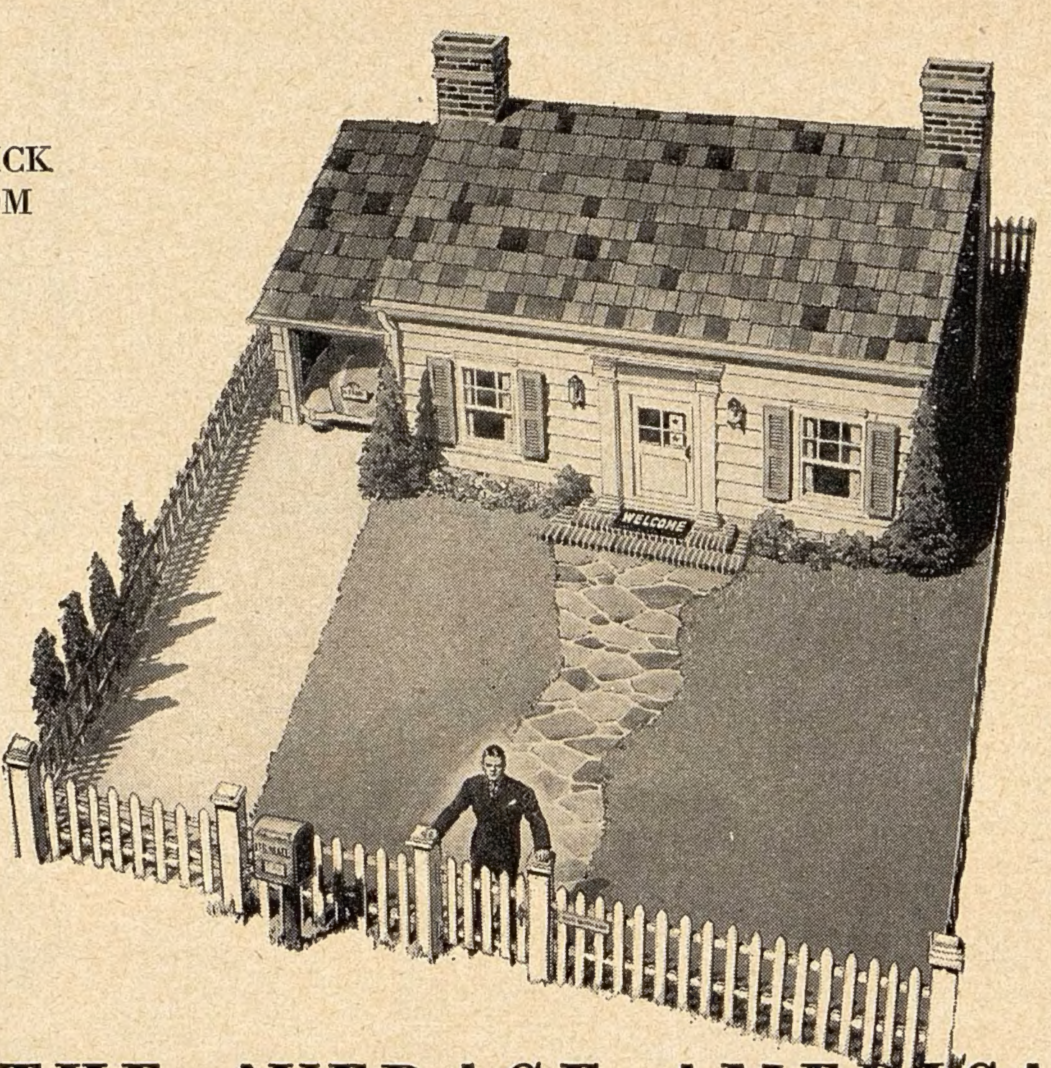
DON'T MISS IT!

A full-color portrait of

REAR ADMIRAL
FREDERICK C. SHERMAN

appears in next week's

LIBERTY



"I CAN LICK
HIM FROM
HERE"

CAN THE AVERAGE AMERICAN LICK THE AVERAGE NAZI OR JAP?

A UNIQUE concept of the war is presented to the American public in a series of advertisements appearing under the sponsorship of the makers of Texaco gasolines. In these the war is brought down to a personal basis and presented as an individual contest between you, Mr. and Mrs. America, and your counterparts in the enemy countries. The ads have much dramatic punch in themselves, but the clear truth they contain heightens their impact. The enemy of Joe Doakes, average American, is not Japan but Mr. Moto, the Japanese man in the street. The enemy of Mrs. Doakes is not Germany but Frau Schmidt, the average German housewife.

This brings the war down to something each of us can understand and feel and take to heart. We're dead sure no Nazi or Jap has anything on us in courage, determination, patriotism, ability to sacrifice, or whatever else it takes to win. But proving it is something else again. We're going to have to prove it before we cheer any victory parades up Main Street.

The chips are down right now. The fight is on right now. The time is here right now for each of us to pick a particular Nazi or Jap and prove we are a better man than he is.

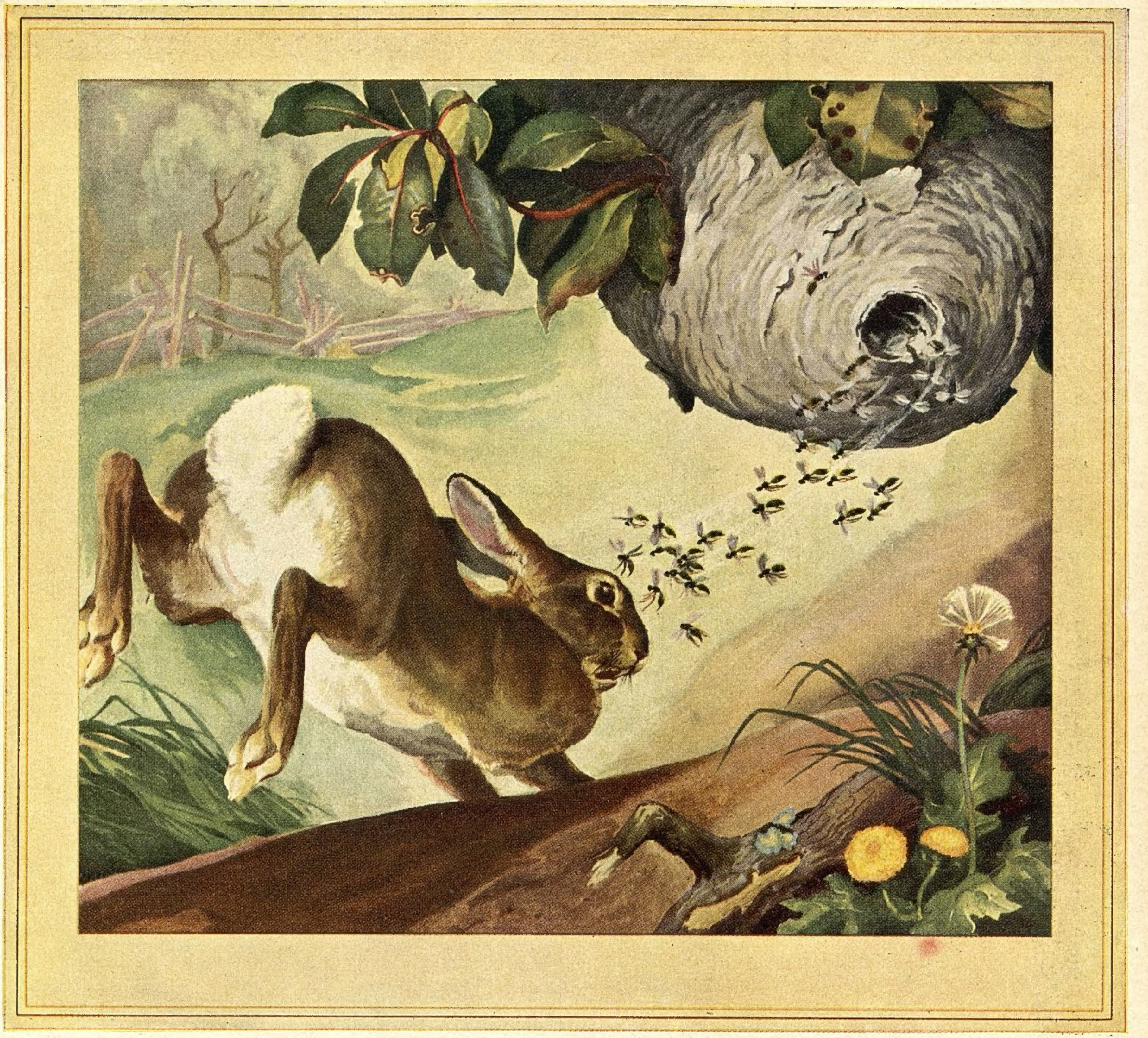
We might as well recognize, too, he is a tough man to lick.

Americans grousing about shortages and ration points might think for a moment of the shortages the Germans and Japs are undergoing. They are sacrificing too, and victory might well depend upon who will crack first in this contest of sacrifice—we or they.

We need this kind of personal fighting feeling on the part of the individuals on our home front. To many of us the war is distant and, so far, affects us lightly. We grumble at small inconveniences because we do not realize the hardships people in enemy countries are undergoing to bring about our defeat. We need to get mad—not at Nazis and Japs in general, but, each of us, at the individual who is our opposite number. Let's—each of us—take him on as a personal opponent and show him we can outwork, outfight, outbuild, and outsacrifice him until he yells "uncle."

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



You wouldn't enjoy a whiskey that Stings!

That's why Imperial is *"velveted"*

"Velveting" does away with sharpness and bite—gives IMPERIAL its gentle, delightful smoothness, its easy-to-take goodness. "Velveting" has made IMPERIAL one of the most-wanted whiskies in all America, one of the most-talked-of whiskies this country produces.

But like sugar and coffee, IMPERIAL is on quota—because our stills are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey. And sometimes delivery is held up a day or so because shipments of war materials and food naturally come first.

So if your store or tavern sometimes cannot supply you with IMPERIAL, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

A blend. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1943, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC PEORIA · ILLINOIS

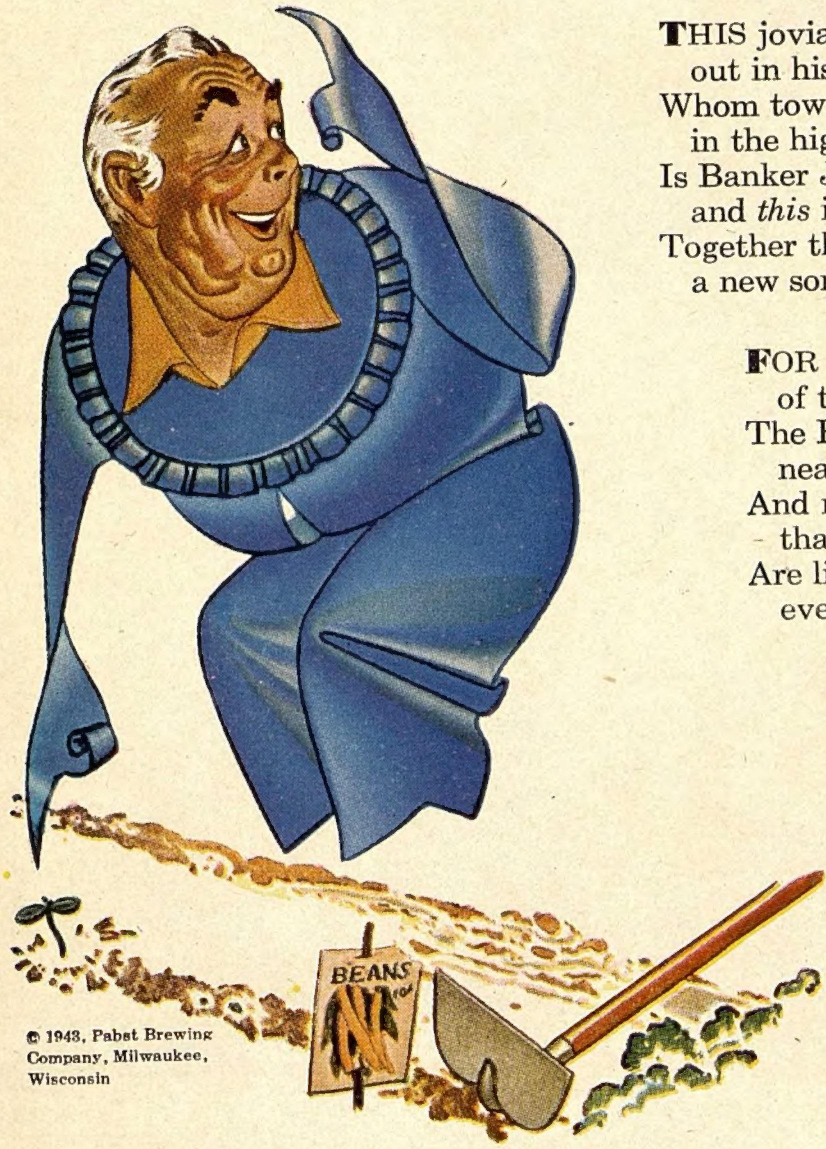
IMPERIAL The *"velveted"* whiskey

REG U S PAT OFF

This is the Banker

of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

who formerly wore a Perpetual Frown!

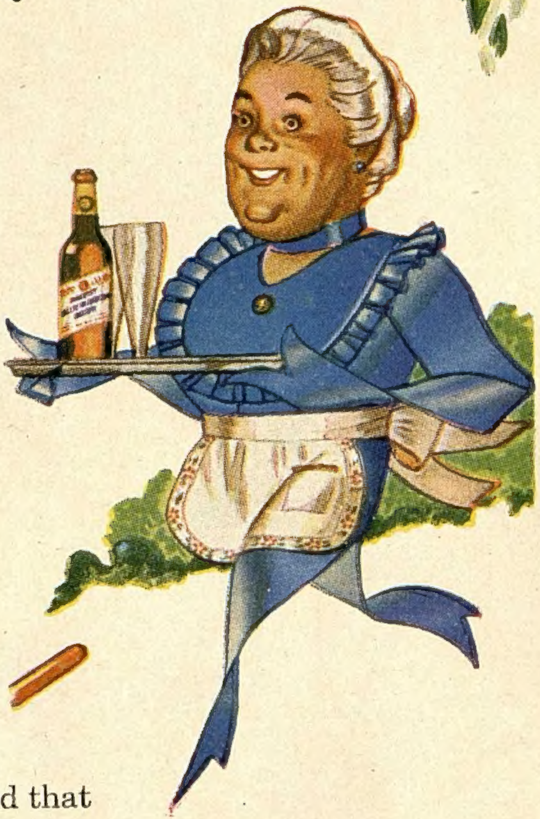


© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THIS jovial gentleman
out in his yard
Whom townspeople hold
in the highest regard,
Is Banker J. Buxton—
and *this* is his wife
Together they're living
a new sort of life.

FOR what with the shortage
of tires and such—
The Buxtons aren't traveling
nearly as much,
And now they've discovered
that life's greatest treasures
Are little things, simple things
everyday pleasures.

FOR instance, they've found that
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Refreshes, relaxes, and brings them
good cheer—
Yes, all over Blue Ribbon Town
there's a trend
To the friendlier taste of
this *full-flavor blend!*



LIFE is simpler these days in Blue Ribbon Town (your town—everybody's town). More than ever, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is a symbol of friendly companionship.

To get that softer, kindlier taste, Pabst blends no less than 33 master brews into one great beer—giving you the complete range of delicious "taste-tones."

Pabst Blue Ribbon is made like the finest champagnes—by a Pabst process known as FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

Now More Than Ever—
A Symbol of Friendly Companionship

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

BEANS
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.